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VILLIERS

HIS FIVE DECADES OF ADVENTURE

VOL. II

HOW THE AUTHOR LOOKED JUST AFTER THE GREAT WAR

VILLIERS

His Five Decades of Adventure

By

FREDERIC VILLIERS

War Artist and Correspondent

VOLUME II

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VILLIERS: HIS FIVE DECADES OF ADVENTURE

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VILLIERS

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Chapter I

THE NEGUS NEGUSTI

An uphill journey—Sir William Hewitt and Mason Bey—The great Theodore—The Abyssinia plateau—Adowa—The reception—Manners and customs of the people—A Worcester sauce bottle for a bride—A reception at the Palace—Johannes—Monkey land—A simian of quality.

THE other day I happened to pick up a book which described a journey by motor car to the capital of King Menelik of Abyssinia. On dipping into its pages I discovered that the whole country had been turned topsy-turvy by the advent of so-called civilization and that the manners and customs of its people were so completely changed from the delightfully primitive state in which I found them when I first visited the country that I thought it would be interesting to the present generation to

know something about this remarkable Christian race, isolated on a mountain top 8,000 feet up from the arid plains of Ailet on the Red Sea littoral, as they were before the automobile churned up the dust of their land and impregnated its pure atmosphere with the fumes of petrol.

After the fight at Tamai, in the eastern Sudan, the war correspondents assembled at Suakim had nothing to do. It was a relief to us all to hear of the intended Anglo-Egyptian Mission to Abyssinia to persuade the Negus Negusti to succor the Egyptian garrisons on his frontier, which were hemmed in by the fanatical followers of the Mahdi.

Admiral Sir William Hewitt, the British representative, was besieged by correspondents clamoring to go with the Mission, but he said that he could take only one representative of the press, and that would be his personal friend, Mr. Cameron. Of course, the other correspondents were furious. Some cabled to their editors, who made a row, and the result was that Sir William would not take anyone.

I had not applied to the admiral, so I had not been personally refused. I therefore sailed to Massowah, the port whence the Mission was to start inland, and presented myself to Mason Bey, an American in the Khedivial service, who was the governor and one of the most respected and trusted foreigners in the country. I told him that I had not seen the admiral about the matter, but

that I wanted to go with the Khedivial representatives and if he would consent to my accompanying him it would help me out of a great difficulty. Also it seemed a pity that the doings of the Mission in an almost unknown country should not be chronicled by pen and pencil. Nevertheless Mason would not hear of taking a correspondent, as it would be "going back on the admiral."

"By the bye," said he, just as I was going away, "I rather want a smart, respectable young man for my private secretary. If you care to apply for that billet, think the matter over and I'll see you to-morrow. In the meantime I shall be most happy to offer you the hospitality of the crazy edifice which they call my palace."

At nine the next morning I changed my profession, and became a private secretary at a nominal salary with free rations and transport.

About ten o'clock the admiral arrived and Mason Bey turned out the palace guard of Sudanese soldiers. Their white uniforms and highly polished Remingtons sparkled in the blazing sun, but a more nondescript lot of scalawags I never set eyes on. Nevertheless, the admiral took their salute with his usual gravity, inspected the ranks and seemed satisfied. All that day and the following we were busy purchasing mules, looking at saddles, girths, and bridles and overhauling tents and baggage for the wonderful and adventurous journey which lay before us.

Abyssinia was still practically unknown to Britishers in the year 1884. The previous monarch, King Theodore, had originally been quite independent of the rest of the world. From his realm on the top of a mountain he looked haughtily down upon the world at large. Both France and Italy had flirted with him with an eye to future concessions along the coast, and he had come to the conclusion that he was a very big bug indeed; but he still had a wholesome respect for England in 1862 when a new consul was sent out by the British Foreign Office with some presents for him from Queen Victoria.

King Theodore was very much impressed with this courtesy and sent the consul back with a letter of thanks. This epistle, unfortunately, was never acknowledged: the consul, Captain Cameron, returned to Abyssinia without any message. The Ethiopian King took this attitude on the part of the British Foreign Office as an affront. Some say that his letter was an offer of marriage to Queen Victoria for the purpose of linking together the two great black and white Christian powers. Anyway, the King was so peeved that he threw the consul and other Englishmen into prison, and when another Mission was sent out from England with the belated letter its members were incarcerated with the rest in the stronghold of Magdala, where for two long years they languished in chains.

Great Britain then sent a military expedition to

demand their release. This consisted of 16,000 fighting men and 12,600 followers under the great hero of the then recent relief of Lucknow, Sir Robert Napier. After many weeks of hard marching through almost impassable mountainous regions extending inland over 400 miles from the coast of the Red Sea, the expedition arrived on the plains of Arogie a few miles from Magdala. Here a furious attack was made on the British by 5,000 of the King of Ethiopia's best troops, but though they attacked again and again they failed to make any impression and retired utterly defeated to their fortress.

Theodore was utterly dumfounded, for he had thought it certain that so large an expedition would be decimated by the hardships of the march and by disease and paucity of water. He therefore experienced a sudden change of heart and returned the prisoners to the English camp with presents of 1,000 cows and 500 sheep.

But by some circumstance these friendly overtures did not arrive in time. The British army had already started on its final lap. When it arrived on the plains in front of the Magdala rock, Theodore sent out a *parlementaire* suggesting that champions from either side should decide the issue and save the armies further bloodshed. Napier, however, would not agree to this picturesque method of settling such a serious dispute, and ordered the fortress to be stormed, whereupon Theodore lost

heart and committed suicide rather than be made prisoner by the British.

After the capture of Magdala and the death of King Theodore in 1868, Napier placed Prince Kassa of Tigre on the throne as King Johannes. Very little was done by Great Britain, however, to keep up the friendly relations which had been begun. To be sure, we took Alamayahu, the young son of the dead Theodore, and were looking after his education; for his father, in spite of his failings, had come to be regarded by the British soldier as a "good sport." But with Abyssinia itself there was practically no intercourse, and the country still remained to the British public little more than a name upon the map.

Now to return to our Mission: our cavalcade consisted of a small contingent of British blue-jackets, naval and military officers, Egyptians, Arabs, Sudanese, and a train of baggage mules loaded with cases of rifles, ammunition, and a couple of ship's cannon as presents to King John and his chiefs. Our commissariat animals also carried huge bags of silver dollars to pave our way through the territories held by feudal lords—or, as we call those gentry in these days, cutthroat banditti—between us and the capital of Abyssinia. Indeed, the country we were nearing was similar in many ways to the old feudal conditions in England nine hundred years ago, before our King John signed the Magna Charta. Ras Alula, the frontier chieftain, was the

Earl of Warwick of the situation, the Lord Warden of the Marches, and only through his lands and by his permission was it possible to reach the king.

If he was in feud with some local baron who held temporary sway over a portion of the domain we had to pay that gentleman as well, in order to go unmolested, the tribute money being divided between him and the Ras. Therefore, it was a happy-go-lucky proposition—this unique journey back to the ways of the world of a thousand years ago. While I was dreamily thinking these things out, jogging along in the midday heat, the admiral's aide rode up to me, saying that his chief would like to talk with me.

"Now," I thought, "I am in for it. I wonder if he will turn me back?"

"Ah! Mr. Villiers," said Sir William, with a cheery smile as I joined him, "glad to see you; but how is it you are here?"

I told him that I was acting as private secretary to Mason Bey. "Well," he continued, "I was just thinking before I saw you what a pity it was that a Mission like this, so full of color and adventure, should not be chronicled outside the bald official letters."

"With your permission, sir," I replied, "I am capable of doing it, if Mason will allow me."

"That's right, I hope he will, though of course I can't interfere with any of his staff. Ride by my side a bit, Mr. Villiers, and clear up one or two

points of the Russo-Turkish war, which have always been a bit hazy to me." We talked until the force went into camp at the foot of the hills. The inhabitants of Ailet ran out, greeting us with their peculiar "lu lu" cry of welcome as we pitched our tents.

Here a small guard from the Ras's camp arrived to guide us up the Mahenzie range which stood out, a purple lowering mass in our front, its serrated peaks ringed with flickering lightning. These soldiers were the first real hillmen we had seen. They were a fine agile lot, a little truculent in bearing. They took more interest in our empty beer bottles than in anything else belonging to the Mission, and of these they slung as many as they could carry around their waists. Over them they folded their *shemma*, or toga.

I found they had an excellent way of baking bread quickly. All carried, tied up at one end of the toga slung across their bodies, a quantity of flour. Some of this they would mix with water and roll out into a thin layer of paste which they placed over a round stone that had already been heated in the camp fire, then the rocky dumpling was buried for a minute or two in hot ashes, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye the dough was cooked through and ready to serve. This was a veritable hot quick lunch. It is said that they never lack warm meals, for during a cattle-lifting raid, when hurriedly returning followed by the enemy, they

cut a slice of meat from the flank of a looted animal and devour it raw, filling the space up with clay. This, I know, is a fact, though I have never seen it done. The attitude of the native toward the brute creation in general easily gives credit to the story.

Next morning we were soon on our journey up the pass, if the way traversed by the terrible zigzag mule path could be called one. However, we traveled by easy stages, for we always had to keep the baggage in sight, and in climbing this 8,000-foot mountain we passed through many different zones of temperature. Sometimes we would camp in a tropical grove full of flowering cactaceous growth, and one afternoon we entered a pocket of a valley full of the wonderful *candelabra giganticus* in the stately shade of which we spent the noon and night.

One evening in camp the admiral asked me to dine with him and Mason Bey. During dinner champagne was opened and Sir William drank my health, wishing me many happy returns of the day.

"But how did you know it was my birthday?" said I.

"Because you told me you left England for the Russo-Turkish war on St. George's Day, your birthday. This is the 23d of April." It was a pleasant thing to have a birthday remembered in probably the wildest country on earth, especially with a wine of a quality only to be found ordinarily in the most highly civilized lands.

Soon we struck a temperature like that of central Europe where boxwood and wild roses and watercress grew in abundance, and that afternoon we suddenly found ourselves emerging on the plateau of Asmara.

After having journeyed through solitary mountain forests, clambered almost inaccessible heights, straight up from the thirsty plains of Ailet, it seemed like taking one long step with the seven-leagued boots into another world, for the atmosphere that was over 100° F. in the shade below was 43° F. at the same hour on this airy tableland.

Its inhabitants differed almost as widely from the people of the Red Sea littoral. On the shimmering stretches of sand and mimosa beneath us men moved about in a state of seminudity, ate rice and *ghee*, drank nothing but water, and wore their weapons like the rest of the fighting world. But here at Asmara, a distance of only a few hours by foot and a few minutes as the crow flies, people strutted about in togas almost Roman in their picturesqueness, with capes of lion or leopard skin, drinking intoxicating beverages and eating raw meat. Words of command and the King's orders were rapped out on kettledrums, and, merely to be unlike any other people, the soldiers wore their sabers at the right side of the body and drew with the right hand.

When we arrived at Adowa, where King John was to meet us, we found the inhabitants all huddled

together for protection against the leopards, hyenas, and jackals which prowled the streets at night. They lived in the same houses with their cattle, fowls, dogs, cats, and a wonderful collection of insects which they seemed to foster with the greatest care by never touching soap and using very little water. An Ethiopian will tell you apparently without a blush (for his skin is deep chocolate in color) that he is necessarily washed at birth, cleans himself on his marriage morn, and hopes to be washed after death; that once every year he dips himself in the river on the Festival of St. John, and regularly every morning he wets the end of his cloak with the moisture from his mouth and freshens up his eyes. Whenever he feels hard and uncomfortable, he will anoint himself with mutton fat till his body glistens in the sun.

We found the walls of the churches covered with scriptural pictures, and those of the cathedral with the exploits of the then ruler, Johannes. His victories over the Egyptians were fully represented in wash colors—blue, mustard yellow, red lead, and lampblack. Though limited to these, which were the only pigments obtainable in the country, the artist did not make up for crudeness of color by the accuracy of his drawing, and if there was any merit in the work it was in originality of treatment. For instance, at Gondor, in a picture representing the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, Pharaoh carries in his right hand the latest specimen of six-

shooter and in his left a pair of field glasses, while his Egyptian host sport Remington rifles. All movement of figures is from right to left, and heads are full-faced, with the exception of Satan and the hated Egyptians, who are painted in acute profile to show their lack of honesty and good faith in not looking you straight in the face. It is a deplorable fact, which ladies will at once say proves the ignorance and barbarity of the Ethiopians, that the evil spirits in these compositions are always represented as members of the softer sex, generally showing their naughtiness as some children do—by putting out their tongues. The church painter goes so far as to question the gallantry of St. George—the Abyssinian patron saint—by depicting that warrior, instead of doing battle with the dragon, about to spear the graceful undulations of a long-tongued woman.

A kind of parasite belonging to the church, called the Deftara, preyed on the general ignorance and superstition of the people. He was a scribe who copied the holy books, but made a considerable income by the manufacture of love philters, which have more or less curious effects upon the unconscious recipient. Our doctor was consulted one morning by a man for some means to alleviate the distress of his brother, who was acutely suffering from the effects of one of these concoctions administered by some young lady who wanted this indifferent youth to look upon her with love and

devotion. But the philter had the contrary effect—had not touched his heart, but had upset his stomach. At first I thought this unromantic result must be a mistake; but I found out by personal observation that the seat of affection in an Abyssinian generally lies where the philter attacked the doctor's unfortunate patient, for feasting seems to be his only joy and comfort. All repasts were more or less composed of the Abyssinian *pièce de résistance*—raw meat. If you happened to be seated near the open door during a banquet, you might see this course prepared. An ox is brought into the compound and its throat is skillfully cut. Before the animal has fairly breathed its last, skinning is commenced. The flesh is then cut into long strips and brought still warm to the hungry and impatient guests, who devour it, not quite like wild beasts, but with the use of weapons of all kinds, from daggers and swords to pocketknives. The consumer of this delicacy takes one end of the strip or string of meat into his mouth, placing it between his teeth. In his left he holds the viand bodily, and with the right gives a drawing cut with his saber, severing the flesh close up to his lips. When one piece has been devoured the operation is repeated. This mode of feeding requires some practice and has its inconveniences, especially to people with long noses and a thirst for strong drink, for it is generally a sign when noses begin to suffer cutaneous losses from a too close proximity

of dagger or saber that the host's *tedge* (a native drink) has been both strong and plentiful.

The Abyssinians have a curious superstition regarding eating in the open, and will hide themselves under their togas during this function. To them a fit of indigestion from overfeeding is evidence of the evil eye and indicates that some part of the performance of appeasing their appetite has been observed. People carry amulets containing prayers to counteract this evil, and rolls of parchment several yards long with pictures illustrative of the triumph of the Good Spirit over that wicked orb are kept in their houses for protection.

If an Abyssinian sells you anything and is kindly inclined, he will caution you to keep it indoors or covered up, for if it comes under the glance of a devilish eye it may spoil or disappear. The latter contingency is by far the more likely: I have seen eyes of this description glancing about. I came across one of them one day walking off with some dollars from a pile in our paymaster's tent.

The Marie Therese dollar piece was the only coin recognized in the country, and it had to be in good condition. The jewels on the crown and necklet must not be in any way obliterated or the coin was condemned. We secured all the dollars we could at Massowah before we started, and examined them carefully. All those whose jewels were not intact we relegated to a separate bag for gifts to the Abyssinian priests, who made them into silver

ornaments for their church. These silver coins, with bolts of cloth and bars of rock salt ten inches long, served as their ordinary medium of barter. Members of our Mission traded a good deal with empty beer, wine, and soda-water bottles, receiving two chickens and a dozen eggs for a quart.

This craze for our empty bottles was extraordinary. The natives seemed to be fascinated by the fact that the liquid could always be seen. I was out shooting with an Abyssinian chief one morning and when we sat down in the shadow of a rock for luncheon I offered him some whisky and water out of a Worcestershire sauce bottle which I carried. To my surprise he showed intense consternation at the sight of it. At first I thought this might be due to his being a total abstainer, but I soon found that his remarkable behavior was caused by the bottle and not by its contents, for his hands trembled with excitement as he examined it.

The glass stopper was the thing that astonished him most. He held up the sparkling lump of glass in the sunlight for a while, and then, with evident enjoyment, replaced it in the bottle and said: "Honored stranger, you must indeed be a great chief to own so wondrous a thing. Only the Negus Negusti and his chief, the great Ras Alula, possess the glass bottle, and theirs have no plugs but pieces of rags on the cone of a mealy. There is no such thing as a stopper of glass in the whole Abyssinian kingdom."

"Well," I said, "there's nothing mean about me. You seem to take a fancy to my hunting flask; keep it; take it away; it is yours."

For some time he could hardly realize the seriousness of my generosity. At last with a gleam of joy in his face he caught up the precious object, and, cautiously looking round in case of a wandering evil eye, wrapped it in the end of his toga. He then pressed me to come home with him; his daughter was young and comely; would I not stay in the land? There was meat and drink and shooting and a wife who would make a loving helpmate into the bargain. I told him that I must report myself in camp that night, and I would think over his generous proposal.

I hurried back to Adowa and Sir William Hewitt's little encampment. The following afternoon my much-indebted friend called for me and took me to his home, where the ladies of his household, with their Nubian slaves, were preparing cakes for a banquet in my honor. His daughter was indeed a beautiful type of Abyssinian girl with large, lustrous, sloe-black eyes and glistening white teeth. Her hair was plaited in four lateral plaits across her cranium which met in a little knot at the back of her head. A large lump of butter that had been placed on the top of her head early in the day had gradually thawed and was now dripping from the knot behind and trailing in dark lines down the profusely embroidered gown which clung to a

figure almost equal to that of the Venus de Milo. The only thing to mar her loveliness was her right ankle, swollen to twice its natural size owing to a guinea worm which was forcing its way up to the surface of the skin. This trouble is very prevalent in Abyssinia, due, some say, to the custom of eating raw flesh; others say it is caused by drinking from pools of stagnant water. The beast grows to an enormous length in the human body, and when once it breaks through the skin the head of it must be tied to a small stick and gradually wound round until its whole length is drawn out.

That little trouble spoiled the romance of the situation for me, and my visits to the house became less frequent. But the father never quite forgot his gratitude for my present. He would send his slave with an occasional jar of excellent *tedge* with which to regale me and my companions.

Tedge, or *mêsé*, as it is sometimes called, is not unlike new cider. One part of honey is mixed with about six parts of water and stirred until completely dissolved. Then it is poured into a narrow-necked earthen jar and a bitter herb called *sesho*, the bark of the traddo tree, is added. The liquid is then left to ferment and at the end of four days it is ready for consumption. For a snappy drink I can highly recommend *tedge*. It is strained through cotton cloth, tied round the mouth of the earthen jars, into cow horns which are used as drinking utensils. The beverage can be made sweet or bitter

according to taste, and is most refreshing and sometimes very potent—especially the bitter variety. I think this would satisfy some people in these prohibition days who like to have a "snap" in their drink, for with perseverance one could get quite forward on sufficient horns of *tedge*. This so-called barbarous land had drastic liquor laws long before the more civilized countries of Europe and America ever thought of them. In Theodore's reign in 1868 the common people were not allowed to make *tedge* because their Emperor came to the conclusion that they did not get drunk like gentlemen, but made beasts of themselves and quarreled in their cups. The drink which he permitted the lower classes to have is less harmful to the human stomach than near-beer. It is made from toasted bread soaked in water sweetened with honey and, like *tedge*, strained into earthen jars. This drink, I am told, resembles an old fifteenth-century beverage in England called mead.

Abyssinia is also ahead of us in prohibiting smoking. Theodore's measures were cruel but sound. The punishment always fitted the crime; for instance, the use of tobacco was punished by cutting off the lips of the smoker (or the nose, for snuff-takers), but I have seen many natives chew the latter with impunity.

We were awakened early one morning in our little encampment in the southeast corner of the Adowa Valley by a distant noise, quite indistinguish-

able at first, but gradually developing into the sound of a drum beaten slowly and methodically, drumming out some order or command, to judge by the recurrence of the same tones.

We knew this signaled that the King was about to start on his final stage to Adowa, because for the last few days rumors had come into camp that he was slowly but surely nearing us. Presently low chanting and the tinkling of bells were heard coming from the direction of the town, and a stream of church dignitaries, followed by a choir of boys, wended their way past our camp and over the hills in search of their royal master. The beating of the drum never ceased its monotonous refrain, which Captain Speedy, our chief interpreter, was now able to read. It sounded, "John hoi, John hoi, John," which means in English, "I am he, John, I am he, John." When "he—John" at last came, Admiral Sir William Hewitt and Mason Bey were received with their respective suites in audience by His Majesty. On entering the palace—if the huts which constituted the royal residence could be called one—we found the Negus Negusti, King of Zion, seated on a throne covered with violet satin cloth, and supported on either side by pillows of the same rich stuff, with the Cross of Solomon worked thereon in gold.

On his right side stood a servant with a silver-handled horsehair switch, which he kept swaying to and fro to prevent the flies from feeding off the

butter on the royal head, for His Majesty indulged in the habit of greasing as well as his lowly subjects; and the fat sparkled on his crisp black hair which had been neatly plaited in three broad bands stretching from the forehead over the cranium to the nape of the neck where they narrowed and were held together by a diamond-headed pin. Drawn up just over the tip of the nose and totally covering the lower part of the face and body was the *shemma*, or toga. The King, who looked to be all eyes, scanned us each suspiciously as we approached the throne and bowed.

He shook hands with the two envoys. This movement necessitated the partial uncovering of the body, disclosing the massive cross of the Order of Solomon gleaming on a gown of black silk. But only for a moment was so much royalty seen; as the admiral and Mason Bey seated themselves the toga was up to his mouth again, as if our presence had suddenly made him feel very ill. When, however, servant after servant had carried in the numerous presents we had brought with us and placed them at the feet of the Negusti, a deep interest was apparent in his keen black eyes; and when the glittering plated weapons came to view as box after box was pried open, Johannes gradually dropped his toga and his dignity and became visibly affected by the sincerity of a Mission thus provided with such valuable arguments.

After a short introduction the admiral told him

the object of his Mission and presented the Queen's letter, the envelope of which was at least a foot square and was incased in a rich sack of velvet embroidered with gold. The King now smiled and unbent, for he dropped the *shemma* to his shoulders, and we could see that his face wore an amiable expression. It was oval and regular, but the chin receded slightly. It was a face that suggested nothing of the cruel, sensuous type of despot that some had accused the Ethiopian emperors of being.

There was nothing about his palace to show that it was a royal residence except the throne on which he sat. The room was circular and the walls were made of ocher-washed mud; the roof was of thatch, much stained by the smoke of the small fire incessantly burning in the center of the rush-covered floor to drive the mosquitoes away. There was an outlet in the roof through which the smoke was supposed to find its way out of the room.

There was about this King of Kings of Ethiopia little of that ostentation or love of finery and outward show which generally characterizes monarchs of his race and color.

A few days later the admiral applied for permission to send an officer to the coast with dispatches. This request was granted, but we found that the Negus Negusti evidently thought that there was no immediate hurry in the matter, for day after day passed by and the necessary escort of Abyssinian soldiers was not forthcoming. There

was no doubt, at this period, that the Italian consul at Mocha was using all his influence to minimize the success of our Mission. One day we intercepted a letter to the Negus from an Italian who claimed to have solved the difficulty of steering balloons against the wind. The intention of the letter was to impress upon the King the superiority of the Italians over the English in the art of war.

Meanwhile, the King and his courtiers and the officials attached to the palace began to show us marked coolness. The British admiral suppressed his anger at this treatment as long as he could, which was remarkable, considering his choleric disposition. However, one afternoon, as I was about to call on him, I was suddenly arrested by vigorous and emphatic expletives coming from the direction of his tent. He was pacing up and down in great dudgeon, very red in the face and evidently bursting with indignation. Occasionally he halted and shook his fist toward the King's palace up on the hill, and the following language was plainly audible, "By G—! if I only had my *Euryalus* [his flagship] up here I would give you, you infernal nigger, something for your insolence!" This, I concluded, meant a few live shells dropped into the reception room of the King's palace.

The Italian letter, the cause of all the delay, was written in English of sorts, for all foreign correspondence with European powers was carried on in that tongue. It ran as follows:

TO THE RULERS OF NATIONS, EXPLORERS OF THE EARTH, AND INHABITANTS OF THE GLOBE

The First Dirigible Balloon, 1884

I announce to you that I have discovered the secret of navigating the air in a balloon against the wind.

I have not yet put in practice my great discovery because the means are still wanting, but long study, and repeated experiments have assured me of a successful result and that in a short time men will be able to navigate round the world in a balloon.

Now this being in many respects a delicate subject as the peace and tranquility of the woold might be endangered by the areonaut carrying arms and bombs aeross the confines of even the most powerful states and so exciting general uneasiness, it may be readily imagined that, desirons as I am that my invention be beneficial to the would and not hurtful, I cannot divulge my segret till I learn the views and intentions of the different governements and so avoid all un necessary susceptibility and the possible effusion of blood and treasure to the alter destruction of all peace and security.

If then my invention he trought worthy of your approbation, I await a reply before publishing my secret.

Francesco Mastrodomenico.

Castlenuovo di Consa Provinvia di Salerno.
Naples—Printed by Ferrante Vico Tiratolo. 25

Abyssinia will always be remembered by me for its extraordinary thunderstorms. Never in any other part of the globe have I seen such marvelous,

almost appalling, lightning effects or heard such aerial bombardments as on the plateau of Asmara. And this really wonderful and beautiful country will always live in my memory for yet another reason—its large and interesting simian population.

In the patches of rocky ground round about Adowa monkeys were teeming—all kinds of simians, from the big baboon down to the delicate blue monkey. One could pass through miles of this territory and see its inhabitants sitting on the rocks on either side of the mule path. They would chatter at you, make many faces and probably say rude things, and a few would dare even to throw stones.

These were the militant and restless kind. Generally the monkeys were far from aggressive and would sit about in family groups, huddled together in the most human, domestic fashion. On a stranger's passing, many of the males would run toward their females and young and sit with their arms about the waists of their wives or best girls in a most pathetic and imploring manner, as if to say, "Please don't break up our happy home"!

Though these monkeys are accustomed, nearly every day, to the crashing blast of the thunder in the surrounding hills, the sharp crack of the rifle made them crazy with fear.

One morning while passing through their territory I happened to fire at a guinea fowl for the midday meal, and in a moment the whole welkin rang with

the most piteous cries and squeals, and a mob of several hundred simians rose up, as one man, and scurried over the scrub and rocks to places of safety—their lairs between the bowlders. To see the mothers snatch up their young, the husbands, grandpas, sisters, cousins, and aunts all scattering frantically from the crack of that shot was a sight worth traveling for.

In returning to camp I was passing through a picturesque copse with a rivulet sparkling through the undergrowth, when two Abyssinians came toward me leading by a grass rope a little monkey who was limping painfully behind them. I stopped as usual to greet the men in my best Amharic, when the monkey immediately rushed at me and scrambled up my leg. Putting his little head under my left arm he trembled with excitement. I took my knife, cut the rope, and threw the natives a dollar. Then I examined the monkey and found he was bleeding from the mouth owing to a piece of wood having been thrust between the jaws to keep him from biting. I carried him to the stream, washed his mouth and took him in triumph to our camp where he was not long in becoming a favorite with all hands.

Chapter II

CATASTROPHE

The return to the coast—The simian's attempt to desert—The mummers—Lion—The palace—The catastrophe—A curious sunrise—Adventures of William Ridley—Down the Red Sea—Alexandria—Paris—London—He meets his old enemy—Arrested by police—His incarceration—His end.

WHEN at last the admiral was allowed to send a special messenger down to his flagship the *Euryalus*, at Massowah, to notify that the Mission would be on its return to the coast shortly, I accompanied the officer. The handy men in camp, the bluejackets who had taken a tremendous fancy to my monkey, made out of empty commissariat boxes a special cage to shelter him from the vagaries of the weather during the 8,000-foot descent to the sea, for the rainy season was about to commence and there is no rain in the world quite like the Abyssinian downpour. My dear friend Mason Bey, on hearing the story of my little monkey's miseries, before I took charge of him, was good enough to accept him as a permanent addition to our camp and showed his amiability still further by christening him William Ridley.

I could not make out the reason for this name, but it pleased Mason, and I didn't mind, as the monkey answered to it readily enough, but afterward I found out that William Ridley was the hero of a favorite song he had heard sung away down in Georgia.

Everybody fell in love with William; the bluejackets would insist on supplementing his diet of nuts and berries with onions which were found in abundance in the vicinity of Adowa. My monkey reeked with the pungent aroma, and when he showed me any extra affection by rubbing his little head on my cheek, I had perforce to pinch his tail in order to make him keep at a respectful distance. He would then spring away chattering the rudest simian expletives that occurred to him, until he shortly forgot all about the affront.

That journey back to the plains was full of light and shade owing to the joyous versatility of Ridley. One morning just as we were about to break camp he got loose and kept us all on the hop for an hour till he was recaptured. He had been secured round the waist by a halliard a few yards long, to give him free play in his antics. He careered over the rocks, with it trailing behind, and up and down trees; but at last in climbing a branch the rope caught and he hung kicking and swaying at the end of it. We eventually sawed through the cord, by reaching it with a spearhead, and caught him as he fell. He probably realized we were leaving his lovely temperate climate for the hot and dreary plains and

thought he would make a last struggle for the land of his birth.

That day was full of adventure; in the afternoon we entered a gloomy valley, densely packed with foliage that led toward a high rocky ridge, which we had to climb for the final lap to Asmara and Alula's Plateau. A narrow stream sped noisily through the underbrush playing round huge bowlders which lay scattered about. I was ahead of the party with my monkey seated on my shoulder when he became uneasy, clinging to my neck and peering through the dense, somber bush. With an uneasy premonition that there was something wrong, I tried to pacify him, but still he fretted and kept up his chattering. Presently a native in full war toga rushed from the bush flourishing a spear and ordered me to stop.

I turned to our interpreter who had just arrived by my side. "Don't move, sir," he cried, "and show no alarm," but the monkey chattered terribly at the spearman as he stood now pointing his weapon in the direction of the bush. Then, suddenly out of the gloomy shadows, with loud shouts and yells about thirty natives leaped toward us, brandishing spears or striking their sabers on their silver-bossed leathern shields. They stabbed and slashed at the ground, and then at the trees. I stood petrified with this sudden frantic, apparently hostile rush, but no spear was thrown at us, for the whole party had now ridden up. Swords were

brandished within a foot of our heads, but no cuts were made. Then the natives ceased their yells and disappeared into the scrub and sank behind the bowlders. Quietude reigned once more.

Presently we found those who had retired were grubbing in the earth, evidently searching for something, and soon parts of human skeletons were brought to us with great glee. One man held in front of me a skull split transversely so that he was able to grin through the gruesome empty eye sockets. I had to signify my admiration at his attempt to frighten me, and smiled approvingly. Our interpreter now explained to us the erratic conduct of the native soldiers. They were only play-acting, trying to describe, by their excellent mumming, how they had destroyed the Egyptian forces under Arundrap Bey and Count Zichey a few years before on this very spot and the bones were the remains of those officers and their unfortunate followers. The Khedivial army had been allowed to invade the country unmolested till they reached a place called Gorra, containing a stream of fresh water. After a long, waterless march across the Godofelassi Plateau, toward sunset, the baggage animals scented the precious water and hurried forward to quench their thirst. Ordinary military precautions were disregarded. That sparkling stream was too much of a lure to thirsty men and animals, and they hurried down 2,000 feet of this rocky declivity and scattered over the valley—a dis-

orderly crowd which fell an easy prey to the cunning enemy, hidden in the bush and behind the bowlders. Of the thousands that entered that somber valley few ever returned to Egypt, and those were brutally mutilated. All the equipment and baggage fell into Abyssinian hands, as well as the treasure chest containing 30,000 golden lire (this coin is the equivalent to the English sovereign). But Ras Alula's men had no idea of the value of gold, and a few months afterward they were willing to trade their lire with Greek traders, visiting the country, for bright silver Marie Therese dollars worth a little over fifty cents.

That evening we arrived on the plateau, and we were just about to camp for the night when a thunderstorm burst upon us. The rain hammered us so heavily that for a time we could not budge a foot, and had to sit on our horses till it stopped. My top-boots were so full of water that my servant had to slip them off and empty them before I could dismount in comfort. However these storms go as quickly as they come and in a short time kettles were boiling, tents were up and we were drying our clothes by a merry camp fire. William Ridley was uncaged and became, as usual, the life and soul of the party. We soon found food for the pot only a few yards away, for guinea fowl were so plentiful that there was no necessity to spend a cartridge on them; we knocked them over with sticks or stones.

After dinner we were starting our pipes when William began to show signs of distress. He seemed by his unmistakable gestures to be listening, and then he climbed up my leg and sat on my shoulder trembling violently. It was a moonlight night, but the ground was throwing off a vaporous haze after the torrential rain; everything looked gray and shapes seemed to double their size in the thin mist. Presently came a throaty, sonorous roar close at hand. "Lion!" was the cry, and we all jumped to our feet. We at once piled more logs on the fire and immediately ignited another by the horse lines. Then we loaded our rifles and waited.

Soon the long, lithe body of a lioness slunk past the outskirts of our camp, the light of the fire blazing red in her glowing eyes as she looked at us with a snarl and turned away. She had evidently been told off as a scout by her lord and master, a big fellow with a splendid mane, who presently appeared and rubbed noses with her. Then they both slowly disappeared in the mist. We itched to ease off our rifles, but the visibility was not good for a sure shot, and a wounded lion might give lots of trouble and further disconcert the horses and mules, which were already frantically straining at their heel ropes in their fright.

The fires were kept burning throughout the night and a lively watch was set, in which I know William joined, for his murmurings and chatterings

disturbed me as I tried to slumber. By dawn the dreaded beasts had gone back to their lairs and we slept in peace till the sun was well up.

The journey down to the sea took only a few hours and we were on the scorched plains of Ailet before nightfall. Looking back toward the plateau of the mountain we could see the regular afternoon thunderstorm bursting, spreading its refreshing rains over the verdant hills, while we were in a country where it rained on the average only once in three years.

Arriving in Massowah I hired a fast dhow to run over to Aden, where my dispatch was placed on the wires, a message of two hundred words to the *Daily News*, the most costly cable that paper had ever received, but it gave a draft of the famous treaty made with the Negus Negusti, King of Zion, and King of Kings of Ethiopia. This was published in London a few days before the British government, through its agents, was made acquainted with the terms, and was the first word to be received in England of our safety. The government was already being abused for having bottled up Gordon in Khartum and Admiral Hewitt in Abyssinia, and when on top of this my telegram was made public a question was asked in the House of Commons why the *Daily News* was more favored than the British government in getting such important word from the Mission.

The palace of Massowah, of which Ridley and I

were the sole occupants, on our return to the coast, was a completely square two-story building surrounded on three sides by the sea and connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway. It was built of rock coral and stood on a reef of that porous material. There was a veranda right round the upper story on which my simian companion and I slept.

The second night after our arrival I was lying on my camp bedstead under its shelter with William, who was quite close to me, attached by his cord to the balustrade.

The moon was shedding her full, mellow light over land and ocean and, as I dozed, the scene was perfectly peaceful. There was not a ripple on the waters, which lay like a sheet of burnished steel, and only the striking of the ships' bells in the harbor broke the quietude of the night. Suddenly I awoke with the whir and squeal of bats as by hundreds they left the nooks and crannies of the portico. I tried to open my eyes, but the lids seemed to be glued together with a thin layer of dust; when at last I was able to look around the calmness of the sea was broken by thousands of small fish leaping out of the sheen, the light of the moon turning their bodies into glittering silver, and, as they fell, they lashed the sea till it hissed and bubbled for miles. Immediately, the whole palace seemed seized with an attack of St. Vitus's Dance. The sensation brought to my lips the one

word "Earthquake!" and as the building squirmed and rocked I cleared the balustrade at a bound and came down on all fours on the causeway and raced for the open. But I suddenly halted, for such a piteous, heartrending cry from William made me look back. He had certainly leaped for life, but only to the end of his tether, and he was now swaying with the building—a miserable scared little monkey with hair standing like quills upon the fretful porcupine. I doubled back, cut his rope, and with my released and grateful companion hanging round my neck rushed again into the open, where we remained. At last the palace seemed to pull itself together from its drunken orgy and stood steady and serene once more in a placid ocean. I sat with my monkey on the sand till sunrise. This happened in a most erratic kind of way, as if the property man at a theater was lighting up a few gas jets below a stage horizon. There was, apparently, a jerkiness about the glorious orb that morning. At last he shot up looking for a few seconds like a full ripe apricot balanced on the sky line; then he sailed majestically into the blue and commenced his scorching process again. When we returned to the palace the scared bats were tucking themselves into their shady haunts out of the glare; the cook had already arrived from his safety zone on the desert; and my coffee was steaming on the table.

Two years later I read in my morning paper in

London that the whole town of Massowah had been destroyed by a similar visitation. There was no mention of the palace, so I hope it suffered no more damage than when William and I left it that memorable night rocking upon the face of the waters.

The crews of our two ships in the harbor had suffered terribly from the intense, stifling heat, waiting for the return of the belated Mission. Half the complement of H. M. S. *Euryalus* was down with fever and there had been two deaths a day from sunstroke for the last week.

The composite gunboat H. M. S. *Coquette*, on which I had my quarters, was painted black, and therefore her hull absorbed the blistering sun's rays much more than her sister ship, which was of the Indian squadron and painted white. When I got on board with Ridley I found the only men who were fit to call themselves "able seamen" were the paymaster and the captain; the rest were down with fever and sun, with the exception of a stoker and the chief, who were lying about the deck suffering terrible lassitude.

When we arrived at the next port of Suakim, there was still some fighting going on with the Fuzzy Wuzzy, and the men had orders to stand by their guns. They managed to crawl to positions, and there they lay in a state of torpor waiting for the supreme moment when they had somehow to serve their pieces. Things went from bad to worse

on board, and eventually the *Coquette* became hospital ship to her own crew, for there were no men fit to work her, and she had to be towed to Suez.

No wonder that the men were in such sore plight: the Red Sea at this time of year is practically a molten mass of brass from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the water, apparently at boiling heat all day, is also on the simmer all night. Moreover, there was no ice aboard and the whole ship was teeming with cockroaches. We breathed an atmosphere of roach; one could scent them within ten yards on nearing the ship side. Everything edible was tainted by them—soup, fish, or fowl; all drinks on board savored of the horrible beetles, and if one's toes were left uncovered at night they were nibbled by them till dawn. William, whom the sick sailors loved and fed with onions, became a blessing in disguise, as his aromatic presence would often squelch the nauseating scent of those ghastly roaches. At Suakim we left the "Cockroach," the nickname her sailors had given her, for there was nothing about her suggestive of the joyness of the *Coquette*, and we were glad to board a Red Sea trading steamer bound for Suez.

It was a very rough passage. Being Ridley's first experience of the pitch and toss of the sea, he couldn't understand it, and I had to nurse him like a baby. He would lie limp in my arms or in the covers of the boats for days. The only time

he showed any energy was when I was compelled to leave him to get my meals, when he would stagger to his feet, and with the lurch of a drunkard make wry faces at me and swear in simian like a trooper, till he fell back exhausted. But on my return he would try and make up for his loss of temper by tucking his little head under my arm and falling asleep.

By the time we reached Suez William was himself again, full of fun and frolic. On board the train to Alexandria the ticket examiner demanded his fare. He couldn't class him as a child under twelve and wanted a full adult fee. This I flatly refused to pay; I argued that he was really a babe in arms and was altogether exempt. Then the official tried to capture him, but William scored at that game, till the train suddenly started and the man was left shaking his fist at us from the platform.

The principal thing that seemed to attract my monkey's attention on this journey was the sudden appearance and disappearance of the telegraph poles along the track. Each time they came into view the monkey cringed as if they were about to hit him and, when nothing happened, he could not account for their disappearance. The movement of his head was so incessant as he followed the moving poles from right to left and his brain became so rattled that he couldn't stand it any longer, and he would come to me and look dreamily

up into my face as much as to say, "Master, it's one of those things that no fellow can understand!"

At Zagazig, an official came to our carriage, for he had been advised of Ridley's presence, and wanted his ticket. I told him there was "nothing doing," I was not going to pay. The station master was called and he insisted that something should be done; then the goods clerk was consulted; but he couldn't find the price for simians in his passenger-fare book. He did, indeed, have a list for live stock, but we found no monkeys scheduled in it. The matter was eventually settled by my paying the freight fee for a bicycle, and William and I were satisfied to let it go at that.

On arriving at my old hotel in Alexandria, I went to my room, and taking my monkey with me, locked him in while I ordered my dinner. On my return William had disappeared, but on the floor lay a smashed ewer, the debris of much shattered glass and a general mess-up all round. I saw at a glance what had happened. The monkey, being thirsty and smelling water, had jumped up on the washstand and dipping his head into the grateful liquid, had upset the jug on to the carpet. Then, in his fright, he had leaped to the mantelshelf and, discovering his replica in the looking-glass and thinking it another monkey, he had in his excitement swept the shelf clean of all its usual ornaments.

Finally in utter consternation he had made for

the bed, where I found him, a shivering, chattering heap of mischief, hiding under the sheets. It was quite a time before I could pacify the little devil, but at last I took him, well brushed and combed, down to dinner, where I arranged a special chair for him. There he sat peacefully till the dessert came, when he regaled himself on nuts and bananas to the delight of all the hotel guests. This, his first advent in orthodox society, was a genuine success.

We left Egypt for the port of Marseilles on board a French steamer. I could not get a saloon passage for William, and he was ignominiously handed over to the butcher for the journey. But Ridley would always make friends. I went to the steerage to see him the morning after we sailed, and he hardly recognized me. He was so busy with his antics and was already the life and joy of that part of the ship. Especially at mealtime he would show his popularity. A queue of sailors would pass dishes with food from the galley from one to another until they reached their owners. William, with wonderful dexterity, swinging from bulwark or rateline, snatched titbits as the dishes passed him, then he would hike away up in the rigging and throw the scraps he did not want on to the heads of the delighted men below. All the good manners I had taught him had gone entirely to the winds and he was an unkempt, wild little savage once more. Day after day his popularity increased, and when he got to France there were

many heartaches among that rough crew at the going of Ridley.

Cholera was raging at Marseilles, and though we came from an open, clean port with a sound bill of health, we were placed in quarantine for a few days and anchored close to the gloomy walls of the famous Château d'If, that figures so dramatically in Alexander Dumas's story, *The Count of Monte Cristo.* I could easily reconstruct in my imagination the incident of throwing out the sack into the dark waters of the bay and the wonderful escape of the hero.

Eventually we landed and there was a rush for the Paris train. All the carriages were crowded by frightened citizens escaping from the terrible epidemic. The weather was intensely hot and most of the passengers sweated and fumed with dread of a visitation before they could reach Paris. William had to make shift on the rack in the lavatory, and saved his fare by keeping very quiet in an open battened box, which the ticket collector, so occupied with the terrible forebodings of cholera, took for a peach crate from the sunny south.

Arriving in Paris, I thought I would give my Abyssinian friend a taste of the joys of the city, so we went to the Hotel Continental, then just opened, off the rue de Rivoli, and he had the run of a sector of a balcony on the third story. He, of course, was the life and soul of that floor—at least with the *bonnes.* They were with him every time

they were off duty, feeding him on the best. Now William never refused things edible. He would seize them, and if he couldn't eat them, he would hoard them for a rainy day in a corner. Eggs he never cared for, but the chambermaids evidently thought monkeys sucked these delicacies raw. These eggs were, therefore, hoarded and reserved by Ridley for exercise and amusement. One morning I had left him on the balcony with a long tether so that he could frisk and skip about. On coming back to *déjeuner* I found a small crowd outside the hotel; and an irascible and gesticulating individual cursed and swore in the gentle manner which is the custom with Frenchmen, as he brushed his silk hat, which was irredeemably damaged by a shattered and ancient egg. I looked up at my balcony and, as I feared, there was the little, impudent monkey face peering through the railing. I hurried up to the room and at once requisitioned the remainder of Ridley's reserve commissariat and hid him till the matter of the soiled hat settled down.

Paris was getting much too warm for William, who was so pleased with the moving targets below that he would throw whatever food he could not consume for the moment over the balcony, and, though those subsequent shots were not as good as his first, they brought the attention of the police, and we had to clear out. We therefore started by the next day's mail for London. At the customs office in Dover I was able boldly to state that my

simian companion was from the court of King John, and the *douaniers* and police were much impressed, for whether or not it was the effect of the rather somber climate of England, after the joyous, sunny lands we had passed through, my friend was depressed and very sedate, and received the numerous handshakes of welcome at the famous Channel port in as stately a fashion as an ambassador.

My studio at Primrose Hill in London was William's address for many months. He would settle himself on a parrot stand, to which he was chained, and slept on the crossbar. Of an evening I would take him out with me to call on friends. He would hop and skip along by my side till he met a dog, when he would run up my body and sit on my left shoulder, whence he could abuse that animal in the most lurid Amharic simian tongue. Cats he didn't mind, he had contempt for them and could almost articulate their mews, but the dog was to him a fearsome beast with a bark that evidently shocked him by its coarseness. An incident worth mentioning that occurred within his short life was the arrival of the envoys from Abyssinia, with a return message from the colored Emperor to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

I invited the envoys to a party in my studio and asked quite a few members of London society to meet them. The latter were mostly ladies, who wore the fashionable toque much in vogue, a con-

fection of fruit and flowers. They all took a fancy to William, who was dolled up with a rosette and looked absolutely charming. They would approach him with endearing terms, which he took very sedately, but if they placed their pretty faces too near to his whiskers he would snatch a handful of the vegetable trimmings off their hats and bonnets, put them to his lips, then finding that they were only "make-believes" cast them with much disgust on the floor. He was certainly not amiable that afternoon. Whether he had a premonition of what was about to take place I don't know, but when my servant announced the arrival of the Abyssinian delegates, and the first chief entered the studio in full rig with *shemma* and the Order of the Black Leopard across his shoulders, the monkey at once recognized an old enemy. In a flash, with fiery eyes and gleaming teeth, he leaped forward at him to the full length of his tether, but luckily he fell half a foot short of the chief's head. The whole party was paralyzed at his behavior and no doubt thought what an unreasonable and very rude simian my pet was. I rolled him up—a chattering, irate, struggling piece of fluff and fury—in a sheet, and like a bundle of soiled linen he was shot into a clothes basket in my sleeping room, and there remained until my august guest and his retinue had left. Then I told the remainder of my visitors of my first meeting with Ridley in that little wood on the Abyssinian plateau, of his bleeding mouth

and his misery, how he took to white men and how he hated colored gentlemen, and confessed it was all my fault, as I ought never to have placed him in such a delicate position. My friends insisted that the monkey should be released from the clothes basket; so combed and brushed he was soon back in the studio, and as a sort of apology for our unkind treatment we regaled him with strawberry jam, a condiment which had come to him with the dawn of civilization, and which he much enjoyed.

As another war was at hand I had to leave my little friend in the care of others who did not know monkey ways. He eventually got arrested for stealing some Indian corn which a denizen of St. John's Wood had grown with much patience to maturity in his conservatory at the end of his garden. This gentleman was an invalid, and said that the sight of the golden grain took him away from the murky climate of the metropolis, back to the sunny Southern land of the U. S. A. But Ridley in a mad freak jumped the whole lot one night; the police were called in and the crime was easily fixed on my monkey. He was sentenced for life to the common simian cage of the Zoölogical Gardens in London, and there a few months after he died, no doubt from a broken heart. And as the great bard says, "I shall never look upon his like again."

Chapter III

ORIENTAL YET OCCIDENTAL

Dongola and its Mudiric—Oriental splendor—A quaint fleet—By Nile and desert—I interview the Mudir—I am disillusioned—My first immersion in the historic river—Crocodiles—I lose my kit, but save my life—Kitchener comes on the scene.

WHAT contributed more than anything else to my resolve to share the fortunes of the British army in the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884–85 was an article which I read in one of the daily papers. In it was a description of the palace of the Mudir of Dongola.

The Oriental splendor depicted in the account written by the author of this article could not be excelled by the best story from the *Arabian Nights*. The Mudir, according to it, was the Oriental potentate of one's boyhood's conception, attired in turban and Turkish trousers, with a scimitar by his side. His throne was a Turkish carpet of rare beauty, on which he lounged, supported by soft cushions of Broussa silk; Damascene lamps, burning fragrant oil, hung from the lofty Moorish ceiling and diffused soft light on the swarthy faces of his

courtiers, who prostrated themselves before their ruler. A screen of the finest *masharabeyeh*, or latticework, divided the divan from the harem, and soft laughter, the low beating of a tom-tom and the scraping of a stringed instrument told the western visitor that the life of the stern-featured Mudir had its softer side.

This was more or less the tone of the article I read, and I resolved that I must see that Mudir and, if possible, have a peep into his harem. There must also have been a spirit of adventure in this daring correspondent, for no person was allowed outside the British outposts; so he must have given the sentries the slip and crossed a weary stretch of desert, and he must have suffered much hardship for many days before reaching his goal. I read that article over and over again, and longed to follow in the author's footsteps.

At last the order came from my paper to join Wolseley's expedition, and I hurried to Cairo. Gen. Charles G. Gordon, with but one other British officer to assist him in keeping the Egyptian garrison up to their duty, had for months been holding Khartoum against the forces of the rebels led by a "descendant of the Prophet"—as wild and determined a collection of Arab tribesmen as ever put rifle to shoulder. His urgent representations and those of the Khedivial government had repeatedly been disregarded by the powers-that-be in London, but now, when the ultimate fall of the devoted city

seemed unavoidable, an eleventh-hour military expedition was at last being rushed to its relief under the leadership of my good friend of the first Egyptian campaign, Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley.

A few hours in the city of latticework and I made my way to Asiout. Here I found the expedition leaving the next morning by steamer for Wady Halfa. I waited up all night. When, at an early hour, the general's train arrived at Asiout, I met him on the platform and reminded him of his promise to befriend me and asked permission to join his party. This was speedily granted. I was made a member of the headquarters mess and was soon steaming up the Nile in the direction of Dongola and its palace of Oriental splendor.

What a charming journey that was! We took in all the wonderful temples during the day, and when we anchored at night we were entertained in quaint Arab fashion by the elders of the nearest village. The lilac sunset, the yellow moonlight, the stars hanging like clusters of gems in midair—and then the ruddy dawn. The chocolate-brown waters reflecting the cobalt blue of the sky, the rich yellow sand dunes, the glorious green of the palm trees, the quaint mud villages with their blue-gowned inhabitants, all these things made the voyage delightfully interesting and picturesque. At last the First Cataract was reached and we visited Philæ while our steamer braved the rapids and

arrived safely in calm waters beyond the wondrous isle.

Then we were once more aboard, steaming up the Nile to Korosko, where poor Gordon had abandoned his last contact with the outer world and pressed on into the desert for Abu Hamed, Berber, and Khartoum—never to return. When Wady Halfa was reached the general came to a halt for a time, waiting for the whaleboats which had been built in England, in which the farther ascent of the river was to be made.

When these craft at last arrived they were collected and portaged round the Second Cataract, and an advance on Dongola by land and water was made. What a quaint fleet that was as it stood out under full sail from the Saras levee—the Camel Corps cheering from the shore as the Canadian voyagers steered their English brethren safely past the porphyry rocks which looked like huge black teeth in the desert sand on either side of the narrow pass that enters the Saras Basin!

I bought a camel at Wady Halfa, and made my way with Company D of the Camel Corps! A strange march that was under the blazing sun. We slouched along at about two miles an hour through short deserts, always gaining the Nile by nightfall. Some of us who could not stand the glare of the sun would keep our eyes fixed on the ground, watching the numerous trails and wondering what beast or reptile it was that had left its mark on the

yielding sand. Others would watch the shadows of the camels gradually shortening till the sun told us that midday was nigh, when we would halt for some canned beef, biscuit, and water. Then, after an hour's rest, we would move forward till four o'clock, when we settled down on the bank of the Nile for the night.

While the rations were cooking we would take pot shots at the crocodiles, which lashed the waters furiously with their tails when a bullet struck a crevice in their armor. Many a cartridge was thrown away on a snag of wood or jagged rock sticking above the water—so keen was our belief that everything in the Nile was a crocodile till it was proved otherwise.

When at nightfall we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and courted slumber, a light breeze would freshen the air, skimming the desert of its lighter particles of sand and covering our bodies with an impalpable powder which awoke us, almost choking with its suffocating dryness, and banked our eyelids with miniature drifts. When at last the reveille brought us forth, we felt as if the last trump had sounded and we, like the great majority, were rising from our graves, so completely had we been buried in the sand.

Soon the banks of the Nile assumed a greener aspect. The cultivated fringe widened as we entered the fertile Wady of the province of Dongola, and presently on the west bank there was visible

the city itself, the goal for which I had endured considerable hardships.

Alas, the city of Oriental splendor was an utter delusion. Surely this straggling town of squalid mud-and-plaster houses and half-ruined mosques with their tottering minarets could not be the beautiful Dongola I had read about? In spite of this cruel disappointment I was still hopeful; the splendor of the Mudirie might only be hidden like a Kimberley diamond in its original setting of clay. With beating heart I crossed by the ferry and soon found myself in the streets of the ramshackle town, which turned out to consist of narrow, tortuous alleys winding through labyrinths of mud walls.

A hasty breakfast and I was ready for the glories of the Mudirie. A native pointed out my road, and I made my way to the palace. As I entered the compound, it flashed on me at last that the special correspondent of the London daily had never been there at all. I mounted the steps of the whitewashed building, and was motioned by one of the attendants to wait awhile. The Mudir was about to receive his officers, or sanjaks, in durbar. My heart sank within me. I mournfully realized that I had been utterly deceived by the brilliant imagination of a Fleet Street special.

This is what I saw. In a whitewashed square hall, opening on to a balcony, was the Mudir, just seated, not on any Turkish carpet, but cross-legged

on a Vienna bentwood chair. By his side was another chair, across the cane bottom of which was a dervish sword—the symbol of justice—pen, ink, and sand, and the seal of office. Behind him stood a servant waving to and fro a bamboo to keep the numerous tame sparrows from settling on his chair.

His costume was the simple black Stambouli frock coat, a fez with small green turban, trousers rather short for his legs, and red morocco slippers. Above him, from the mud ceiling, hung no Damascene lamp with oil of rare fragrance, but a two-and-sixpenny opaque glass kerosene lamp, also from Vienna, which exuded a strong smell of paraffin. After paying my respects I entered the reception room. There was no Oriental splendor here! A cabbage-rose-pattern Brussels carpet partly covered the floor. A divan, draped with cheap French damask, occupied three sides of the dingy apartment. A table in the center wore a red baize cover. Standing against a column supporting a fly-blown lime-washed ceiling was a tall French clock with flower-painted face, which struck the wrong time with uncertain vigor. I left the Mudirie sad and dejected, but on lighting my pipe and reflecting for a while I came to the conclusion that, after all, probably the Fleet Street special's description was much more pleasing and satisfactory to the unthinking public. People at home naturally look for something Oriental from the East and they got it—laid on with a generous brush.

Two years after this little incident I was at a public dinner in London when the author of the Dongola article was introduced to me. I looked at his interesting face, said I had longed to meet him, expressed enthusiasm for his work, and told him how much impressed I had been with the description of his visit to the Mudir of Dongola. He beamed with satisfaction; in fact, he was rather pleased with that article himself.

"Yes," said I; "it impressed me so much—so very much, that I resolved to—"

"Pwhat?" he asked, falling back in his chair.

"Go there myself," I slowly continued, "and what is more, my friend, I HAVE BEEN!"

After concentrating at Dongola, the army made a farther advance to Korti by river and desert. At about this period I came to grief. My colleague Charles Williams and I were in a whaleboat, trying to make headway against a very strong current on the Nile below Debbeh, and were steadily drifting toward the bank when we were attracted by the report of a rifle which came from a steam pinnace puffing up the river. The captain was firing at a huge crocodile basking on a sand bank. Presently the crocodile, grazed by the shot, furiously dashed into the waters. We hailed the boat as it passed and asked the skipper to tow us out of our difficulty. He shouted; "Heave a line aboard, but be quick!"

As the little steamer came up to us and hove to, a rope was doubled round our mast and passed to

the two natives in the bows to thread through the ring at the nose of our whaleboat. This these colored gentlemen, out of pure perversity, did not do. When, therefore, the line was made fast to the pinnace and she steamed ahead again at eight knots the rope shot out of the hands of the niggers. In an instant it came up taut on our mast; in another moment our boat was dragged completely over and turned turtle. I saw Williams jump clear; but being in the stern sheets it was too late for me, so in spite of my efforts I went under, and our little craft formed a sort of dish cover to the repast my fertile brain imagined that the crocodile was about to make of me. Where would he begin? That was the only question.

My colleague, becoming exhausted, had now seized the keel of the boat, which gradually tilted with his weight and thus released me. When I came to the surface, the captain of the pinnace, who had been watching for my appearance, threw a line which luckily struck me across my forehead and brought me to my senses. I caught hold at once and in a few seconds was dragged, half dead, on board.

That day I owed my life to Commander Montgomery. But for his watching for me I should surely have been drowned, as I was in top-boots and overcoat and was so heavily weighted that I rose only sufficiently to take my last look round. This naval officer wears on his right breast both the

French and English Humane Societies' medals for saving life.

My principal thought during all this trouble was what a wonderful advertisement my valise, with the name of my journal printed on it in large white letters, would have made floating downstream on the river Thames! It was sadly lost on the Nile, and, what was worse, it contained my bed furniture, tea, sugar, canned beef, tobacco, a bottle of pickles, a pepper mill, an extra pair of boots, a dispatch case, and a bag of sixty sovereigns. All the rest of the kit went to the bottom of the river or into the inner being of the crocodile. It was a sad sight to me to see all my earthly treasures float away like this. Only campaigners can appreciate the bitterness of such a catastrophe. I knew that my personal comfort was wrecked for many months to come, for there were no shops or stores handy in the wilds of the Sudan. I had nothing but the clothes I stood up in, and they were excessively wet. The captain put us ashore, and next day we walked across the desert to Korti to dry ourselves, a distance of some thirty miles, arriving in camp long after nightfall.

The following morning, as soon as our plight was known, I might have set up a slopshop with the superfluous number of odd garments sent to me by good-natured British officers. When I called on General Wolseley to report myself, he was kind enough to express regret at my accident, and was

sorry he could not furnish me with some wearing apparel. He had only two flannel shirts for himself, and these were so precious that he could not afford to wash them, so he simply gave them an air bath, which in the brisk atmosphere of the Sudan did just as well. A splendid example of the soldierly qualities of a great general!

This was not the first time I had been unfortunate with my wearing apparel. Once in Egypt my kit was upset in the Sweetwater canal and remained at the bottom—a bitter experience to me, as I had nothing left but a small bag containing flannel nether necessities and a dress coat and waistcoat. I was saved from the experiment of campaigning in evening dress by a colleague, who, jealous, no doubt, of the distinguished figure I should cut on the line of march with swallow-tail coat, white waistcoat, and top-boots, supplied me with a brown holland jacket which was more in tone with the sands of the desert.

At Korti the base of operations was formed, the battalions massed and headquarters stationed, for owing to news reaching us of Gordon's imminent peril the army now had to be divided. Sir Herbert Stewart with the two thousand of the Camel Corps was to cross the desert of Bayuda by forced marches to Metamneh, and then push a few companies of redcoats into Khartum to augment the garrison, while a contingent of infantry in whaleboats was to move up the Nile to Abu Hamed and Berber

under General Earle, in support of the Desert Column.

It was my fortune to follow the adventures of the latter brigade. I will not go into the details of the extensive preparations necessary to fit out an expedition of this kind by land and water. The men of the boats, when they arrived at the rendezvous, had been perhaps more thoroughly the worse for wear than the men of the camels. There was a good deal of patching to be done, in which sailcloth and slabs of biscuit tins figured conspicuously. Moreover, Christmas Day was nigh and considerable brushing up was necessary for that occasion. Even puddings were made—the day would not be complete in camp without that luxury—and there was church parade which preceded their consumption.

Double rations of rum and tobacco were served out; the men took it easy, and many added to their rations by fishing from the banks; for there was a big and ticklish job in store for them, and it might turn out to be the last Christmas for many.

One afternoon down by the horse lines, while we were still at Korti, I met Captain Kitchener. He was in the center of a group of native camel scouts with whom he had just returned from the Jackdul Wells to report on the possible route to be taken by the Desert Column. There was a look of resentment in his face, for he had heard that he was not to go forward with the expedition—Lord Wolseley

wanted him for some other purpose. I little thought, as I looked at his slim, gaunt figure and youthful face, that here sat the man who, above all others, was soon to make Europe ring with the story of his achievements in the field.

Chapter IV

THE FIGHT FOR THE WATER

Sir Herbert Stewart—The Desert Column—The camel and his ways—Abu Klea—Mayor French's squadron to the rescue—By the skin of our teeth—The march to the Nile—The knoll at Metamneh—Our general placed hors de combat—The forlorn hope—The bloody square—The Nile at last—A silent reveille—Correspondents' casualties 50 per cent.

SIR HERBERT STEWART, who was given the command of the Desert Column, was one of the "Wolseley gang," as the officers who enjoyed that general's confidence were called by their less fortunate brethren. My confrère, Archibald Forbes, had been the first to recognize Stewart's ability by what he saw of him on the lines of communication in the Zulu war in South Africa. In those days generals would listen to the advice of war correspondents of the caliber of Forbes, and eventually Wolseley took Stewart on his staff. He was now chosen as leader of the gallant two thousand who formed the "forlorn hope" about to attempt the rescue of Gordon.

Just before we left Korti I visited Stewart in his tent. He told me that it was not the fighting that

caused him anxiety—with his two thousand he was ready to meet any odds—but the water ration. The small capacity of the few wells to be met with en route and the question as to how much work he could get out of the camels presented the real problems. While orderlies were coming and going and officers were reporting the hundred and one details of preparation for the coming march, the home mail arrived and the general became absorbed in his plans for the installation of electric light in the numerous buildings in which he was interested at home, where, especially in Chelsea, he was responsible for the reconstruction of certain residential areas.

"It's a little relief," he said, "from the drudgery of campaigning to go through these papers."

The night before we left the river and entered the vast unknown the troops gave a vaudeville entertainment under the light of the Egyptian moon, and at dawn the two thousand, to the blare of bugles, marched off over the plain and were soon lost to view in the folds of the shimmering desert.

This was to be an expedition by camel. Now the camel is mostly a beast of burden: you cannot make a pet of him. Young, old, or middle-aged, he is the same unsociable, awkward, indifferent, grousing beast. He is unpleasant to ride. His eye is calm and doelike, but hides an uneven, fretful temper. I was puzzling myself one morning how to convey an idea to the readers of my journal of the

manners and customs of this beast, when I chanced to overhear a soldier singing a verse from a song that was in those days familiar to frequenters of any English watering place: "When he's up he's up; and when he's down he's down; but when he's only halfway up he's neither up nor down."

Surely the author of these beautiful lines must have had the camel in his eye when the inspiration struck him; for nothing can be more expressive or to the point in describing the movements of a camel when you are about to mount him. When he's up it's all right; when he's down it is just as satisfactory; but when he is halfway between is the critical jerking and neck-breaking moment.

A camel will start from his sitting posture by rising on his fore-knees first, throwing you violently back to his haunches. As he lifts his hindquarters one is jerked suddenly forward. It is at this moment—when all seems to be lost and a close proximity of your nose to the dust must be your lot—that he invariably staggers slowly to his fore-feet, keeping you hanging on more or less in suspense according to his amiability of temper. When the brute is up safe and sound and begins to walk there is a sort of four-time jolting movement—a shift forward, one to the left, one to the right, and then to the rear, the effect of which is heightened in keeping with the haste of the brute. It was computed by a calculating young Scotch subaltern, counting by the telegraph poles along the way,

that a human being mounted on a camel is subjected to twelve hundred and eighty-five distinct jerks per mile. As several of us suffered the second day out from severe stiff necks which our doctor did not attribute to colds, it is more than possible that the young sub's total was correct. The bluejackets, who can generally adapt themselves to novel situations, took some time before they understood this beast of burden. They would sit sideways on its hump and work the nose rope as if they were pulling the rudder lines. I heard Jack grumbling one day:

"Why, the poets call this 'ere thing the ship of the desert; I calls it a hardship."

"What's the matter, Jack?" said I.

"Why, sir, the tackle of my saddle is all adrift. I don't think this gear has got any stern lashings. The ship of the desert! Why, with a new set of boilers (and it don't much matter how much coal yer put in her bunkers) she wouldn't go more than two knots. And look at that funnel of a neck for a forced draught! No wonder Charley rides a moke, sir. He knows a thing or two, does Beresford." (Lord Charles Beresford, who was in command of the brigade, chose a donkey for this desert march.)

The troops kept their spirits up by chaffing one another.

"Ha! What would my poor mother say if she was to see me now? Why, when I was a-laying at

Woolwich she used to bring me jam tarts. How many pulls to a quart would ye take now, Bill—eh?"

"Why, I couldn't drink a bottle of shammy unless it was well frappy."

I will not go into details of our twelve days' march across the desert. It will suffice to say that from the conditions under which it was carried out it was the most remarkable desert march which has taken place by the British in the Sudan, and probably that has ever occurred in the annals of war. Never was heroism less daunted by the most cruel hardships. Only a short time since a Russian officer, who would be little likely to flatter our national courage, compared it to the exploits of Xerxes imbued with the spirit of the Spartans who died in the pass of Thermopylæ.

After our column had watered at the Jackdul Wells, called by Tommy the halfway house across the Bayuda, we started out in search of the enemy. Toiling for many days over the parched-up desert we sighted a ridge of hills one afternoon looming up in front of us. We came to a halt while our scouts pushed forward to reconnoiter. Some of the officers always went outside our formation shooting sand grouse for the pot, so we took little notice of occasional firing. But presently the scouts came tearing back with the news that the wells of Abu Klea, in a dip beyond the hills, were occupied by the enemy, and that they had been fired at.

We all braced up at the prospect of an immediate scrap, and a thrill of joy passed down the ranks. The bugles sounded the advance and we pushed forward toward a narrow pass in the rocky ground leading right into the wells. I suppose we took this risk to get to the water that night, for the horses of our squadron, the Nineteenth Hussars, were almost done in for want of it. But luck was not with us; we were held in check till early the next morning by the enemy sniping at us from the heights.

We had as usual formed a *zereba*, or square of commissariat boxes, and were able to hold the enemy at bay till the sun was up, when we marched out, still under fire, to do battle. We got fearfully mauled by the enemy and might have been cut up to a man but for Major French, who nursed the weary and thirst-mad horses of his Nineteenth into such a formidable-looking squadron that the dervishes, seeing this unlooked-for array on their right flank, began to lose heart and retired in dismay. It was a splendid bit of bluff by their commander, for these horses were so dead beat that if you patted one on the neck he would take advantage of your kindness by falling asleep on your shoulder. That gallant young officer of the Nineteenth has distinguished himself since those far-off Sudan days, for in the recent Great War he became Lord French of Ypres, the hero of the retreat from Mons and of the first battle of the Marne,

In this fight of Abu Klea we lost many fine officers, among whom was Col. Fred Burnaby. Lord Charles Beresford had a narrow shave. His donkey was shot and fell over him, thus saving him from being speared by the enemy. However, the most trying and heroic episode in this courageous though fruitless struggle to save Gordon and his beleaguered garrison took place after the bloody fight of Abu Klea and our weary and thirsty night's march toward the Nile.

Shortly after dawn the next morning the mud-baked walls of Metamneh glistened with the early sun through the mists enshrouding the Nile Valley; presently the low sound of tom-toms came from the direction of the town. Outside its walls, across the clearings, down into the mimosa bush, thousands and thousands of the enemy hurried to intercept our advance to the water. Completely surrounded by the dervishes, we formed a *zereba* on a knoll commanding a view of the town and fought at bay, almost hopelessly and against enormous odds, till two in the afternoon.

General Stewart had been wounded early in the action. He was standing on an ammunition box, looking through his glasses at the encircling swarm of the enemy stealing up through the bush from Metamneh, when he received a mortal wound. I was by his side a moment after, for I saw him fall and with Maj. Frank Rhodes was the first to tend him before the surgeons hurried up. From that

moment a gloom was cast over our little force that was difficult to shake off, for no officer was more beloved by all ranks. Though the surgeons thought the wound was not fatal, Stewart seemed to know that he was doomed. All the cheery brightness of the man departed and he seemed already to be on the threshold of eternity.

Cameron of the *Standard* now met his fate, shot through the lungs. The band of death grew tighter and tighter. Six hundred fierce Baggara horsemen hovered on our flanks and rear waiting for the time when the square should break. Something must be done. In a few hours water would fail us entirely.

In this extremity Sir Charles Wilson, who took command when Stewart went down, resolved to force his way through the enemy, march a square to the river, build a fort by the water, and return for the survivors left behind in the *zereba*. A force of 1,200 men was at last formed up. I decided to go with this brave little band, on which the whole safety of the brigade depended.

I tried to take my pony with me, as he was fearfully thirsty and I thought one of us might reach the Nile and get a drink that day; but down at the horse lines I found that horsemen were not to be allowed in the square.

Just as I was starting back I saw St. Leger Herbert, the correspondent for the *Morning Post*, getting something from his valise. He had volun-

teered like myself, so we walked together toward the forming square. The men were ordered to throw themselves down as they arrived in position, for the scathing fire from the bush was already making many casualties. My friend had worn out his khaki and was wearing a red tunic he had borrowed from an officer. "You are drawing the fire with that infernal jacket" I cried; "take it off." Receiving no reply I looked round; poor Herbert was lying on his back with a bullet through his brain.

I knelt by his side. His large blue eyes were staring up at me, but with no speculation in them. He was dead. Then in a frenzy of grief I began to drag his body toward the square, but an officer crawled up to me on his knees and said: "Hurry up, Villiers, leave the body where it is; they will pick him up from the *zereba*. We don't want dead men with us."

The whole Arab fire was now concentrated on that patch of human beings sprawling on the sand. When we had all assembled we sprang to our feet, at the word "advance," and slowly moved off. Men at once fell thickly around and were hastily carried into the *zereba*, which was still within reach; but when we entered the mimosa valley we cut ourselves adrift from our guns and supplies.

The scrub seemed alive with musketry. Clearly we could not let the enemy have it all his own way; something must be done to steady our nerves.

Presently the clear voice of Colonel Boscawen (now Lord Falmouth) was heard above the terrible din as if on parade: "The square will halt!" When we had come to a standstill he continued: "The square will fire a volley at two hundred yards. Ready!"

Then from our front and flank belched forth fire and smoke. Our targets were only the white puffs of smoke from the Remingtons of the hidden enemy; yet this effort freshened up our men and gave them better heart, for at last we were "at 'em." After firing one round we would move forward again at the same funereal pace in order to give our bearers an opportunity to pick up our wounded and put them in the *cacolets*, or camel chairs, where these poor fellows were often shot through and through, for, perched up on the "ship of the desert," they were directly in the line of the Arab fire.

Thus we wended our way through this veritable valley of death. By this time there was not a man in the square who was not bespattered with gore. Casualties were becoming so frequent that stretchers and camel chairs were rapidly filling, and the enterprise began to look like a "forlorn hope" indeed. My camel boy came rolling under the belly of my *baggle* (baggage camel) with a bullet in his heart, and at the same moment the animal was hit in the neck. I heard the twang of the bullet and expected to see the poor beast stumble at once, but he simply turned his long

neck in my direction and opened his gazelle-like eyes to their full extent, as much as to say, "Did you do that?" Then a shiver shook his body, and he lumbered steadily forward, continuing to chew the cud as if nothing had happened.

Presently a bullet passed through my left puttee or leg bandage which was bulging out from below my knee. Every moment things became more lively. The air was now so thick with the hum of missiles that it seemed a marvel the little force was not annihilated. Lord Arthur Somerset, Count Gleichen, Lord Airlie, and several other officers were hit, and matters looked at their blackest, when to our utter astonishment the enemy's fire suddenly ceased.

We now found ourselves in a sandy depression with less scrub about, and after taking stock of the immediate surroundings we looked at one another and wondered at the silence. However, there was not long to wait. From the *zereba* far in our rear Norton's screw guns opened fire and a shell whistled over our heads, bursting above the ridge in front of us. The square, on this signal to look out, came immediately to a halt. Almost instantly afterward points of ragged banners rose above the sky line and our men gave a grunt of satisfaction, for the enemy had now taken some tangible form. Here we were in the open on equal terms with them.

There was a twitch of the shoulders of each man as he settled his heels firmly in the loose sand,

wiped the dust from the lock of his rifle and stood ready for the onslaught. If ever I had for a moment doubted the possibility of our little force getting through to the river, this action of the soldiers convinced me that we should reach the Nile that night. For a moment longer there was dead silence, then, with tom-toms beating and loud shouts and yells, the Mahdi's spearmen bounded on—not running, but leaping forward—brandishing weapons which mirrored shifting lines of light as the sun glinted from their balanced spearheads.

The emirs led the van, followed closely by their standard bearers. Soon the mass had closed around us. Then from our square, when the enemy were within three hundred yards, there poured forth volley after volley of deadly hail into the midst of the dare-devil foemen. I hurried about, filling the empty bandoliers of the men with fresh cartridges. When the dense fog of smoke cleared away there was nothing left of this bold charge but its dead and dying. A few slightly wounded struggled on to meet their fate.

The sudden collapse of the attack was almost beyond realization. Some five thousand warriors—they looked like a swarm of locusts enveloping our little fighting force of twelve hundred—had been driven off the field by a handful of British soldiers worn out with fatigue, racked with thirst, an army of mere rags and bones.

Powder begrimed, blood bespattered, foul with

the paucity of water, Tommy looked at his best to me that day. For a few moments there was hardly a word uttered in our little square. Then burst forth a cheer that went up from the valley from parched and thirsty throats. Weak and feeble as it was, every man's heart was in it. It might have answered for a prayer. There was about it an unmistakable tone of thankfulness for our safe delivery from those merciless hordes that day.

We now marched for the water. Some of the men, overwrought with emotion, embraced one another. The parched lips of the wretched wounded were moistened with what was left of the dregs of the waterskins, now as black as ink, but precious liquid all the same, and we moved forward, unmolested, in the direction of the river.

The sun had dropped below the horizon, but the faint light of the young moon showed us in the distant gloaming a wide streak of silvery sheen gleaming up from out of the dull gray of the desert. It was the glorious water. "The Nile!" The Nile!" burst from every throat.

The soldiers of Xenophon shouted, "Thalassa! Thalassa!" when they saw the sea on whose tide they were to come home after their long, weary pilgrimage; but to us the flowing river meant more than did the Euxine to Xenophon's Greeks. That river was to us the veritable water of life; but for that precious current of fresh water not a man

would have survived to return to that ocean across whose bosom lay the path to home.

The square was made to halt for a few minutes; the wounded were lifted from their litters to see the river they had so dearly fought for—the precious liquid that was to soften their caking wounds and quench their feverish thirst. With greedy looks we longed to dip and wallow in that silvery mass; but we must await the return of the scouts to report "All's well" in front, for Bagarra horsemen were still hovering on our flanks, looking for an opportunity to cut in upon us.

I could not help admiring the discipline of the British soldier in this more than trying situation. Almost mad with thirst and with the water in plain view, there he stood patiently waiting till he was ordered to be watered by companies. Instead of a maddened rabble tearing toward the river, he went down to the water waiting his turn in this way.

The three steamers sent by Gordon to meet us arrived two days after our reaching the river and were sent on to Khartum with a small force of soldiers under Sir Charles Wilson. One morning early, before the moon began to wane, I was awakened by a sentry whose post was near me.

"There's a boat coming this way, sir. Do you think I ought to challenge her?"

"Certainly."

"But," said he, "I have no orders to challenge boats, sir; I think I had better ask my sergeant."

Presently the sound of rowlocks came down the stream. Then a boat flashed across the shimmering band of moonlight.

"Halt! Who goes there?" shouted the sentry.

"Friend!" came a voice from the boat.

It was the voice of young Stuart Wortley. I awakened my friend Harry Pearse, of the *Daily News* and told him of the mysterious coming. We feared the worst. When the sun arose on our camp so hushed was the little fort that the reveille brought no wonted stir. From mouth to mouth was whispered, "Khartum! Khartum has fallen!"

All our fighting, all our maddening thirst, all our waste of precious blood and weeks of misery, had availed naught. Our advent on the Nile had but been the signal for the sack of Khartoum and for Gordon's doom.

We were now with our backs to the water only four hundred able-bodied men behind a line of shallow intrenchments, in front of which and to the right, only two miles away, lay the town of Metamneh harboring over twelve thousand of the enemy, while the Mahdi, with a battery of Krupp cannon and twenty thousand of his victorious troops, fresh from the capture of Khartum, was now on the march toward our left flank.

However, that splendid soldier and much maligned officer, Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, saved the situation. On hearing the news of our predicament he came to our rescue by forced marches and

brought our little remnant, with all its sick and wounded, out of the Abu Klea gorge into the open desert just as the advance guard of the Mahdi was sighted by our scouts. Buller had secured all the wells behind us, so the enemy could not maneuver far from the river, and we were safe from attack directly we entered the vast wilderness of the desert.

We eventually managed to get Sir Herbert Stewart back to the Jackdul Wells, where he died. The expedition, in so far as its main purpose—the relief of Khartoum—was concerned, had ended in failure. However, it is well known now that the Mahdi could have taken the place practically any day he chose during the previous month or six weeks: our appearance in the vicinity was merely the signal for its fall, which nothing short of an expedition by airplane could have prevented.

In this expedition which had been so destructive of man and beast the war correspondents suffered no less severely than their brethren in uniform. Out of eight who started with Stewart four were killed and one was wounded, making our casualties more than 50 per cent—a circumstance which alone is quite indicative of the character of the fighting.

Chapter V

WRECKED A SECOND TIME

A "baggle" and his ways—Wolseley's anxiety—I return to Cairo—Wrecked—I keep the gangway—A topsy-turvy life belt—A gruesome find—Rescued by friendly enemies—The solar topee—Brigand and cutthroats—A merry crew—The case of a mummy—In the meshes of Shepheard's once more—The terrible curse—Ingram's fate—A sailor field marshal—The lines of communication.

THE first Nile campaign was now practically ended. I tramped the last few miles of my weary journey across the Bayuda Desert to Korti on foot; in fact, I was obliged to do so, for my wretched camel had broken down when just within sight of the green fringe of the Nile, and the only resource left to me was to trudge the last weary lap through the heavy sand.

Camels are curious animals, and occasionally they are extremely irritating. A horse when nearing his destination after a long, tiresome journey will prick up his ears, brace himself generally, put on a spurt and try to come to time. With a camel it is otherwise—at any rate, it was with mine. As soon as he sighted the glorious streak of silver with its verdant fringe, he began to slow down and

seemed absolutely indifferent to the restorative properties of the water that danced and sparkled in the distance. Yet he had not been watered for five days! The more I exerted myself to hasten him forward the more the beast seemed to lag, and at last I had to use the rawhide whip with as much vigor as my weariness permitted.

Under this punishment the animal simply stood still and slowly moved his head round in my direction, showing his teeth and plainly meaning mischief. A camel has a long neck and he has an extensive reach with it. When this beast's head came up on my right hand, with his teeth all eager, I found it advantageous to slide down the left bank of his hump to the ground and so get dexterously out of reach. Perceiving that I was too nimble for him, he at last dropped on his knees, settled himself comfortably in the sand, gave a grunt of satisfaction, and flatly declined to move a step farther. I therefore left him and my baggage on the desert and tramped the rest of the stretch on foot into our encampment at Korti. At any rate he was only a "baggle" or baggage camel, an animal as inferior to a trotting camel as a donkey is to a race horse.

On my reporting at headquarters Lord Wolseley was good enough to ask me to dine with him. I found that the general's hair had grown much whiter since our little force had made its final dash across the Bayuda Desert. This I attributed to anxiety caused by the absence of tidings from the Desert

Column, for he told me that after a certain date, when the lack of news from us began to create uneasiness at headquarters, he would ride out alone every afternoon to a commanding knoll on the outskirts of the desert and gaze through his glass across the arid stretches for some sign of the gallant little army that seemed to have been swallowed up in that sea of burning sand.

The general advised me to take a holiday for two months, when a fresh campaign against the Mahdi would begin. So confident was he of this that the next day I heard him address the native chiefs who had befriended the expedition and tell them, "It is the intention of Her Majesty's government, cost what it may, to crush the power of the Mahdi and avenge the death of Gordon."

Within a week, however, Mr. Gladstone in London had decided otherwise. Wolseley had to eat his words and the British army was returned down the Nile, leaving to the merciless wrath of the Mahdi and his followers the loyal chiefs who had assisted our advance.

If we had carried out Lord Wolseley's intentions we could easily have crushed the Mahdi, for all that long line of communications by desert and river was by this time working smoothly, and large reinforcements could easily have been poured into the Sudan. The dervishes, so elated with their capture of Khartoum, would eventually have wrecked themselves by attacking us in positions of

our own choosing, and Mahdism would have been crushed for all time. But Gladstone got "cold feet" on the venture and the British public, to save him a little anxiety, had to pay the piper tenfold in after years.

At about this time a Khedivial paddle steamer was leaving Korti for Dongola with wounded. I was anxious to return to Cairo with my very large budget of sketches, so I took passage in her. My "baggle" had ultimately sauntered into camp with my belongings about three days after my arrival. He was in good condition after his rest. Indeed so well did he look, in spite of the bullet received in the fight at Gubat which was still in his neck, that I was able to sell him for eleven lire. As I gave only fifteen for him at the beginning of the campaign, I considered that I had done pretty well out of him. When I think of that poor beast, though I loathed him while I was on his back, there still remains with me a vague sentiment of gratitude, for he carried me safely through all the vicissitudes of that trying campaign, and though wounded in my service he was never on the sick list, but always ready for duty.

I spent a happy time steaming down the Nile once more, enjoying the sheen of the water in pleasant contrast to the weary stretches of sand, and the steady motion of the river paddle boat instead of the erratic movements of the "ship of the desert." The comfort, too, of stretching one's

legs under the proverbial mahogany, after one had been for weeks cramped up by the side of a camel saddle or commissariat box, was almost indescribable. I shall hardly forget my first meal in the saloon of that little river steamer.

It was not so much the actual food that appealed, or any proficiency on the part of the ship's chef—for Chicago canned beef, hardtack, and jam were still the prominent dishes in our menu—but the pleasures of a cushioned seat, a comparatively clean cloth, and a sparkling glass. The luxury of the Savoy or Delmonico's seemed satisfactorily embodied in the simple saloon of this puffing old stern-wheeler, snorting down the Nile.

We had a number of sick and wounded on the upper deck and a few Greek merchants and sutlers. One of the wounded was Captain Poe of the Marines, who was the last man hit during the attack on Metamneh. Poe and St. Leger Herbert were the only two men in the force who unwisely wore red tunics. Poe lay on the deck on an *angareeb*, a native bedstead with rawhide laced over it. He was in a very bad way, poor fellow, for his right leg had been amputated close up to the hip. I was by his side a good deal and did my best to keep the flies and mosquitoes from irritating his arms and face as he lay, pale, wan, and almost inanimate, on his rough bed. At night, when the rising moon sent trembling slants of light across the waters which settled for a moment on his pinched, pallid

features, Doré's famous picture of "The Passing of Arthur" recurred to my memory, and I wondered if Poe was about to die.

It was on the morning of the second day, when we were nearing Debbeh, that an event transpired which put a damper upon the charm of this Nile passage. The man at the wheel, who was also our pilot, was an evil-eyed, cross-grained, fanatical-looking Arab—a man whom one might feel inclined to shoot on sight in order to make the world better. Ophthalmia had in his early childhood destroyed the sight of his left eye, dulling it to the opaqueness of that of a boiled mackerel. This accentuated the brilliancy of the right, which seemed to mirror every touch of light from the sky and the waters, mingling them into one evil, malignant glare. The moment I set eyes on the fellow I thought there would be trouble.

It came.

At about seven bells in the morning watch we were steaming merrily through the placid waters between two low sand hills where a small, oblong, sandy island lay close inshore. I had been smoking a cigarette after breakfast and was lazily leaning against the wheelhouse, when suddenly I was shot forward and found myself sprawling on the deck. A shiver ran through the vessel, accompanied by a curious grating sound as she took bottom on the sand.

"Reverse engines!" calmly commanded our captain, Lieutenant Colville, of the Royal Navy.

But the order was of no avail; we had somehow run upon a sunken ledge, which we found out later was the only obstruction for miles, and we were jammed upon it with a vengeance. The reversed paddles only churned up the water, and the steamer slowly swung out of her course and began at once to heel slightly over to starboard.

Vigorous language was used upon the pilot. His sound eye sparkled the brighter with evident satisfaction at our plight as he gave his lying explanation of the disaster. But there was no time to argue with him; the steamer had split open and was sinking. Fires were immediately drawn to prevent an explosion and the only boat we carried was got ready for the wounded. I hurried to Poe. Though a little paler, he was bearing the strain bravely. Two men were holding on to his bedstead to save it from sliding aport. When the boat came alongside, the steamer was settling at such an angle that Poe's bed could be slid quite easily into it over the side rails.

At this moment the Greeks on board, who were very excited, made a rush for the boat, and I was asked to keep them at bay, which I did by threatening them with my revolver until the little craft with her pathetic freight was at a safe distance from the sinking steamer.

The captain then requested me to go below to see what water we were making. I reported that it was pouring through the *jalousies* of the saloon.

There was now considerable confusion owing to the foreign element on deck, for the water could be seen welling up from below. Orders were given to prepare for the worst, and the majority of us stripped. A bluejacket was hurrying by me with some life belts and I secured one, as the current was strong and I was not an expert swimmer. The vessel now gave a great lurch to starboard, her bow dipped under, and I with many others, on hearing the cry, "Save yourselves," jumped in. I had been under a whaleboat in the Nile during the early part of the campaign and I resolved not to repeat the sensation with the steamer *Nassif-Il-Kir*. I jumped clear, and in another moment was whirled away into midstream.

The belt probably saved my life, but in the meantime it came near being the death of me. It was a small one, and in trying to get my head and shoulders through the loop I got stuck with one arm in and the other out. The result was that my head was canted over my left shoulder, and my mouth was almost under water. To make things worse a strong wind had sprung up, breaking the surface of the river into little wavelets which surged round about me, broke in my face, and at times prevented me from breathing.

Occasionally strong eddies would whirl me round and suck me under; then I would shoot up again owing to the buoyancy of my belt, choking and struggling for dear life. An hour of this buffeting

made me think life rather dear at the price, and I almost resolved out of sheer weariness to disengage myself from the belt and allow the waters to swallow me. Then the memory of the dear Old Country would loom up before me and the faces of those I loved, and I would strike out once more for the shore, but hopelessly, for the current ran like a mill race.

In the midst of one of these futile fights with the waves I saw a man swimming toward me. He had his helmet on and I noticed a yellow paper stuck in its *puggaree*. I struggled to meet him, thinking we might readjust the life belt and assist each other ashore. He seemed gradually gaining on me. I stretched out my hand. The helmet whirled by me, and to my horror I saw there was no one under it. The poor fellow had gone down.

Toward noon I became conscious of my feet touching something soft. I struggled onward, and presently found myself on solid land. A few yards in front of me was a sand bank and above me was a large *sakieh*, or irrigation wheel, creaking and moaning as it ladled up the water for the fields. The river was now down to my waist, now down to my knees, when, completely exhausted, I stumbled forward and fell. Something flashed over my head and fell across my body. It was a grass rope torn from the *sakieh*. I had just enough strength left to twist it round my left wrist.

Soon I found myself being dragged up the slope. The shingle cutting into my flesh gave me great pain. I must have become unconscious for some time, for the next thing I remember is sitting up on the sand with the sensation strong upon me that I had been somehow dozing. With shrill cries several dusky forms were flying from me in all directions. These were Sudanese ladies, who with the inquisitiveness of their sex had been examining this apparently dead, strange-looking, white creature cast up on their shore. Their cries of consternation at my untimely awakening were still ringing in my ears when a burning thirst came upon me, for my only garment was a flannel cricket shirt and the sun in the Sudan at high noon is a baking one.

I found seated close round me a number of men and boys. I made signs to them for water, but they shook their heads and offered some mealies instead, thinking no doubt that I had had water enough. Presently a boy came running up from the river with a soldier's helmet which had been washed ashore. I recognized it at once, for the yellow paper still stuck to its *puggaree*. As the boy jammed it on my head, and it crushed down over my temples, an icy chill ran through my veins. It seemed to be a gift from the dead, a grim but valuable return for my attempt to save its owner. But for that helmet I should have certainly succumbed to the fierce heat of the sun.

However I felt happier now that my head was

protected, and looked round with a smile at the assembled gaping crowd. The ladies whom I had scared by my sudden return to life had come back, and there was much talking and wonderment about this curious stranger with the pink skin and the green eyes. Was his epidermis diseased? How wonderful! It was white all over!

On my right sat an elderly man who held the other end of the grass rope which had hauled me high and dry. I pressed his hand in gratitude for his timely help, when my shoulder was tapped rather roughly from behind. On looking up I discovered a tall, fanatical-looking dervish standing over me. In his right hand was a spear. At first I thought he was about to plunge it into my body. I closed my eyes and waited. I was too weak to resist. Then I saw the barb lifted on high, the blade in the fierce sun flashing a long shaft of light toward the heavens. In a loud voice, which seemed to silence the gibbering crowd, the dervish shouted, "Allah! Allah!"

I understood him then; he wished to impress on me what at the moment I had quite forgotten, that an Almighty Providence had saved me. I felt abashed. It seemed curious to be reminded in this way by a person whom most civilized people would look upon as a savage. He was a good, big-hearted savage, too, for when I tried to walk, and after the first hundred yards my blistered feet could not stand the burning sand, he hurried into

the crowd and returned triumphantly with a pair of sandals. I was then led along the bank of the Nile in the direction of the wreck and at last found myself with my fellow survivors. Poor Poe was under the shadow of a tree, and not suffering so much as I expected from his terrible shifting about.

Toward evening we sighted the stern-wheeler *Lotos*, and Poe, with the rest of the wounded, was taken on board. The *Nassif-Il-Kir* was not entirely submerged. Her stern still hung on a pinnacle of rock. The rest of the survivors of the wreck were encamped on the small island close inshore. I crossed over and joined the little party, the captain having resolved to remain there pending the finding of the bodies of the drowned. Divers had been at work on the wreck and had recovered some blankets, tinned beef, and a barrel of rum. We made tents of the awning of the ill-fated paddle boat and lived fairly comfortably for several days, till a steamer came to our rescue. Luckily the weather was extremely warm, night and day, and I found my cricket shirt almost superfluous clothing.

On examining the piece of yellow paper stuck in the solar topee which had come to me from the river, I found there was writing upon it which the water had nearly obliterated. It was a receipt for a postal order sent by the late owner to his sweetheart in Old England. Poor fellow! That after-

noon his corpse was washed ashore, and before sundown I raised his helmet in respectful salutation as his body was laid to rest in the sand.

After about two days' journey with the rest of the shipwrecked crew, I was landed at Dongola, but still with only a shirt, solar topee, blanket, and cricket shoes to my name, a penniless wanderer. Fresh regiments had arrived, but the men and officers were all strangers to me. Therefore my heart leaped with joy when a discharged Greek servant met me on the levee. He was also glad to see me and immediately assisted me out of my predicament. He provided me with coat, trousers, and a fresh shirt; took me to a bakery where he was employed by some other Greeks in kneading dough, and introduced me to four men who sheltered and fed me and who eventually made me a proposal. They were all outlaws—cutthroats and brigands from Greece—trying to make an honest penny by selling grog and stores to the troops, and they wanted to get to Wady Halfa unmolested by the Egyptian authorities. Their proposition to me was that they would provide me with a camel and provisions for the trip if I would accompany them on the twelve days' journey by the west bank of the Nile, less frequented than the east by their enemies, the Egyptian authorities.

I consented and we made a start, the bakers loading one camel with thrice-toasted bread, to last us the twelve days. We were to depend upon

the villages en route for fresh meat. I think I shall never forget that trip. During the day we would travel well inland through desert country, but always getting down to the water by sundown, where we could bathe in pools by the side of some picturesque ruined Greek temple; and as the big moon's disk climbed the sky, one felt that one was dipping into liquid amber, so mellow was her reflected light. We had no tents, simply a blanket to lie upon; but there was only a light dew falling and the air was always dry and balmy. Before dawn we were on the alert and at the peep of the sun were out in the desert once more, lost to the vigilant eyes of the "Gyppy" police.

I had been elected chief by the Greeks, and they had taken an oath to abide by my decisions on all matters. The most important things I insisted upon were not to molest the inhabitants by the way and to pay for everything we took.

My followers soon found out the wisdom of this. On the second day out we bought a sheep, and toward evening, on our approaching a village, a mob of irate natives brandishing their spears stopped our progress and one of them accused us of stealing the sheep. The Greeks were for fighting, but I knew that if a shot was fired all that side of the river would be up in arms; so we camped outside the village till one of them brought up the man from whom we had bought the animal, who showed them the money he had received.

Then they were fully satisfied as to our honesty and became most friendly.

We had an interpreter with our party, a Maltese rascal of a jocular frame of mind, who announced to the villagers that I was a great *hakim* in my own country, and presently many sick and lame people came to see me. Of course we had no medicines. This was a great drawback, for a purgative goes a long way to inspire confidence in a native, but I could give advice, though in this the interpreter had it all his own way. After a short talk with me he would give his diagnoses; some patients went away bright and happy, but not a few departed with gloomy faces. However, the great stunt of the evening was to bring them up for me to look into their mouths and tell their age by their teeth with the aid of a flaring torch from the camp fire. Natives never know when they were born or how old they are, wherefore this trick became most popular. The women, like their more civilized sisters of western Europe, were rather shy on the question; but I always let them off easily with a few years to the good. The news spread like wild-fire along the riverside that there was a *hakim* with our party, and this did us a world of good. Our progress now became a triumphal march until, on the evening of the twelfth day, Wady Halfa was sighted off the opposite bank of the river and our charming journey came to an end.

At Wady Halfa I found some decent clothing

which had been sent up from my reserve wardrobe in Cairo, and I drew a check on the principal Greek storekeeper for a good round sum, so I was at last in clover.

At the little hotel I found Walter Ingram, who had been with me through all the battles of the desert war and was returning to Europe. We went together to a mummy shop, which was kept by one of the consuls, to take back a souvenir. In one room of the second story there were several coffins. Two were opened and, only a few jewels being found, the bodies were pitched out of the window by the irate Egyptian ghouls. When the third case was about to be pried open, my friend Ingram said to the consul: "I will buy that, stock and barrel. Don't open it." I envied Ingram the purchase, for it was a fine case and the interior must contain some wonderful scarabs, possibly a mask of gold, and all the extraordinary things of weird beauty one finds in some of these thousand-year-old shells of Egyptian dignitaries. The case was shipped in Ingram's name to Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo.

I was seated in my accustomed chair on the stoop of Shepheard's, once more as the journalistic spider waiting for the flies from the station to bring something to his meshes in the famous hotel, when Ingram's purchase arrived and was placed against the glass windows in front of my bedroom and his.

I was anxious to see it opened, but Ingram

rightly waited till he had an expert to do the job. I had to leave Cairo on important business for a few days, and when I returned found the case had been opened in my absence. When I saw my friend he said, in a jocular way: "I struck a snag with that mummy. He is some very bigwig who lived thousands and thousands of years ago, a priestly gent of great importance, for there was a long papyrus on his breast setting forth a horrible curse. It threatens anyone who disturbs his long rest in his sarcophagus with a violent death and predicts that the bones of the culprit will be swept to the seas or scattered to the winds."

Having seen the awful desecration of some of these poor bodies left to the blazing sun and the dogs of Wady Halfa, I felt that the old priest was somewhat justified in his wrath. What became of that mummy case I don't know, more than that it eventually found its way into the cellars of the British Museum in London, but poor Ingram was destined to fulfill the prophetic curse. When he arrived in England he married and settled down, and all his friends thought he had finished with the nomad life. But a few months afterward he seemed impelled to go into the wilds once more, and he was eventually trampled upon and pierced by the tusk of a rogue elephant while shooting big game. There is a legend that his body was hastily buried in the sand and his bones washed by heavy rains into the sea.

Whoever came in actual contact with that mummy after it left its home in Egypt suffered in some way or other, and I heard in one of the clubs in New York in the spring of 1919 that it had been sold to an American who didn't care a row of pins about these Old World legends, and that while he was bringing it to the New World it went down with its owner in the ill-fated *Titanic*.

The lure of Shepheard's brought the late Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood one day when I was seated on the stoop. I had previously met him outside of Alexandria when he was conducting the first land action in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 by attacking Kafir-el-Douar. There was no officer in the British service who had seen more varied fighting or been in the thick of it more than Sir Evelyn.

There was something remarkably fascinating about his personal appearance, an alertness about his face and figure that stamped the man of action. I remember, in 1883, when he was invited to reorganize the Egyptian forces after the defeat of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir and became the first Sirdar, that he affected the picturesque Bedouin Arab headgear, with a fillet of black goat's wool and gold thread to keep it in place, instead of wearing the plain red tarboosh. So rigged out he was easily the most striking figure in Cairo.

Sir Evelyn Wood might well be called the father of the Egyptian army, and he must have felt proud

of the prowess of the young officers who were under his command in those early days of the British control in Egypt, for they have all distinguished themselves and their names are household words of the Empire: witness the late Earl Kitchener, Sir Francis Wingate, the Right Hon. Lord Grenfell, Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter, Sir H. C. Chermside, Sir Leslie Rundle, and many others.

He was the general in command of communications for Wolseley's expedition up the Nile, and it was owing to his restless energy in pushing up supplies and in pulling the steamers up the cataracts with his well-trained fellaheen troops that Wolseley's army was never at any time during that eventful expedition delayed for want of munitions.

On returning to England Sir Evelyn took command of the Eastern District. Not long after, I was asked to deliver a lecture at Colchester on my experiences of the Egyptian campaigns, and Sir Evelyn kindly took the chair. After the lecture I returned to his quarters, and I shall always remember the pleasant time I spent with him over a cigar, chatting about our campaigning days.

One of the reminiscences he related of the time when he was a middy during the Crimean war I have never forgotten. It was one of the many brave deeds that were done by the men of the Bluejacket Brigade before Sebastopol. "I can see the man now," said Sir Evelyn, "with his thumb on the vent of the gun; Michal Hardy was his

name. He was in my battery facing the Malakoff. One of the gunners was drinking a ration of rum when a shell took off his head, and Hardy's face and neck were in an instant covered with the poor fellow's brains. We were all speechless with the horror of the thing. Without moving his right thumb from the vent, Hardy wiped the horrible mess from his face with his left hand, and contemptuously said to the rest of the gun's crew who were still staring at the ghastly corpse: "What the hell are you looking at? Is he dead? Take the carcass away. Ain't he dead? Take him to the doctor."

Then inquiring of the loader if he had rammed home, he gave the order: "Run out. Ready!"

Chapter VI

A SHORT CAMPAIGN AND A LONG JOURNEY

A Serb-Bulgar quarrel—A novel way to gain the front—A retreat—The Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta—My harem—Safe in Belgrade—I beat the mail, am delivered before the letters—On the road to Mandalay—Bells and pagodas—An amiable viceroy—An adventure on the Irrawaddy—The reception at the palace of the bloodthirsty monarchs—I am introduced to a great general—I tell my story to Sir Frederick Roberts.

AFTER my vicissitudes with Wolseley's army up the Nile and my subsequent return from Egypt I was in England but a short time before there was little flare-up in the Near East. The blaze did not last long and was eventually squelched by Austria's action in bringing about an armistice.

King Milan began this war (for no particular reason beyond that of having a nice little army at his call, and an aggressive temperament) by marching into Bulgaria one morning for the purpose of "readjusting" the frontier to Serbia's advantage. The first fight occurred in the Dragoman defile when, a fog coming on, the forward scouts of the Serbians fired into their own supports, and the Bulgarians, warned in time by this fusillade, outflanked the Serbian advance force and compelled

it to retire in a far from orderly manner. The Serbs had to recross their frontier and were now on the defensive. At Pirot they made their last stand, but they were driven back on Nish at the bayonet point. The King was the first to go, then came the wounded, then followed the army with the Bulgars hard on their heels; and Prince Alexander of Battenberg would have carried out his threat of eating King Milan's breakfast in Nish the following morning but for Austrian intervention. So ended the Serb-Bulgar fiasco of 1886.

On the first news of the fighting I started for Paris and Vienna and found myself one morning in the Serbian capital applying to the War Office for the permit necessary to frank me to the front. I thought that there would be little difficulty in getting what I required, for I had been with the Serbian army ten years previously in their war with Turkey and had been made by King Milan a Chevalier of the Takova for some little service which I had rendered. I felt, therefore, that I should be a *persona grata* with the authorities; but, alas! I discovered that neither I nor my services a decade earlier were remembered; for at that period Englishmen and everything Britannic, with the exception of the current coin of the realm, were looked upon with hatred and suspicion.

I gave up the War Office in disgust, and retired to my hotel despondent, but not beaten. Jim, my servant, a smart little chap, came to my assistance.

He had been a jockey in the stables of Prince Batthyany, and had gravitated from Vienna to Belgrade. Being well acquainted with the Slav language, he was also serving me as interpreter.

"Mr. Villiers," said he, "I will get you to the front if you will do exactly what I tell you."

"Well," said I, "what is it?"

"Be ready to start to-morrow, sir, and I will let you know how I have arranged matters when once we are en route. I can tell you no more at present."

I thought I had best be discreet and not put any further questions, for there was something in the little fellow's face which seemed to say, "Leave it to me and I will put you through."

The next morning we took train for Nish. My servant had already secured two saloon seats, and my scanty baggage was arranged on the empty one opposite me. As I puffed away at a cigarette and counted over my belongings I discovered a carpet-bag which I had not before seen among my kit. It probably belongs to my servant, thought I, and has been placed there for safety. But what a thing to travel with—a most flaring, cabbage-rose-pattern carpetbag, very full of something hard and heavy.

What has Jim got in that bag? I wondered, as I turned it carefully over. Nothing of an edible nature; it was too hard and lumpy for that, and for a similar reason it could not be wearing apparel.

On arriving at Nish my servant personally took

charge of the carpetbag, and, following a porter, proceeded to the hotel. When I was comfortably seated by the side of the German stove in my bedroom, I questioned Jim about the gaudy gripsack, which I found had been carefully deposited with the rest of my luggage in the room.

"To whom does that frightfully hideous bag belong?" said I.

"It's yours, sir," said the unabashed Jim. "I procured it for you in Belgrade. It's part of our scheme," he said, smiling.

"Part of our scheme! What scheme?" said I.

"Why, getting to the front, of course, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that that inartistic, ugly receptacle, or its contents, has anything to do with my getting to the front? Now, be sensible, Jim. What do you mean? And be quick about it?"

"Look here, sir, you mustn't be angry; but that is really the most important part of my plan."

"Well, let's have the story," I said. "You are doing your best, no doubt, but it seems funny—very funny."

"Well, sir, you must know that recently a lot of coal has been discovered in these here parts. But people, especially foreigners, have been rather shy of investing capital, owing, probably, to the great unrest lately throughout the country, and though one or two mines have been opened, they have been going badly. Anyhow, it struck me that if I turned you into an American, sir, and gave

out that you have no end of capital and were going about searching for coal, there would be little suspicion regarding your real profession if only you were occasionally to open that there bag."

"Ah!" I cried, jumping up in great glee, "that wretched bag contains coal? Jim, you're a trump! You have saved the situation!"

So we journeyed on, Jim producing the coalsack whenever the eye of suspicion glanced at us. Thus we were enabled, without arrest, to arrive at the front just in the nick of time to see the final fight in the streets of Pirot.

The only means Jim could find to carry us to this fight was a springless *araba* or peasant cart. The roads were so bad and heavy with mud that the military engineers had corduroyed them. Jolting over those logs gave me the most dismal headache. When I arrived in Nish I was indifferent to everything but my head. On gaining the hotel I threw myself onto the bed for a well-earned rest, and was just on the point of dropping off to sleep when I was disturbed by a Serbian sergeant, who delivered a note to this effect:

> That all males, men and boys, were ordered to throw up trenches for the defense of the town and to report themselves with pick and shovel within the hour.

I sent my servant to the officials to remonstrate against this order, for I was an alien and sick. But he returned with the curt reply that it was for a

sudden emergency and all hands were needed; furthermore that the penalty for disobedience of the order was death.

It had been raining for many hours and the prospect of digging all night in this inclement weather after my strenuous work during the day made me feel miserable indeed. Just at this dreary moment I heard the cheery voice of an old friend, Baron Mundy of the Austrian Red Cross, shouting for something to eat down below. I was by his side in an instant and told him my dilemma.

"I will make it all right, my dear Villiers," said he. "I have just come in with the Austrian Red Cross train of the Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta. I'll explain matters to our chief, Prince Lichnowsky. We will smuggle you on board the train and you will be in Belgrade to-morrow morning."

I had collected all my gear and was preparing to leave the hotel when, much to my disgust, the three chambermaids of the hostelry, finding I was going to leave the city, prayed me to take them along; they were so frightened of the Bulgarians. They wept copiously and clung to me in the most dramatic movie fashion. They were dressed for the streets and each had seized a piece of my baggage in order to accompany me to the station. There was no time for argument, so I started, and under their cover I arrived at the depot unmolested by the military, for the girls were

fussed up to the nines and I was evidently taken as their manservant.

Anyway, to my delight, the hospital train was in the station ready to start with its complement of wounded. Wherever I went the ladies followed closely. I interviewed the baron and explained my difficulty, for the girls now refused to deliver up my baggage without a safe-conduct for themselves.

The baron saw his chief about it, but at first Lichnowsky was adamant and said that he had room for me, but certainly not for my harem. I explained the matter to the ladies, but they burst into tears again and clung to me in such a sisterly way that I was absolutely nonplused, until the good-natured baron swept them into the train, saying, "It's all right, my dear Villiers; we will make them work their passage as Red Cross sisters." I must say they worked like Trojans all night for the wretched sufferers. At dawn we were in the Serbian capital.

I am not very emotional; that is probably why I might have seemed a bit of a bear, but those three chambermaids were so grateful for what I had done for them that whenever they met me on the street thereafter they would embrace me, much to my consternation and the amusement of passing pedestrians.

By this time the winter had set in with the severity usual in this part of the world. Of a night

the thermometer would fall to 20 degrees below zero. The Serbian sentries on outpost duty on the snowy uplands of the Balkans were frozen to death in appalling numbers. I was, therefore, very pleased to receive a telegram from my paper, requesting me to go to Burma. This journey assured me of a grateful change of temperature, so I started at once, and in less than two weeks my pocket thermometer changed from below zero to 106 degrees in the shade. My ingenious servant Jim I had to leave behind, for he had a wife and family in Belgrade, and did not relish the idea of being away from them for so long a period.

So I left the Serbian capital alone one morning for Vienna, arriving there just in time for a bath, a dinner, and the express train for Venice. In the city of the Doges I got on board the P. & O. liner, which in those days picked up the mails at Brindisi and then proceeded with them to Alexandria. Here I had time to drive around the forts, which I had seen knocked about in the bombarding days of June, 1882, and to have luncheon with some old friends at the club. Then I boarded the train for Suez, where I found the Bombay mail steamer in readiness. My object in thus hurrying was if possible to catch up with Lord Dufferin, who had been deputed by the British government to take over officially the Burmese territory recently annexed by us on the deposition of that bloodthirsty monarch, King Theebaw.

I learned at Suez that, even if I continued my journey without the slightest delay, I could not possibly catch up with the viceroy, but that he would be at least four days ahead of me. This was most provoking, but as hitherto I had always been successful in "getting there" I resolved to continue my journey and chance it. Something might turn up to delay his lordship's departure from Calcutta and I might yet be in time. In the old days there was much more enjoyment on board Indian mail steamers than at the present time. Every evening there would be a dance on deck, some youthful sub or young lady fresh from school officiating at the piano. In the Red Sea of nights we would leave our stuffy cabins for the deck, and sleep under the stars.

On arriving at Aden I found to my great relief that the viceroy had been delayed, through a slight indisposition, in his journey down country to Calcutta, and therefore would not start for Burma at the date appointed.

"Well," I thought, "this is good luck for me, if rather poor for the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty. I may, after all, reach India in time." I had but little anxiety now that I felt my old luck still standing by me. When we finally arrived in Bombay I found that by traveling straight on I would reach the capital on the very morning of the departure of Lord Dufferin for Rangoon. Therefore I would not wait for the

passenger boat, but, by permission of the genial captain, was allowed to go down with the letters in the chute to the mail tender. When I arrived at the bottom I felt it was tender only in name.

On landing with the letters I hurried to the railway station, and after sending a telegram to the viceroy's secretary saying that I was coming and wanted, if possible, to go on with the viceregal party, I was just in the nick of time to catch the mail express for Calcutta. The days and nights were hot on that special occasion and I arrived in the city partly roasted and somewhat boiled. A stalwart Sikh, in the gorgeous livery of the Indian viceroy's establishment, was awaiting me at the terminus with a large sealed envelope. I hurriedly tore it open, and rapidly glanced over its contents. It was short and anything but sweet. It ran somewhat to the effect that "His Excellency was unable to take on Mr. Villiers with his party, as he had been compelled to refuse all correspondents because of the numerous applications, and therefore could make no exception in his case. But if Mr. Villiers traveled to Rangoon by mail steamer, on arriving at that port His Excellency would do all he could to assist him."

On the back of the note in pencil was the following: "There's a British India S. S. leaving an hour before the viceroy—don't miss her."

I did not. Within an hour I and my kit were safely on board the train bound for Diamond Har-

bor, to meet the little mail steamer for Rangoon. It was a curious proceeding to get on board Indian steamers in those days. First of all the passengers, together with their luggage, were carried by stalwart natives out to small rowboats, as there was no landing stage. Then the small craft were rowed into midstream just as the steamer was sighted. On nearing us she slowed down, but, because of the strong current, she never stopped. Ropes were thrown from us to men waiting on her port bow and we were hitched on to her bulwarks and towed along by her till all the passengers had scrambled on board. Then our baggage was hauled up. After that the small boats were cast off and the steamer shot ahead again at full speed.

While we were crossing the Bay of Bengal a hurricane cropped up, and for a day and a night it was touch-and-go whether we would go under so terrible was the sea and so heavily laden was the ship. It was a wonderful sight, for the squall came upon us as quick as a flash. One moment it was brilliant sunshine, the next darkness came like the blackest of nights; tempestuous seas broke over us from all quarters, and for hours we expected funnel, masts, spars, and all deck gear to be swept into the boiling ocean.

The viceroy's ship was also delayed by the storm and I succeeded in landing shortly after her arrival in Rangoon. Here Lord Dufferin kept his word and befriended me, giving me permission to take a

berth in the advance guardship of the viceregal flotilla of three. I had a most delightful half-hour with the famous diplomatist at his temporary residence in Rangoon, and he was much interested in what I was able to tell him of that second military fiasco of Milan of Serbia. I have always a keen remembrance of that calm, impenetrable, rather ascetic face and the grace and charm of manner of Her Majesty's greatest of viceroys.

On the night of my arrival in Rangoon I left by train for Prome, the terminus of the rail on the Irrawaddy. There was a company of Ghoorkas on board, besides a Gatling gun and some bluejackets who would be useful if it became necessary to clear the banks of the river, should Dacoits attempt to stop the steamer. Therefore there was a touch of adventure about the journey as well as novelty in our surroundings. A quaint river is the Irrawaddy, a shallow and uncertain stream, which sometimes necessitated our hugging the shore so closely that one could almost step on land. Indeed, our armed force was absolutely necessary, so easy would it have been for any desperate men suddenly to attack and board us from the banks, down to which stretched mighty teak forests in a somber, impenetrable jungle. Shafts of dazzling light occasionally sprang out from the dense thicket where graceful pagodas reared their gold-tipped spires to the sun, and the silver tinkle of their temple bells lingered quiveringly on the air.

On the afternoon of the second day we were rounding a sharp turn of the river a short distance from the temple city of Pegram, the "City of Pagodas," when the steamer suddenly stuck in midstream. We at once reversed engines, but the paddles merely churned up the water. We then threw out anchors, and steadily steamed against them, but without avail. The unfortunate steamer was fairly embedded in a sand bank. There was not the slightest movement forward, only a perceptible lurch to starboard as the sand began to silt up with the strong swirl of the current.

We signaled to the viceroy's steamer as she passed that we could not proceed, and immediately the rear guard ship was ordered to take up our post. Soon both steamers were lost to sight in the bend of the river and the coming night. I stood on deck dazed with the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen me. Here was I, after traveling straight from the Danube to the Irrawaddy, thwarted in this unfortunate manner just when my goal was in sight.

The captain, a genial, good-natured fellow, seeing my state of mind, said: "Mr. Villiers, you shall succeed. I am very sorry, and I will do all I can for you. Here, take one of the boats. I will furnish a crew. If you pay them well they will get you on board the viceroy's ship before to-morrow morning."

For the moment I thought that the amiable skipper was "talking through his hat." But he

assured me it was the custom on the Irrawaddy for all vessels to anchor at sundown. "So," said he, "you will have plenty of time if your crew pulls well. Give the niggers plenty of rupees and they will do the trick."

The boat rattled down the davit falls. Two rifles and a few rounds of ammunition were thrown in, in case of an attack by pirates, and we pushed off into the darkness, for the great river had turned from molten gold to russet, from russet to purple, and was now a sullen inky black.

I was making myself as comfortable as possible in the stern sheets, when presently my feet began to feel cold and clammy and I discovered water rising rapidly in the bottom of the boat. We tried to bale, but the water gained upon us. It was a case of foundering or getting back to the steamer at once.

"Five rupees apiece," I stupidly shouted, "if we get back before going to the bottom." The men seemed to mutter, "No fear, sahib, we are all in the same boat,"and they pulled madly at the oars.

The water was almost oozing over the gunwale as we touched the steamer. So near a shave was it that three of my crew saved us from being swamped by jumping clear and clinging to the ship's rigging. I found that the plug was out of the boat, and in addition to this her ribs were warped, for she had been hanging up in the davits, unused, for months. She was simply a sieve.

"Well," said the captain, as I stepped on board, "this is a setback certainly, but you shall still succeed. You shall have my gig. She is decidedly bigger, and will take a larger crew. It's only a question of rupees."

"Oh, hang the dollars! let me have the crew, there's a good fellow," and in a few minutes I was pushing off once more.

I was still to have trouble before the night was through. The Burman who acted as pilot began to fall asleep, and the boatmen would continually run us inshore. This was rather a dangerous proceeding, inasmuch as we might be looted if we were not strong enough to hold our own against the piratical fisher-folk, so I stirred the pilot up with the toe of my boot. Then he got sulky and refused to do duty. This necessitated my placing the muzzle of my revolver to the nape of the old sinner's neck to steady his nerves; and in this fashion he was kept awake till we sighted the viceroy's craft just in the eye of the dawn.

I stepped on board and reported myself to Lord William Beresford, the military secretary, and the viceroy was good enough to keep me as his guest till we landed at Mandalay. All my vicissitudes had been crowned with success. Here was I in Theebaw's city after journeying twelve thousand miles from east to west practically without stopping, being delivered four and twenty hours before Her Majesty's mails.

The next morning there was a great function up at the palace. Lord Dufferin stood at the foot of the throne whereon but a few weeks previously King Theebaw, in all his bloody glory, ordered the decapitation of eighty of his relatives (consisting of his cousins, sisters, aunts, and other connections by the score) as he drank gin toddy and smoked the abnormally large cheroot of the country, supported by his two amiable wives, one of whom, Souperlait, was an even more bloodthirsty monster than Theebaw himself.

In illustrating the historic scene, I had only time to sketch in the head of Lord Dufferin, so the next morning his son, Lord Clandeboye, was good enough to get into his father's viceregal robes and pose at the foot of the Burmese throne, that I might finish the picture.

During the previous day's reception, after being presented, I had joined the small crowd standing in a semicircle by the throne. Presently a very smart little man in the uniform of a general came up to me and said, "Mr. Villiers, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name."

"Well, mine's Roberts," and for a moment there was an amused twinkle in his gray eyes.

"Oh, yes," I said, rather confused, for I now recognized the face. I had always associated the great soldier with the early-Victorian, unwarrior-like mutton-chop whiskers and lank hair from the photographs I had seen of him. Now his hair was

closely cropped and his lean, eager face was adorned only with a gray mustache.

"You were with General Stewart during the Nile expedition for the relief of Khartum? I have read about you in Sir Charles Wilson's book on the campaign. Well, if you have the time, come and chat over it to me in a quiet corner."

We had a considerable talk about the famous march across the desert and the fights of Abu Klea and Gubat; then the general asked me to luncheon at his quarters at the palace the next day. During the repast I told him how I missed joining his famous march to Kandahar because my journal had recalled me from the Afghan campaign to go to Australia.

"Ah," said the general, with a grim smile, "you will probably be in the next."

"When will that be?"

"Possibly next year, and I hope, Mr. Villiers, if it comes off, that you will join my staff."

"You are very kind, General, I shall be delighted; but with whom will be the fighting?"

The Commander-in-Chief looked at me with real astonishment and I felt myself squirm under his cold gaze, for I thought there was a slight glint of contempt in it at my evident crass stupidity.

"Why, with the Russians, of course," he quickly replied.

Then I realized for the first time that the Muscovite invasion of India, at the idea of which so many

of our statesmen scoffed, was a real and possible danger. There was no false confidence on General Roberts's part in the impregnability of the passes. The ever-vigilant Commander-in-Chief never took his eyes away from the Afghan border.

However, Roberts's Russian campaign never came off, and I settled down for some time painting pictures for the Academy in my studio in London. When at length I broke loose once again it was to find myself crossing the Atlantic for a tour in the Dominion of Canada.

DECADE

1890–1900

Chapter VII

1890–1900

ONCE A GREAT LONE LAND

A governor-general of ancient lineage—"On, Stanley, on!"—Canada from coast to coast—Some of her cities—Plains, forests, and a few of her denizens.

I HAVE watched the recent growth of the Dominion of Canada with the greatest interest, for on my first journey in 1888 I saw her far-western cities practically in their swaddling clothes, mere collections of log cabins and tin shanties, which have now developed into municipalities with palatial buildings of brick and stone. It was my happy privilege to be the guest of the Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, the late Earl of Derby, who seemed to be following in the footsteps of his great ancestor by carrying out the last words of the dying Marmion, "On, Stanley, on!" He was making a tour of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific and, rain or shine, at every halting place he had to make an address to the enthusiastic crowd assembled to do him honor—a speech, moreover, which must show considerable knowledge of

the industries of each locality and the hopes and ambitions of the country.

It was no light task this—roughly three thousand miles of speechmaking from Quebec to Vancouver. Even the red Indians intercepted him on the Regina Plains and would have their full share of palaver; but this, I think, the Governor-General really enjoyed, for the Indians did most of the talking.

The reception of the vice-regal party by the Blackfeet was especially interesting. The Governor's carriages traveled over the trackless prairies toward a vast level horizon without the slightest sign of a living being to be seen anywhere, when, suddenly, a smudge of dust flecked the sky line and then as quickly disappeared. Before we could speculate whence they came a squad of mounted Indians in full war-paint were thundering down upon us. With weird war-whoops and cries the wild horsemen surrounded the carriages, forming a rough and picturesque escort. Points of numerous tepees now broke the horizon and we presently found we were in the center of the Indian encampment.

Crowfoot, the chief of the Blackfeet, who greeted us, surrounded by his braves, was almost Gladstonian in appearance, for he had a face and bearing remarkably like the great Liberal leader and his speeches were as long and as emphatic as those of our Grand Old Man. His fine, bold eyes had a similar fierce glare in them when he warmed to his work.

His oratory impressed us all for at least half an hour, though we did not understand one word of what he was uttering. We listened spellbound by his earnestness and charm of manner. The interpreter stood up after the great chief had finished, and told us the gist of the speech more or less as follows, "The chief of the Blackfeet and all his tribe is proud, he say, and glad to meet the Great White Chief who represents the 'Great Mother' across the water."

Here the interpreter hesitated for a moment, and then burst out in a quick, jerky manner, "He, the chief of the Blackfeet, say he want more flour, he want more pork, he say his people have no too much smoke, and would like more tobacco."

Yes, the whole of that remarkable oration boiled down to those three simple requests. It seemed to me a splendid lesson to some of our politicians in saving the time of the House by coming down to the "pork and flour" of things at once.

Most of the time crossing the plains was spent by the ladies of the viceregal party on the cow-catcher, where a prettily decorated platform had been rigged up by the engine-driver. The viceroy never missed a meeting or any function of interest for the welfare of the great Dominion on that long and eventful journey. He inspected between Toronto and Calgary every industry, from lumbering to coal, gold, and silver mining, wheat raising, flour milling, and cattle ranching; and then ex-

amined the remarkable engineering feats of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the mountain ranges of British Columbia. Thence he went to Victoria in Vancouver Island.

In all that journey, lasting several weeks, there was not the slightest accident from start to finish, but on our return from Victoria to Vancouver City, on the mainland, we met with a setback of a serious nature. H. M. S. *Amphion* had been placed at the service of the viceregal party, and Captain Hulton, in command, had made all arrangements for a quick and pleasant voyage. Unfortunately, when a few hours out of Victoria a dense, opaque fog came on—a fog peculiar to those parts and almost as impenetrable as a blanket.

In spite of this we were compelled to run at about seventeen knots because of the strong current through the Kelet Pass, off the United States coast. I was on the quarter-deck at the time with Lady Stanley and the other ladies of the party, when I suddenly saw, through a slight break in the fog, a huge, rocky headland. I thought then that I had never been so near land but once before, and that was in clear weather when rounding the North Cape in Norway.

Next moment I found myself rolling on the deck, but I was quickly up again trying to assist the ladies to their feet, while the ship trembled from stem to stern with the shock of the impact as she dashed into the headland of the Kelet Bluff. A horrible,

grating sound thrilled all on board, and then the vessel quivered violently and came to a standstill.

The ladies showed remarkable *sang-froid*, and the first thing one of them said was, "Mr. Villiers, I am sorry for the captain, aren't you?"

He was on the bridge giving orders in a quiet, reassuring manner, though the rock we had struck had torn a hole in the ship's bottom through which a team of oxen could have drawn a wagon. The life-boats were at once stored with water and provisions and swung out on their davits; collision mats were lashed over the holes; and we backed slowly off the rock. The ship at once began to list a-starboard, but with our torpedo-boat escort steaming ahead we slowly made our way back toward Vancouver Island. The good ship heeled over perceptibly as the bulkheads let go one after another, but the captain insisted that we should have our meals served as if nothing had happened, and we went down to the saloon whenever the gong was sounded.

By luncheon time the ship was at an angle which necessitated the wedging of our table napkins under the soup plates to keep them level, and by dinner hour she was heeling so much to starboard that we had to make a wedge with the napkins rolled around the glasses. Only one screw was working, for the starboard fires had been drawn early in the day, as the fire room on that side of the ship was flooded.

By courtesy of the chief engineer, I was invited

below to see the damage. Some of the bulkheads were so strained that the water was squirting through the bolt holes in all directions, and in the light of flickering candles relays of bluejackets could be seen working with all their might at the head pumps to keep ahead of the rapidly rising waters. All the electric generators in the ship were put out of gear and altogether the situation was uncomfortable, to say the least, but it was really worth the risk and discomfort to watch the admirable conduct of officers and men in the trying position in which they found themselves. Not a voice was lifted in anger. All orders were given and obeyed as if nothing had happened. The fog was still so dense that the torpedo boat, steaming a few yards ahead, was sometimes hardly discernible.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by rifle shots. I at least distinctly heard them, though my fellow travelers insisted that I must be mistaken, for it seemed ridiculous to hear rifle shots so far from land. Nevertheless, I well knew the sound of them and I had no doubt about it. I resolved to tell the captain, but when I suggested to His Excellency that I should go on the bridge he said, "You will only disturb the captain at this trying moment with, probably, a mere fancy." I came, nevertheless, to the conclusion that the slightest thing out of the ordinary should be reported to the bridge, so I went up to Hulton and told him what I had heard.

"You are sure they were rifle shots?" he asked.

"Absolutely certain," I replied.

"Thank you, Mr. Villiers." His face brightened and he added, "Then I know where we are—just outside the buttes at Victoria. It's their target-practicing day," and he steered accordingly.

The captain now made for Esquimalt, where there was a possibility of docking and finding the extent of the damage. Before night had set in the fog suddenly lifted and a glorious full moon lighted us into Esquimalt Harbor not a moment too soon, for the list of the ship a-starboard was such that we could not stand on deck without taking hold of something. The water was nearly up to the rail as she entered the haven of safety.

Since then I have twice sat upon the twisted mass of steel that was once the keel of H. M. S. *Amphion*, lying in the gorse on Beacon Hill, Victoria, and smoked my pipe in contemplation. Many years later I met Captain Houlton, who had retired and was living in Bath. On chatting over the incident of the *Amphion*, I told him that I had almost been dissuaded from going up on the bridge. "Well," he said, "I don't know what might have happened if you had not given me my position. You saved the ship."

Another Canadian governor-general from whom I have received much hospitality while he was in office was the Earl of Minto, afterward viceroy of India. When I was with the Russian army in

Bulgaria he (then Lord Melgund) was witnessing the campaign from the Turkish side. The year following I met him at the capture of the Khyber Pass, on the northwest frontier of India, and when Arabi gave us trouble in 1882 in Egypt I came across him again, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

The Earl of Aberdeen also entertained me at Rideau Hall, and the most popular viceroy of Canada, the late Earl Grey, was my host the last time I was in Ottawa.

It is always a delight to me when in Canada to spend a time with that fervid imperialist, Col. George Denison, now retired from the army and performing the duties of a magistrate in Toronto. Coming from a family of fighters—for his maternal grandfather was at Waterloo, and his paternal grandsire, his father, and his father's brother served in the affair of 1837—he is full of the most interesting anecdotes of the doings of the famous Canadian militia, in which he first commanded a troop in his seventeenth year. Viscount Wolseley, in *The Story of a Soldier's Life*, says of him:

"One of the ablest and, professionally, one of the best-read officers I ever knew is Col. George Denison of Toronto, who for many years commanded the Governor-General of Canada's bodyguard."

Referring to the Fenian raid across the Canadian border in 1886 and the work of Denison's troops on that occasion, he says further:

"They were just the corps for that work, and he

was just the man to command them effectively. I realized at that time that no similar number of regular cavalry could have done that duty as effectively. But he was a man in a thousand, and a born cavalry leader."

Wolseley's eulogism of him was a sound one, as subsequent events proved. Denison, when not soldiering, practiced at the law, and though his business was a good one he found time to go in for one of the most remarkable military competitions of the time and carry off the first prize.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia had offered prizes, ranging from sixteen hundred to four thousand dollars, for the best work on cavalry and military operations on horseback in all ages and lands. The competition was open to officers of all nationalities and Denison resolved to enter the lists. The work was to be done in two and a half years and to be written in the Russian language. The way he set about this gigantic enterprise is characteristic of the indomitable pluck and energy of the man. He was able to read only French and English, so he engaged a translator in New York, sent to an agent in London for all books referring to cavalry, and set to work. For two years he worked eight hours a day on his cherished theme, in addition to managing his own law business. He told me that he often heard the town-clock chimes at 6 A. M., having already put in two hours' hard work. In these two years he waded through

seven hundred volumes, mostly in foreign tongues, and eventually spent the last two months in St. Petersburg. Finally, when the manuscript was translated into Russian by some seventeen copyists, he was one of three out of twenty-three competitors who sent in completed books. He eventually captured the first prize and his triumph was crowned by a special presentation to the Tsar.

After the Fenian raid in 1886 Denison paid a visit to England, and on returning to Canada stopped at Moville, in the north of Ireland. Excitement was still rife in the Emerald Isle over the Fenian business and the authorities were anxious lest Fenian agents from the United States should create trouble. Denison was traveling with his brother Fred, who was afterward one of Viscount Wolseley's trusted officers in the expedition for the relief of Gordon. Both were wearing the cowboy "wideawake," and the colonel sported a mustache and what is known as a "Charley" or "imperial." On visiting the fort at Moville they were shown round the place by a soldier who, overhearing the colonel's remarks about the guns, whispered to him in a rich brogue:

"Sure, now, it's from the other side ye be coming."

"What do you mean?" said the colonel.

"Ye come from across the Atlantic?"

"I do," replied Denison.

"I thought it. Ye know more about soldiering

than ye pretend. Ye were out wid Meager on the Potomac?"

"I was not," said the colonel, emphatically.

"That's right, sorr, stick to that. It's not safe for ye to let on. Stick to that. It's well I be wishing ye, sorr. God bless ye!"

"And," as Denison laughingly averred, "he warmly shook my hand and I left for Canada with a Fenian's blessing."

Denison made a good magistrate with evidently a leaning in favor of the frailties of the soldier. One morning in his court when the "drunks" had to be dealt with a soldier appealed for leniency regarding his behavior the night before when a pal whom he had not seen since a certain battle had treated him to liquor and he had taken too much owing to his joy at the meeting.

"Well," said Denison, "I ought to give you ten days, but I will discharge you this time with a warning."

The man drew himself up, expressed his thanks, and as he left the dock saluted the colonel. Denison at once said, "You just come back again, my man, and I will give you the ten days, for you are no soldier: you have saluted with the wrong hand."

The last time I saw Queen Victoria at any state function was at the wedding of the present King and Queen. Arriving in London after a long visit to the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, I found a letter at my office, commissioning me to sketch the

wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York. The auspicious event was on that very day, so I hurried to get into the necessary attire, and soon arrived at the chapel royal fully fledged, even to an orchid in my buttonhole. I found my pass an open sesame to the police barriers, and in the twinkling of an eye I was past the numerous tribunes erected in the palace yard, crowded with the nobility and beauty of all England, and found myself one of the chosen few to enter the historic chapel. My seat was immediately behind Mr. Arthur Balfour and the ministers of the opposition in the House of Commons. The Liberal party had a similar sector of the chapel opposite, and I shall always remember their great leader, Mr. Gladstone, slowly moving toward his seat, and close by his side, his gloomy-looking wife who surreptitiously tugged at the tails of his Trinity House uniform as he hunched and twitched to ease the tightness of the coat round the armpits, for he had apparently grown out of the official attire which he only affected on these special occasions. His monkeyings, one could see, annoyed his better half, and her nervous little jerks were gentle reminders to the "Grand Old Man" that he must behave himself, for he was in the limelight.

There was another remarkable personage who was also in the limelight, and she knew it—the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. She was seated in a little private box opposite—I believe her privilege by right on functions of this kind in the chapel

royal. Though much past threescore and ten years, she drew the attention of everybody by her youthful dress and girlish demeanor. The frivolous, gayly dressed old lady in Sir Forbes Robertson's production, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," reminded me of this remarkable character of the Victorian era. Both these celebrities kept the waiting throng amused, as the proverbial Derby dog does on Epsom Downs when the police have cleared the course and the impatient crowd is waiting for the start.

The first of the royalties to arrive was Her Majesty the Queen, as ever, punctual. She was escorted to a seat near the altar by her grandson, the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Princess of Wales followed, and she was as perfect in figure and as charming as when I first met her in '81.

Nearly all the other members of the royal family had now arrived, almost crowding the little chapel. There was at this moment a halt in the proceedings, hardly noticeable but for the impatient movement of the Queen's little foot as she quietly tapped the carpet, as much as to say, "When are that grandson of mine and his bride going to turn up?" Her handsome young escort tried to engage her attention by bending over her with some engrossing small talk, but her head was always turned in the direction of the door, and I could almost hear her say to herself, "When will young people ever learn punctuality?"

I never saw Her Majesty again. When she was

lying at death's door in her residence at Osborne, I was living at the picturesque old Mill House of Bedhampton, a few miles from Portsmouth, opposite the Isle of Wight.

On the morning of January 22, 1901, about nine o'clock, I had walked down a spinney by the side of the mill stream and was standing on the bridge spanning the water when I heard the dull methodical throb of minute guns booming through the mist. "Ah!" I thought, "our greatly beloved has passed away."

The guns were still booming, so I hurried back to the house and brought my wife to the bridge, for it was only there I could hear the ominous firing. She was very much startled at the solemn sound and came to my conclusion. We felt convinced that it was the notification of the Queen's death, for no gun practice was allowed while the Queen lay sick.

At about ten o'clock I went down to the railway station of Havant, expecting to have my fears corroborated, but no one had heard the mysterious gunfire and the latest news was that Her Majesty was still alive. I was sitting down with my wife to dinner when the telephone bell rang, and a friend in Portsmouth called me up to say the Queen had died early that evening. We looked at each other and a curious uncanny feeling crept over us. Why should we, alone of the whole countryside, have heard those guns?

Chapter VIII

TOPSY-TURVY

The Land of the Rising Sun—Where East is West—Ping Yang—Umbrellas in action—Kinchow—A pawnbroker's shop—Sacks of jewelry—The egg—The dragon-eyed general—Capture of "the Chair Hill"—"Hang out our banners"—Chinese methods of attack—The streets of Port Arthur—A bloody business.

IT was only a few months before I was tearing across the Canadian Pacific once more, but now en route to the Far West, where it eventually becomes East. I found the land of the Rising Sun and its inhabitants still in a delightfully primitive state, for this was in the year 1894. In fact, after having procured my passes from the War Office in Tokio, I had to affect the native costume in some of the smaller towns to avoid an inquisitive crowd of people who had never before set eyes on a white man.

West is East and East is West, just as you please to call it, which is characteristic of the reversal of things in this curious country, where one commences dinner with sweets and finishes with soup and where kissing is considered vulgar and is looked upon as a silly and unsanitary method of expressing

one's affections. I shall never forget this *bouleversement* of things in Japan. When a Japanese is sad he generally has a gladsome smile: I have seen a funeral procession looking like a wedding party for joyousness, but the hearts of the followers were as sad as could be.

They were a topsy-turvy people in those days. I have seen a man with a *samurai* blade whip a Chinaman's head off with one slice, just to test the temper of the steel, and later on share his ration of rice with another Celestial. Beware the Japanese smile, obsequious bow, and soft manners; for in a flash the hair may bristle, the body stiffen, and the eyes grow to pin points of venom. Then, look out! This China had learned to her regret when in 1894 the Japanese Imperial government suddenly cast aside all pretense of diplomatic intercourse and openly embarked upon a military expedition which had for its purposes the overthrow of Chinese authority in Korea and the subjection of that once independent state to Japanese control.

Before the Chinese were driven out of Korea there was considerable fighting at Ping Yang, a picturesque old Korean town surrounded by a substantial Chinese wall. Here I saw, I suppose for the last time, troops fighting under umbrellas. When the Japs invaded Korea and marched on Ping Yang, the Chinese commanders dressed their men in brand-new uniforms. Their gorgeous blue jackets with circles of paint as large as a dinner

plate over the heart, denoting the regimental number, formed excellent bull's-eyes for the Japs to aim at. And their pigtails were very useful to the enemy when they were captured. Several times I have seen one little Jap driving a four-in-hand quite easily by their pigtails.

At Ping Yang it rained heavily when the Japanese attacked, so the Chinese commander, to save the new uniforms from being spoiled, ordered all the umbrella shops in the town to be ransacked, and every third man was employed to hold an umbrella over his two comrades. The fighting was soon over and I secured a couple of the umbrellas, which for many years decorated the interior of my studio in London.

These poor, simple Chinamen had not a ghost of a chance with the Japs. At the taking of Kinchow, in Manchuria, we found the old walls armed with muzzle-loading field guns, many so rusty that they exploded and killed their gunners, and not a few with pieces of red rag tied round their muzzles to make them shoot straight, while the Japs attacked the place with up-to-date howitzers. After the capture of the place I was billeted in a pawnbroker's shop. The rooms of the house and the compound were strewn with old Manchurian silver enamelware and rich furs and silks which had been thrown aside after the retreating Chinese troops had ransacked the store. In a few days the proprietor came back and I assisted him to fill a few

sacks with pieces of jewelry. All the pawn tickets had been lost, so there were no legitimate owners. I bought a small bag of the gems for a few dollars, which were afterward exhibited at Tiffany's shop in New York City.

I shall never forget an incident in Kinchow characteristic of the love and respect children bear to their old people in the Orient. My billet was a room in which there was a fireplace and a comfortable settee. When I arrived to take up my quarters I saw two young men weeping bitterly as they were dragging a chair in which sat their shriveled, ancient grandfather, within a few weeks of a century in age, to the door.

I said to my interpreter, "What's all this about?" He told me it was to make room for me. Of course I at once cried a halt, and the old gentleman was reinstated in his place before the fire, and the two boys were mightily cheered.

During my prolonged stay, while the Japanese were preparing to march on Port Arthur, I lived in the room with the old man. One morning it was very sunny and the old fellow was able to totter about. He expressed a great desire to trot round the compound. I assisted him and when, with the aid of a stick, he had come to a certain spot at the foot of a wall he removed a square stone; then looking around cautiously lest his grandson might see him, he knelt down and clawed at the ground under it. The vitality of the old chap was remark-

able: he tore up the earth with his claws like a cat. Soon he peered around again to make sure that we were alone, then he seized upon something he had unearthed and hastily stuck it in his pocket, covering up the hole as carefully as possible. With much glee the old man hastened back to the warm room, for the chill had made his nose and hands quite blue. Then he bolted the door and cunningly produced from his pocket an egg. It was black in color and with the warmth of the room an odor was already exuding from its shell. With both his hands, which trembled with excitement, he presented the delicious morsel to me.

I understood by his manner that it was a little return for the kindness I had shown him. I thought it very sweet of him, for no doubt the old fellow had been treasuring it for months as a *pièce de résistance*. The room by this time was a treasure house of aroma. I expressed my thanks and, trying to hide my emotions, said that I would eat it alone where no vulgar gaze should see my thrills of delight. I left the room and dropped the gift, as soon as possible, in the half-thawed pond at the bottom of the compound, where the horrible object found a watery grave.

The great objective of the Japanese army was the forts, citadel, and harbor of Port Arthur. I was attached to the advance brigade under General Yamagi, a wizened, olive-colored little man with a sour visage. To add to his repulsiveness he had a

blind eye—a blood-red ball that rolled fiercely in its socket. This unfortunate defect gained for him the sobriquet from his troops of "the dragon-eyed." It was owing to his cruelty that Japan was stigmatized with the massacres of Port Arthur. The government was heartily disgusted when it learned of the action of its general, and much to its credit, Yamagi was cashiered and disgraced.

The Japanese march into Manchuria was my first glimpse of the modern style of warfare: there was no blare of bugles or roll of drums; no display of flags or martial music of any sort. A band eventually turned up at Port Arthur after the fighting was over, but during "business hours" its members were otherwise employed. The low notes of the company officers' whistles and a shrill "*banzai*" from the throats of the little men when a position was won were the only sounds heard except the voices of the guns. It was most uncanny to me after my previous experiences of war in which massed bands cheered the flagging spirits of the attackers and bugles rang out their orders through the day. All had changed in this modern warfare: it seemed to me a very cold-blooded, uninspiring way of fighting, and I was mightily depressed for many weeks till I had grown accustomed to the change.

When at last we began to tighten our grip round the great fortress of Port Arthur and arrived within rifle shot of its walls by way of the Suichi Valley it was indeed a curious sight. The hills protecting

and shutting in the harbor were serrated by thousands of huge banners of various colors. Here, by way of contrast, was the old medieval mode of fighting—a brave display of bunting intended to shake the invaders' nerves. Shakespeare's "Macbeth" leaped to my mind, and its line with the disputed punctuation, "Hang out our banners on the outer walls, the cry is still they come," was evidently the version favored by the Chinese.

But this quaint show and the clash and thunder of war tocsins did not in any way deter the steady advance of the Japanese. The enemy therefore came down from their heights to check us. They advanced in three columns under cover of the fort guns, which threw old and half-filled shells that did little damage. The first column was tangled up in the foothills on our right, so I did not see what occurred there, but when the fighting in that quarter had evidently slackened in our favor, the second column boldly advanced down the center of the valley in a long, oblong formation, the men a few feet behind one another and at every twenty yards standard bearers with the enormous flags which we first saw above the hills.

Presently the Japs opened with their howitzers on the head of the column, and at the same time sharpshooters began picking off the standard bearers, who made excellent targets with their bunting flying in the breeze, and knocked them over like ninepins.

The way the Chinese stood this punishment was admirable. The oblong came to a halt apparently awaiting some order, but it was soon whittled down to a mere remnant: yet the survivors began to retire only when the third column made its appearance. This was in quarter column with a general at its head riding a gorgeously caparisoned white horse and flourishing his sword in the manner one associates with ancient martial pictures.

However, his men did not show as much gumption as the "oblong" fellows, for when their commander and his beautiful steed went down his soldiers shook the dust from their feet and hurried back to the fortress, much to the distress of the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, who had seen the three columns start, and, thinking the sight of them would frighten away the enemy, had comfortably settled down to his midday chow. The Japs pressed their enemy hard, attacked the key of the position called "the Chair Hill," carried it at the point of the bayonet and had Port Arthur in their hands before sunset.

It was shortly after the capture of the forts that the troops under Yamagi, arriving on the outskirts of the town, came across the heads of Japanese soldiers stuck on poles decorating one of the city's gates. Naturally the Jap soldiers were furious at the ghastly sight; all restraint went to the winds and a general massacre of the citizens took place.

I tried all I could to save life, but being an alien

I was in jeopardy myself. The next morning I was passing down a street with all its shops closely barred, when I saw a group of three soldiers who had broken in a shutter. One was raising his rifle to fire, and I hurried up and slapped him in the small of his back just as he was about to pull the trigger, for a glance through the chink had showed me a wretched old man in frenzied fear with his arms round a woman and child. They were saved by the shot going through the ceiling. The three soldiers turned and were about to seize me when I laughed and touched my water bottle, which contained sake, and offered them a drink. I was still laughing, and pointed to my brassard, which bore my name and that of my journal written in Japanese, whereupon they became so interested in me that they forgot their victims and we all four sauntered up the street.

In the afternoon a regiment was billeted in the shops of this very street and I saw the same old man handing rice rations to the soldiers. On seeing me he ran forward and embraced my knees, and I knew by the joy on his face that his family was safe. I got hold of the old fellow by the throat and straightened him up against the wall to steady him, as it was not policy to be seen by the Japs showing any particular favor to the Chinese. To my amusement, however, a Jap soldier came up and shared his ball of rice with the old man and looked at me as much as to say, "You white men are too rough

with these people; you should treat them gently, as I do."

It was not all balls of rice with most of the citizens, however. I never saw so many heads rolling about a city's streets as at Port Arthur. But the bloodletting by the Japanese in Manchuria in 1894 will, I think, never be repeated. From what I heard afterward of their behavior at Tientsin and from what I myself saw later, there are no more humane troops in the world than the Japanese have generally shown themselves to be.

Chapter IX

PATHS OF PEACE

The Antipodes—Australia and South Africa—Governors-general—Tasmania—A popular Prime Minister—A Western state governor—A simple knight—The late Lord Brassey—"I'm not a Seidlitz powder"—An indiscreet nobleman—Artistic coteries—The Sydney Supper Club—Verse between two cigars—Phil May—South Africa—I dine with Cecil Rhodes—Diamond hospitality—Jameson's Raid—Millionaires in a night—How pebbles of the right sort are found—The last of the Tsars—He crowns the Empress—Their bloody end.

I DID not return direct to England from Japan, but went to Australia on my first tour in the Antipodes. In my journeys through the different states I enjoyed the hospitality of numerous colonial governors. In Tasmania that tall, portly soldier, the late Lord Gormanston, entertained me; and while I was staying in Hobart Town I became acquainted with the popular Prime Minister, Sir Edward Braddon, brother of the famous novelist.

It came about in this way. I was lecturing on my experiences during the then recent Chino-Jap War. One morning I visited the Tasmanian Legislative Assembly, when, to my astonishment, the Minister proposed the adjournment of the House earlier than usual to give members an opportunity to hear

Frederic Villiers, the war correspondent. This proposition was vigorously attacked by the opposition; it was put to the vote, then came a division. It was an interesting moment for me, seated alone in the strangers' gallery, my presence unknown to the members, awaiting the result. At last came the verdict, "The Ayes have it."

I met Sir Edward afterward at the club and thanked him for his courtesy. The leader of the opposition, who was in the same room, came up and frankly told me that he was compelled to oppose the adjournment. It was merely a matter of form. In fact, he said, he knew it would be carried unanimously in my favor and had already booked seats for my lecture for himself and his friends.

Lord Tennyson, son of the late Poet Laureate, who eventually became the first Governor-General of the great Australian commonwealth, presided at my first lecture in Adelaide; and Lord Lamington presided at Brisbane. In the state of western Australia there was no "noble lord" presiding over the destiny of the colony, but just a simple knight, Sir Gerard Smith, K.C.M.G.; but the people, though less honored in titular manner than those of other states, had an excellent governor in Sir Gerard. He fathered them like the patriarchs of old. He gave many entertainments in the magnificent ballroom which the governor had built for Her Majesty's representatives in the beautiful city of Perth.

One dance night the guests had remained much longer than usual, enjoying Sir Gerard's hospitality. It was getting into the small hours, and there was no evidence of a break-up. Twice had he left the supper room, but there was no sign of a move homeward on the part of his guests; so Sir Gerard chose a most drastic and efficacious method to intimate that the hour had come for them to depart. He went into the ballroom and began to turn out the electric lights.

An excited aide-de-camp rushed up to him and said, "But, sir, there are a number of people yet in the supper room."

"I know," replied the chief; "but it's quite time they went home to bed, where I am going; and you can just tell them so from me."

The telephone had at this time only recently been installed in Australia, and was being used for all informal invitations. One of the governors of a certain state rang up the Minister for Agriculture, but the wires must have been crossed. After trying for some time to get a coherent answer he lost his temper.

"Look here," he shouted; "is that the d——d Minister for Agriculture?"

The person at the other end of the wire recognized the voice and replied.

"No; it's the d——d Bishop."

One of the most popular governors in the Antipodes was the late Lord Brassey, and his was a

most charming and tactful personality. On the first night of my lecture season in Melbourne he took the chair. My wife sat beside him; toward the end of the lecture she noticed that the governor was apparently dozing, worn out, she hoped, by the exigencies of official duties. One of the A. D. C.'s, Lord Richard Nevill, nudged him in the back just as I was finishing my discourse; His Excellency was on his feet in a second and delivered his vote of thanks and a charming little speech with much vigor.

There was always a placid, somnolent manner about Lord Brassey, but no man kept his eyes open much wider on occasions than he, and the people of Victoria lost a good and generous friend when he retired from his post.

Sir George Verdon, who was Treasurer for Victoria when I was in Melbourne, told me that one of the most interesting incidents during his term of office was the Russian scare. A certain Russian squadron had left San Francisco without making known its destination. When some little time transpired without its whereabouts becoming known His Majesty's government cabled out, "Prepare for emergencies." The excitement in Melbourne was considerable. Guns were made ready upon Queenscliff, commanding the approach to the harbor, and every means was taken to give the ships, if bellicose, a warm reception. But Verdon, knowing how little could be done to prevent the landing of a

hostile force in those days, took the precaution of emptying all the banks of their specie, and carted the gold and silver by ox team to places of safety in the impenetrable Australian bush.

There ensued days and weeks of considerable anxiety for the citizens of Melbourne. Anxious ears were strained night and day to catch the distant rumble of cannon, but no hostile fleet arrived. It was simply a piece of Russian bluff, and the bags of precious coin were triumphantly brought back to the banks, luckily without any leakage—even the bushrangers, who were rampant in those days, being patriotic enough to leave that coin alone.

Very often when a new governor arrives in one of the colonies the local secretaries make some fresh arrangements, for the benefit, as they think, of the social side of things. On a certain occasion it was decided to make some little distinction between the habitués of the governor's more private parties and those not quite so intimate with the Government House coterie. Blue and white tickets were sent to the guests. The favored possessors of the "whites" were to enter a certain door which gave them precedence over the "blues," who were to gain admittance by another entrance. A man and his wife who were both invited received, by mistake, a ticket of each color, and on arriving at the "white" entrance the A. D. C. on duty told them they could not enter together, for the lady,

having a blue ticket, must present herself at the other entry. The wife indignantly refused to be separated from her husband by such an absurd regulation, and, fixing the young official with a stony glare, she said:

"Young man, my husband and I are not a Seidlitz powder!"

One of the most remarkable men of that colony was the proprietor of a great morning paper. When he first befriended me in Australia he was hustling at his journal, which he had nursed from its babyhood to full vigor as the first paper in the Antipodes. He was of all men in the colony the most sedate and correct. Yet one day at Government House he found himself in a most equivocal position. A new governor-general (who was the youngest and most indiscreet nobleman who probably ever filled that social post) had arrived, and invitations had been sent out for a reception. Two undesirables of the fairer sex had managed to get hold of tickets, and, having no escort and feeling rather nervous, waited till the respectable and fatherly looking member of the sterner sex passed through into the reception room.

My sedate friend appeared to be the very man they wanted, and they bustled in front of him as his name was shouted. With his usual courtesy of demeanor he naturally made way for the ladies. Later on one of the aides came up to him and requested him to come and speak with the governor,

who was very angry and, to his utter astonishment, suggested that he had chaperoned the ladies in question. The newspaper proprietor's indignation made him speechless, and was of the sort that no subsequent apologies could ever mitigate.

Both Melbourne and Sydney have excellent artistic coteries, and in visiting these cities it was always a joy to me to be entertained by the young and talented artists whom Victoria and New South Wales have produced—men who have fought their way to the top in spite of lack of encouragement by the public of either state.

When last in New South Wales I was dined by the Sydney Supper Club. During the dinner a young member of the staff of the *Bulletin*, Mr. V. J. Daley, wrote the following verses, which were recited during the evening and published afterward in his paper. It is a clever piece of satire, and one of the smartest pieces of work I have come across, especially considering that it was written between two cigars.

TO MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS

We hope, dear sir, you will excuse
The Supper Club's disordered muse—
We mostly keep our Bard roped tight,
But somehow he escaped to-night.

Glad are we all to meet you here
In our own proper atmosphere
Of smoke, and talk, and lies and beer!

A most impertinent member said,
"Sir, did you never feel in dread
When round your head the bullets spat,
All in the commissariat—
And you were fighting, fierce and keen,
To save the Empire—and canteen?"

And this—good Lord—and this to him
Whose pencil drew the pictures grim
That terrified each Afghan clan,
And paralyzed the fierce Pathan!

What sent them home in fear and dread?
"'Twas Villiers' pictures," some one said.
"Our Tommy Atkins, Kipling's pet,
Slays thousands with his bayonet,
But Villiers, with his pencil free,
And pen, as generous as he,
Slays tens of thousands easily."

Another said, between two beers:
"Are you a man that nothing fears?
Or can you, without catch of breath,
Face sudden, sure, disastrous death?"

You stood up straight, you stood up square,
You never turned a single hair,
Yourself to your full height you drew—
"I've faced the Supper Club," said you.

And what made you so desperate?
What made you trifle so with fate?
You smiled and stroked your spiked mustache;
Your voice was like the sound of cash

In hungry times when Trust is dead;
Yet these were all the words you said—
"Villiersism of the Villiers; so
Lord Palmerston said long ago."

The Supper Club says, with a sigh,
"Good health, good friend! Good luck! Good-by!"

Phil May was working hard when I was in Sydney on that remarkable Australian illustrated weekly, the Sydney *Bulletin*, or the "Australian Bible," as most colonials called it, owing to the faith the people of the Antipodes placed in it and because it comprised most of the Sunday reading throughout the colonies.

I first knew Phil May when, at the World's Fair in Chicago, we walked together about the grounds to pick up subjects for camera or pencil. He was always keen on the ludicrous and chuckled immensely over a two-foot "Keep Off the Grass" notice stuck on a barren slip of land.

He called to my attention also how characteristic of the countries they represented were the notices one met with on the show cases in the various sections. In the English section it was "Please do not touch." The Canadian notice showed a nearer approach to the manners of the hustling country that had no time for superfluous courtesy; it read curtly, "Do not touch." But the Chicago notice was straight to the point: "HANDS OFF; THIS IS MEANT FOR YOU."

Phil May was one who strenuously burned the candle at both ends, and, like most of his fraternity, was lovable and generous. None of his less fortunate brethren ever wanted a helping hand if he knew they were hard up. So many of his friends knew of this trait of his that he seldom went home but with his pockets empty, and that after having started out well stocked with coin of the realm. The thing that puzzled me, as well as most of his friends, was how he could get through so much excellent work when so much of his time was spent in pleasure; for one would see him of a morning in a broad-check riding suit with black patent riding boots and a rose in his buttonhole, apparently in search of his hack; or surrounded by a legion of admirers at Romano's, or, with beaming face and big cigar, in a *fauteuil* at the Empire. Yet all England was made merry every week over his admirable work, which was turned out regularly and just as certain in artistic excellence as ever.

He asked me to breakfast one morning in Kensington. When I turned up at nine-thirty his man showed me into the studio, where I waited for some time, admiring May's method of work. Every figure was accurately drawn from a model first of all in blue pencil; then came his peculiar art of leaving out superfluous lines, working over the blue with pen and ink where the lines only suggested form, thus giving the whole drawing

that wonderful sketchy, light touch with which all his work impressed me.

Presently I found May in bed with a ghastly headache. He had been at a smoking concert the night previous and had not turned in until the small hours. While I was away getting phenacetin at a neighboring druggist's my breakfast was being cooked. Poor May could not touch any. However, the sketch on the easel was to be finished before twelve, so he struggled into his dressing gown, and, with a wet to welwrapped round his head, finished his drawing, which was as usual, in spite of his shaking hand, faultless in execution.

I had always looked forward to meeting Cecil Rhodes, for his brother, Capt. Frank Rhodes, aide-de-camp to General Stewart, would often chat about him to me while we were on the famous march across the Bayuda Desert to the relief of Gordon at Khartum. I well remember, when Khartum had fallen and the defeated relieving party was wondering whether it would ever return to the joys of civilization, Frank Rhodes said to me one day, "If I ever get out of this, Villiers, I will join my young brother in South Africa, take off my coat and, like he is doing, dig for diamonds."

I thought this a splendid scheme and such a nice opportunity of making one's fortune easily. Now a decade later I went to South Africa from Australia and found my friend Frank Rhodes

president of the Consolidated Gold Fields Co., with a fabulous income and a nice residence in Johannesburg, where he very kindly asked me to stay. One morning I reminded him of what he had said about his young brother.

"Ah," he smiled, "he has done remarkably well since then."

It was in the autumn of 1894 and Rhodes was at the height of his power and success.

"Would you like to meet him?" asked Colonel Frank as I was leaving Johannesburg. "I will give you a letter to him; I am certain that he will be glad to see you."

I called at Cecil Rhodes's office in the government buildings when I arrived at Cape Town, and found him in a sparsely furnished room in an old wooden building off the main street. He had a very hearty and genial manner with him as he cordially invited me to dine the next night at "Groote Schur." "Come about eight o'clock."

It was Christmas Eve—a splendid moonlight night—when I got out of the train at Rondebosch and walked toward the famous old Dutch residence. I think I have scarcely ever experienced more delight in my surroundings, for the extreme heat of the day was now comfortably tempered by a cool breeze from the sea, and Table Mountain lent a purple background to the old Dutch garden, full of the most wonderful blossoms, that embellished the quaint white farmhouse where Cecil Rhodes dwelt.

He was still dressing when I arrived, so I sauntered from room to room and out on to the terraces.

In the hall and each room was a hat, either on chair or table—old hats of soft felt and of exactly the same pattern and color. This, I found out later, was Cecil Rhodes's one peculiarity: whenever he left the house, whether by the main entrance or through one of the numerous windows leading out on the balconies, there was always a hat to hand, and there was no necessity for him to go to the hall for his headgear or to ring for a servant to fetch it. Sometimes one room or the hall would be strewn with a half-dozen hats. Then it was the special duty of one of the servants to redistribute them through the various apartments.

The dining room especially attracted my attention, for on one wall was a remarkable piece of old Gobelin tapestry. At dinner that night I sat to the left of Cecil Rhodes, and on my right was the late Alfred Beit, his brother and another man being opposite me. It was quite a merry repast, for my host (so his secretary said) had never been more genial and happy.

During dinner Mr. Beit took from his pocket an ordinary letter envelope and, breaking it open, spilled its contents on the tablecloth. Like liquid fire, numerous diamonds trickled in between the coffee cups and among the roses on the table, flashing all the hues of the rainbow under the powerful electric rays from the hanging center lamp. Some of the

gems were as large as cherry stones. I immediately picked up one of these and remarked as I put it in my pocket: "Really a dinner of this sort savors of magnificent hospitality. I suppose this one is for me?"

Beit looked rather serious and replied: "After all, that is really not a very good specimen. The next time you come I will have something better. I sent these diamonds to Europe in the rough, to be cut, and have just received them from Amsterdam by this mail. The one you have was intended as a Christmas gift to a lady friend."

I apologized and returned it to him, to the delight of Rhodes, who laughed heartily at my little joke.

"Well, what are they worth?" I inquired.

"About three thousand pounds," was the reply.

Over coffee and liqueurs our host, who was unusually communicative, was talking about the meanness of the government in not meeting him halfway in his pet scheme of running a telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo. He had offered to lay the wire if the government would promise to take a share in the maintenance. From that we talked of exploration parties upcountry and the British officers in command of the levies in British East Africa.

"They do themselves too well, Mr. Villiers," Rhodes remarked. "Three meals a day and little else but taking photographs or catching butterflies.

Then, through their inactivity and overfeeding, they get fever and are obliged to be sent home—having accomplished practically nothing. What we really want these young men to do is to go ahead and take the initiative in any daredevil enterprise that may add something to the glory of the Empire. Of course, if they get into serious trouble they must take all the risk and blame, but if they succeed—well, they are made for life."

Rhodes had a very weak, piping voice, which at first appeared ridiculously incongruous to his burly frame and ruddy face. His full blue eyes almost danced with indignation at the idea of the laxity of the British government in taking so little interest in this remarkable continent that was absolutely waiting to be annexed. He was certainly the ambitious empire builder that night, and his remarks struck me at times as being peculiarly significant and almost prophetic.

While he was playing at billiards with the Beit I sat by his secretary.

"I think I told you," said he, "that Rhodes is more than usually genial to-night. Something has pleased him."

"Is it true that he is a woman hater?" I asked.

"No, nonsense; he likes 'em well enough; but I think he never intends to marry because he has so many schemes on hand which, if known before they were quite ripe, might fail. He knows that so many big ventures have come to grief by the

indiscretion of the fairer sex that he would rather not risk matrimony, for the relations of man and wife would be too close for him. You know, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Rhodes has taken a liking to you and will probably want to see you again. What are you doing next week?"

"Next week? Why, I shall be on my way to England; I leave Cape Town to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" replied the secretary, in surprise. "You must not go; the times are too stirring in this part of the world for you to leave South Africa. You must not go!"

"But," I replied, "I have booked my passage."

"Never mind," said he, "I will send you a note early to-morrow that will induce you to stay."

When I bade him "Good night" he again exhorted me not to go.

I found the landlady at the Royal Hotel still up. She asked how I liked my trip to Groote Schur. I told her how delighted I was.

"Ah," she replied, "I think Mr. Cecil Rhodes one of the nicest men I have met; we are great friends. He very often comes in here to borrow half a crown to give to some needy person in the street. He seldom carries any money in his pocket. If he did he would probably give it all away."

On paying my bill the next morning I found the old lady quite sure that I would be back in the spring.

"What for?" said I.

"The Boer business," she replied.

"Oh yes," I laughed; "we suffer from that craze in Europe; there is always to be some 'trouble in the spring.' Mostly in the Balkans. That season tallies with your autumn and is fine weather for fighting. I shall, no doubt, be back. Good-by."

As it turned out, there was no letter or message for me the next morning from Rondebosch. I waited till the last moment, fully prepared to remain if there was any great inducement. However, as there was no word from the genial secretary I finally went on board, and at midday the Castle liner steamed out of the harbor. But when we arrived at Madeira the agent brought aboard the up-to-date flimsies, and there was one among them that sent a thrill through every soul on board, for it curtly described Jameson's Raid into the Transvaal. Then I knew that I had made one of the mistakes of my life; I ought to have remained behind.

The legend of how the Kimberley mines were first discovered was told me by an old friend who knew the man who set the whole business going. This was a lawyer in Cape Town, who one day was looking over some papers of a client who had recently died. Now, this client had been a missionary and had wandered a good deal over South Bechuanaland and the Orange River country. Among his papers was a roughly sketched map of the Orange and Modder River district, and in

one corner of it was written, "Diamonds may possibly be found here."

The lawyer pondered long over the sketch and that annotation. At last he became fired with the spirit of adventure and showed the map to young Cecil Rhodes, who had lately arrived in the colony for the benefit of his health and was ready for any venture. They decided to make a hike together, so the story goes, to the spot and search for the precious gems. Not knowing a diamond in the rough state if they saw one, they took a third party into their confidence who had this qualification.

After a delightful trek upcountry they came upon the ground marked in the map; it was in the center of a dreary waste stretching for miles, broken only by one or two native mud huts and a well, from which clay had been dug for building purposes. They pitched their tent near one of the huts and the lawyer struck a match on its sun-dried mud wall to light his pipe. The match ignited with a snap, for it had struck a pebble hidden in the dried clay. The striker cut the little stone out of its bed with his pocketknife. It was opaque, whitish, and odd shaped, and was nothing much to look at.

"That's a diamond safe enough!" cried the third party, and the three trembled with excitement.

"Yonder is the hole from which came the clay to build the hut; let's have a look at it!" said Rhodes.

They soon had their bucket at work, and in a short period it was filled with mud and stones.

The third party turned the stuff over with his hands, broke up the blue lump of clay and found a number of the same kind of pebbles. The three then commenced to peg out their claims and started on the pleasant business of becoming millionaires.

Fate, having decreed that I was to miss the Jameson Raid, sent me in a direction just opposite to South Africa, for in the spring of 1895, shortly after my arrival in London, I was invited to a crowning, and found myself once more in Moscow, for the coronation of Nicholas II, the last of the Romanoffs and of the Tsars. The pageant was just as magnificent and the night illuminations were even more remarkable than at the crowning of his father, for electric lights had taken the place of gas and wax. The municipality of Moscow had spent half a million dollars to install electricity in the Kremlin alone.

The sumptuous apparel of the Empress at the impressive function was richer by far than that of the Dowager Empress during her coronation; her robes of jeweled cloth of gold and her carriage and the gayly caparisoned team of horses that took her to the cathedral cost thousands of pounds more than the House of Commons voted for the whole coronation expenses of Queen Victoria. The splendor of her stately presence as she stood in her gorgeous raiment beside the Emperor after he had placed the Imperial crown, with his own hands, upon her head, was a wonderful sight.

When one thinks of the ghastly last scene, when that once stately figure lay huddled with her wretched daughters, outraged and murdered by the Bolsheviks, one must feel that the present[1] appalling state of affairs in Russia is a just retribution for that dastardly and unparalleled crime.

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[1] Written in 1919.

Chapter X

AN UNEQUAL STRUGGLE

I land at Volo—The broken siesta—A turbulent night—I keep gate at the British consulate—My cinema camera—How I nursed it—A crude machine—I am hostage in the land of the unspeakable Turk and find him a good fellow—An Englishman's word—The last fight at Domokos—The war of the cinema—Barnum's axiom.

IN the last decade of the past century Greece was one of the small belligerent nations in the Near East, always giving trouble with her ambitious aspirations. She seemed especially anxious to get into difficulties with her great Mussulman neighbor on the off chance of success, knowing full well that her bigger Christian sisters would see that she was not too much spanked by the Turks if she failed.

In 1897 she had stirred up strife with her neighbors and her citizens were clamoring to invade Turkey; but the powers would not allow it and blockaded her ports with a combined fleet. I was bottled up for many weeks in historic Athens and enjoyed her ruins immensely while waiting for her to comply with the allies' mandate. I was acquainted with Greek spurts of bluff, but at last

a time came when her sisters evidently thought a little punishment would be salutary.

I will not enter into the reasons why Greece forced Turkey to declare war upon her. Once hostilities had commenced, however, it became apparent that the Hellenic Kingdom was totally unprepared for any belligerent emergency whatever, and could not have had the slightest chance of success at any time, for two prime reasons. First of all, she had practically no system of commissariat, which is the first necessity of successful campaigning; and secondly, with one exception, she had no general officers who were conversant with the ordinary tactics of war. There was not the slightest preparation for any reverse—hardly a stretcher or a bandage ready for a single casualty, nor a crust of bread or a drink of water to be found anywhere with any certainty, when once the troops were in action.

Greece suffered terribly from her arrogance and folly; but in her struggle more than one battle was fought valiantly and well by her only general, Smollenski. Under him some of the Greeks fought like men, enduring hardships of a nature commensurate in severity with those endured by the soldiers of any campaign I have witnessed.

I arrived in Volo, the famous port of Thessaly, from the Piræus on the afternoon of Saturday, the 24th of April. The ship which carried me to my destination was one chartered by many patriotic

Greeks in Athens and fitted up as a hospital boat. The Red Cross service on board was conducted by ladies and gentlemen of the best Athenian families, who with great self-denial devoted their time and money to this humane cause. As I lay in the hold, where troops had only a few hours previously lain groaning from the soreness of their wounds, I was half poisoned by the fumes of the disinfectants permeating the ship, and many of the live stock these poor fellows had left behind found comfort and sustenance on me. These pests always seem to look upon war correspondents as fair game, and if they had forgotten me on this occasion I might have felt slighted.

Irritated by these old campaigning parasites and with a ghastly sick headache, I landed at last on a sultry hot afternoon in April. The town lay quiet, for in spite of war the noontide siesta was in full swing. Volo was sleeping. But, great Heavens, to what an awakening!

When the hospital ship touched the quay one of the three gentlemen awaiting our approach hurried on deck. In evident alarm the nurses and doctors crowded round him, for his face was leaden in hue and his eyes were swimming with tears. In a low voice, trembling with emotion, he addressed his compatriots. A suppressed shriek came from one of the little crowd, a chair was hurriedly brought forward, and the matron of the ship fell fainting into it.

"Mr. Villiers," said one of the Greek doctors, "kindly leave the vessel as soon as you can, for we shall want all the space we can get. There is news of a great disaster to our arms, and the wounded are expected here every moment."

My servant and I hurried ashore with our luggage and made for the Hotel Minerva. The town was still sleeping. Soon the stillness was broken by the rattle of a solitary carriage on the main street. Then suddenly the vehicle turned into the narrow thoroughfare leading to my hotel and drove up to the door.

Gray with dust, two figures tumbled out—one a clean-shaven youth, the other a man with a big yellow beard. Both were dirty and dusty, and evidently very thirsty, for the first words that simultaneously burst from their parched lips suggested a drink, and a long one at that. The yellow-bearded man seemed a familiar figure to me, though when an individual is disguised in dust it is difficult to place him. As he dug the dirt from his optical cavities with his knuckles two big blue eyes began to glimmer from their depths.

"Why, it's Kinnaird Rose, for a dollar!" said I. And so it was. Then my old friend of Plevna days told me the story. The fight, the sudden retreat, the stampede on to Larissa, the wild shooting of the Greeks at one another throughout the night, and the terrible cry of: "The Turks! The Turks are upon us!"

The trying vicissitudes of that ghastly night, over the memory of which barely a short day had passed, seemed to have affected my friend's nerves considerably. He told me that the army was a mere rabble, its retreat an utter rout, and that the defeated battalions, spiritless and broken, were making their way toward Pharsala or to the seaboard at Volo.

The inhabitants were, at last, awakened from their siesta, for the dire news spread fast through the town, though the full extent of the disaster was not yet known. The crowds of gloomy-looking soldiers pouring through the streets for very shame would not recount the full measure of the humiliation of the Greek forces; and, indeed, the majority of these knew but little of what had occurred, for they were mostly cowardly malingerers, hundreds of whom were always loitering in rear of their regiments and formed, I was only too soon to discover, the inevitable van of a Greek retreat.

My servant had found me a room in a small hotel in which a chair and table constituted the sole furniture. Unrolling my valise on the floor, I threw myself upon it and tried to sleep. This was impossible, for my head was still throbbing with the poison of the ship. Presently the murmur of the streets grew to a low roar. On looking out of the window I found the road crowded with panic-stricken peasantry and a sprinkling of those who by courtesy were called "irregulars," though

in reality nothing but cutthroats and brigands. They were the scum of Thessaly, armed and let loose upon the country, ostensibly to wreak vengeance on the Turks; but actually they gave the enemy a wide berth and looted their own people whenever they got a chance.

Suddenly I bethought myself of the cinematograph and films I had with me. The latter, if exposed to the light, would be completely ruined, so I resolved to house them from a possible raid from these ruffians in the British consulate. The red, white, and blue of the Union Jack shone in the rays of the consulate lamp as it hung over the balcony, below which a crowd of excited citizens had gathered. I rang the bell at the gate. It was immediately answered by a voice from the balcony. I gave my name and was at once admitted. The consul and his wife were at home. In fact, they had been for hours very much at home to the panic-stricken people and were exceedingly glad to see another Englishman come upon the scene, for, with the exception of his wife, her maid, and an old woman cook, the consul had been entirely deserted. He was much fatigued with his exertions in suppressing the terror of the crowds of women and children clamoring for safety at the consulate gate; so I offered my services to relieve him for a time, which were readily accepted. The consul's latest news was that the Crown Prince's army had retreated in hot haste to Pharsala, leaving the

road to Volo entirely open to the Turks and abandoning the wretched inhabitants to their fate.

No wonder the poor, terror-stricken citizens rallied round the flags of the foreign consulates, for they knew the atrocities of which the Turks were capable.

I surely, of all people, was acquainted with the barbarity of the Mussulman, for the massacres at Yeni and Eski-Zagra and Batac in the Balkan Peninsula, to which I had been an eyewitness twenty years ago, were still fresh in my memory. Nothing was left of these villages but charred smokestacks, looking like grim funeral columns studding a cemetery that had spewed up its dead. The gay, ribbon-bedecked heads of young girls lying in the gutters were bones of contention between swine and dogs. The wells were reeking with corpses and the streets were slippery with blood. So these poor people who paced backward and forward in front of the consulate gate that night, sobbing, shuddering, and clamoring for protection, enlisted my heartfelt sympathy. For what horrors the dawn might bring them!

My gatekeeping had also its touch of comedy. Early in the night two Greek gentlemen arrived and, brushing aside the rabble outside, rang the bell. I found that one of them was an important official of Larissa who had been the first to leave his post and seek safety in Volo. I could hardly keep from laughing at his fright and pleas for admission, for this gentleman a few days before was harangu-

ing the citizens of Larissa to "Up and arm themselves, and fight the enemy to the bitter end," and he had spent quite a little fortune in supplying his gallant countrymen with guns and ammunition. The gate remained closed to him.

What a rich man I might have become with the bribes offered me that memorable night! One wealthy merchant besought me to succor his wife and child. For himself he did not care; he would face the bashi-bazouks if they came. But his poor wife and child! And there was something else—and he cautiously looked around as he whispered even lower to me—a small Chubb's safe containing the hard-earned money of many years. Would I befriend him, and so much per cent would be my reward? I took in his wife and child, but left him out in the road with his safe.

The consul had told the four English nurses working in the Volo hospital to rely upon him in case of danger. To-night the situation evidently warranted this action on the part of the ladies of the Red Cross, who soon arrived, but to our astonishment they brought their wounded with them. For the moment these poor sufferers could not very well be turned back, so we made them snug and comfortable on the ground floor.

A little later the bell was rung in rather a peremptory manner by a lady in black. Stretchers, bearers, and carts with wounded were standing in the road. This lady was the matron of the hospital, and she

had brought to our doors all the remaining invalids of that establishment, also the whole paraphernalia necessary to hospital comfort.

The consul and I were fairly staggered for the moment with the lady's audacity. When we pointed out to her that the consulate was reserved for British subjects—or at most for alien women and children, but certainly not Greek soldiers, wounded or otherwise—the lady fumed and stormed and threatened to inform the British public by means of a London newspaper of the inhuman conduct of the consul, and she flounced back to the hospital with her contingent of invalids trailing after her. As it was, the wounded men we had already succored might become a serious danger, for if the Turks had entered the town fighting that night and had discovered Greek soldiers sheltered in the consulate, the British flag would have been little protection for anybody, English or alien.

Toward morning there came a timid knock at the gate, and a young soldier stood at salute in front of me.

"Is this the British consulate?" he inquired, and I discovered him to be an English volunteer. He had been through all the fighting round Larissa, and for many days had not had more than a few crusts of bread to keep body and soul together. Footsore and hungry, he now sought the protection of the consulate. I was sorry for him, but he was the very last man to apply at the gate. He had

broken the Foreign Enlistment Act by fighting for an alien power and was practically an outlaw. But "blood is thicker than water." He was a Britisher, so I gave him a chance, which I am glad to say he did not accept. I put the proposal in the most delicate way possible.

"Now," said I, "supposing you happen to go down to the beach and take a dip in the sea—for I am sure a bath would do you good—and, when you come out, don't trouble to find your clothes, but hurry up here. I will rig you out in civil attire; but don't stand at attention here in that costume, for now you are to all intents and purposes practically a Greek."

After partaking of some little refreshment, my footsore and weary visitor staggered back to the front, having come to the conclusion that he would stick to the cause he had in a weak moment so generously espoused.

Just before the dawn things quieted down a bit, and I fell asleep. It seemed to me that I had hardly closed my eyes when I was again on my feet. The consul and his wife were on the lookout. Shots were most distinctly to be heard in the distance. Presently shooting was taking place all about us. The reason of this desultory fusillade at last dawned upon me. It was the Greek Easter, and, of course, the townsfolk were celebrating it in the usual way—in spite of the close proximity of the dreaded enemy—by letting off their pistols.

There is a type of Greek who will at any time pull a revolver from his pocket and fire it off if he is overjoyous, or feels unwell, or is bored. In fact he fires off a gun as he would ignite a cracker or burst a paper bag or make some noise to show the world that he is uneasy and restless. Sometimes the Greek soldiers used to startle their officers by suddenly firing their rifles into the air on the line of march or in the trenches. A few days afterward I met with an incident illustrating this curious trait of character. A young subaltern was very much annoyed by this casual firing, so when next this offense was committed he sent the culprit to the rear to be dealt with by the captain of his company, whereupon the offending soldier was marched back to the subaltern, condemned by the captain, as punishment for his crime, to be placed first in the firing line. And even then he was wounded in the back! It strikes me that with most soldiers of other nationalities insubordination could not be suppressed if the punishment inflicted upon that Greek was meted out to them.

Directly the sun was up next morning I rode toward the Turkish lines, and discovered things not quite so bad as people imagined, for upon arriving at Velestino I found Smollenski had thrown the remnant of the Greek forces across the Volo road and had stopped the victorious march of the enemy. For a time the seaport was covered. Steamships were able to ply safely all day in re-

moving the people from their perilous position. They were loaded up to their gunwale with men, women, children, goods, and chattels, odd pieces of artillery, shot, and shell, and all kinds of government stores from the municipal offices and magazines. Within a few days Volo was deserted but for about seven hundred unhappy people who had been left hopelessly to face the incoming Turks.

Luckily I was well housed during the fighting in front of Volo, for the British consul insisted on my residing at the consulate. To me it was campaigning in luxury. From the balcony of the residence I could always see of a morning when the Turks opened fire up on Velestino Plateau; then I would drive with my cinema outfit to the battlefield, taking my bicycle with me in the carriage. After I had secured a few reels of movies, if the Turks pressed too hard on our lines I would throw my camera into the vehicle and send it out of action, and at nightfall, after the fight, I would trundle back down the hill to dinner.

The day the Turks cut the Greek forces in two and Smollenski was in full retreat to Halmayos, Volo was once more at the mercy of the enemy and the panic was worse than ever. That night at dinner I suggested to the consul that, as the municipal authorities had quitted the city and the government had done likewise, we should beard the lion in his den and go boldly into the Moslem lines to intercede with Edhem Pasha on behalf of

the remaining inhabitants. The consul said he could not act alone: the affair must be international. After much persuasion and considerable delay, we found that only the French consul would personally join us; the Italian and Austrian representatives rejected our proposition. We then communicated with the Greek war vessels in the harbor. The admiral told us we could do as we pleased, and that his ships would clear out and leave the entire situation to the consuls. We hired two closed carriages and, to make the little cortège more impressive, we placed French and English bluejackets, with their respective colors and flags of truce, conspicuously on the box seats. We started at midnight so as to arrive at the Turkish outposts at dawn, the Greek ships of war illuminating our path with their searchlights till that critical time arrived.

It was a rough climb for the horses and slow, and it was just on the eve of dawn when we were stopped at the first outpost. There was much speculation all the way up on the possibility of the Turkish outposts being dazed and puzzled by this unusual and unique display and in sheer fright letting loose a volley upon us. I discounted the latter contingency by sitting with my back to one of the carriage lamps, for by what I had recently seen of the shooting of Turkish soldiers I flattered myself that I should be comparatively safe from any harm if they took aim at the candles. How-

ever, nothing of so exciting a nature happened, and I was asleep when the carriage suddenly came to a standstill. In the gray of the morning two seeming bundles of rags with muskets sticking up out of their folds stood up on either side of us. We were prisoners.

This *rencontre* took place on the Velestino ridge just at the entrance to a narrow gorge which opened out upon the plain. The Moslem forces were already drawn up in quarter-columns of battalions and were about to advance on the doomed town. We were just in the nick of time!

It was a remarkably picturesque and weird sight, this ever-victorious army—a ragged, scarecrow-looking host. The majority of the men's faces were brutal and sullen and boded no good to any Christian who might fall into their clutches.

There was no difficulty in proving to the officer at the outpost that our mission was a pacific one, so we were at once permitted to push on toward headquarters, a good two miles, while the whole army wondered at our coming.

Indeed, we must have made an extraordinary show. We had left our carriages, and were now advancing in some kind of order. First came bluejackets from the English and French ships, struggling to keep their respective flags in line so that one should not by a foot precede the other, next fluttered in the breeze the flags of truce, then came the French and English consuls—the French-

man, exceedingly short, gotten out in silk hat and white gloves, and the Englishman, who stood a good two feet taller, wearing a deerstalking cap and a muffler round his neck. I, acting for the moment as secretary to this mission, brought up the rear wearing a black coat and a white solar topee in virtue of my office.

Approaching the Velestino railway station, we saw the field marshal's flag flying in front of his quarters. Immediately upon our arrival the consuls were granted an interview in which they were received with much courtesy. The Pasha told us that we were only just in time, for if the troops had marched on the town and been fired upon, nothing could have withheld them from taking reprisals. We were assured, however, that Turkey now conducted war in as civilized a manner as any European power; and to bear out this claim the Pasha gave us a firman from his august master to read to the few remaining citizens. He also deputed an aide-de-camp of the Sultan and an escort of cavalry to return with us to the town.

The English war correspondents with the Turks, among whom was that brilliant writer, the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, were at the moment of our arrival cooking their early coffee. Steevens generously shared his ration with me before we took our leave and hastened back to the expectant city.

As we gazed out across the Velestino plain before descending the pass, five distinct columns of smoke

could be seen rising up from the village; the Turks were at their old tricks again. Yes, we were only just in time to save Volo. The deserted villas, flowering gardens, and vineyards lay basking in the morning sun, and we felt very glad our efforts had been crowned with success, for it was a fair city.

Great was our surprise, therefore, upon arriving at the edge of the plateau, to see the Greek war vessels still at anchor in the bay beneath. This was hardly playing the game. The admiral had not carried out his promise to withdraw. The officer in command of our cavalry escort at once ordered his Circassians to halt, and demanded to know the meaning of the presence of the warships. Were we leading him and his men into a trap?

After a rather heated discussion, the consuls agreed to drive down to the quay and ascertain the reason for the delay. I was left in charge of the bluejackets—in fact, I became a hostage with the Turks. It was an anxious time, this waiting, for the Turkish cavalry were becoming restless and Nejib Bey, the Sultan's aide-de-camp, who had until now been all courtesy, looked a little ruffled and very suspicious. I sat smoking cigarettes, trying to feel unconcerned, watching those infernal ships. At sight of this apparent treachery of the Greeks the advance guard of the Turkish infantry had also come to a halt, for at any moment the face of the hill on which we stood might be torn

up by shells if the admiral felt so disposed. I tried to explain to Nejib Bey that there was no reason to expect foul play; that we should soon be able to proceed; but within myself I knew for certain only this, that my little band of Britishers would have short shrift if a single ship's gun opened fire.

At last one of our bluejackets reported, "Anchor's up, sir!" I jumped to my feet and pointed out to Nejib that the smaller vessel was slowly steaming out of the harbor and that the larger was under way.

"Yes; I think we can go forward now," said he, and after scribbling a message to the field marshal he ordered the advance and we hurried down to the town. A colleague, in the excitement of the moment, had seized a flag of truce from the bluejackets and proudly waved it to the citizens as we approached.

Personally I found the voluminous folds of this flag most useful. The day was excessively hot and I was perspiring freely. I had lost my handkerchief, so, much to his disgust, I desecrated his white flag by mopping the honest sweat from my brow with it. Probably it was the first time a flag of truce had ever been used in that manner.

When we arrived at Volo it took us some time to find a responsible citizen to read to the populace the proclamation of the Sultan. At last, from the balcony of the mayor's house, the precious document was interpreted—I believe by either a butcher

or a baker—to the remaining townsfolk, insuring their lives and property if they remained law-abiding citizens and quietly accepted the Turkish occupation. Three nervous cheers from seven hundred throats were given for the Sultan, and restless, feverish Volo was at peace.

Upon first arriving in Volo I had engaged as servant a Greek who spoke a little French, as I thought that it would be a good practice to air what I knew of that language. This arrangement worked splendidly in many ways. For instance, when I was irritated and lost my temper I also lost my French and would let Demetri have the full benefit of my wrath in the vernacular of my own country. The result was that he would patiently wait till I had finished and then politely request me to put it into French.

But, after all, Demetri did not try my temper much, for he was a good servant, and on one occasion saved me much inconvenience by bringing up a horse to me, at considerable risk to himself, just at the supreme moment of one of those many Greek panics which ended in a disastrous retreat. However, in return for this act I was happy later to be able to save the good fellow's life in a manner that I shall presently recount.

I found myself in rather an invidious position after we had given the beautiful city of Volo into the hands of the Turks, for here was I, a correspondent with the Greeks, practically in the hands

of the enemy. The governor of the city appointed by the Turkish field marshal was Enver Bey (no relation to the leader of the Young Turks party in more recent days). He knew that I had been instrumental, together with the British consul, in handing over Volo to the Turks. I resolved, therefore, to appeal to him for a safe-conduct into the Greek lines.

"Well," said he, as he handed me a cigarette, "you can go this afternoon. There is a steamer leaving for Athens, and I will permit you to sail in her with your servant."

"Thanks, Your Excellency; but can you befriend me further?"

"In what manner?" said the bey.

"I want to know when and where the next fight will take place. You Turks will take the initiative, for the Greeks can now be only on the defensive."

The bey looked at me steadily. I suppose the extreme audacity of the question rather staggered him.

"You are an Englishman," he said at last, "and I can trust you. I will tell you this: take this steamer I have mentioned to Athens, then get another to Lamia, the port of Domokos, and don't fail to be at the latter place by Monday noon. Now, Mr. Villiers, good-by," and he shook me by the hand.

I was even astonished myself at the impudence of my question. Asking the enemy to give me

news of so important a nature while he knew I was about to join the other side! However, these extraordinary things do sometimes occur. At all events, I scored by following his advice. I arrived in Athens just in the nick of time to catch my steamer for Lamia, where I hired a carriage and pair and was in Domokos on the exact day and hour to hear the first gun fired by the Greeks at the Moslem infantry advancing across the Pharsala plains, which stretched like a calm green sea at my feet.

The story of Domokos is similar to that of all the abortive attempts in those days by the Hellenic troops to stem the Turkish advance. Before nightfall a clever feint, made at enormous cost by the Turks upon the Greek center, allowed a flanking party to work round the right so as to threaten their line of retreat. Soon the familiar tactics of the Greek leaders were resorted to: a general retreat was commenced.

I hurried off to Lamia with the news, and reached that place at one in the morning, only to find the telegraph office closed to all messages. In disgust I threw myself on to the floor of the deserted hotel and tried to sleep.

At dawn I prepared to drive to Athens—nearly a three days' journey—but when I was about to start I found a soldier seated beside our coachman and learned that the vehicle had been requisitioned to transport the wounded.

Demetri remonstrated with a young officer near by for taking over my carriage in this unapologetic manner, and the officer struck him. Being a soldier in the reserves, my servant could not very well strike back, and the officer, taking advantage of this, commenced to pommel him so unmercifully that I thought it was time to interfere.

I threw my arms round the brutal assailant and held him tight. Meanwhile my servant, finding himself free and the officer secure, drew a revolver from his pocket. At once two or three soldiers rushed upon him and in a short period Demetri was thrown into the common prison and condemned to be shot within the hour.

It took me that full hour to soften the hearts of the authorities sufficiently to induce them to spare my servant's life. At last I was told that because I represented a great London journal my servant would be for the time returned to me under my guaranty to deliver him to the authorities if called upon. After all, the "fourth estate" has some power, even in a foreign land. Demetri, when he was released, wept bitterly and was profuse in his gratitude to me.

"That's all right," said I, "but why do you cry?"

I found the cause of his sorrow was that the soldiers had ransacked his pockets and had taken all his coin, a letter from his sweetheart, and (what humiliated him more than anything) had requisitioned his revolver.

The delay over my servant's fate was almost disastrous to my plan of being first in England with my copy. I dropped the idea of getting to Athens by land and hurried on my bicycle to Stelitza. As I neared the landing stage of the little port I saw some fifteen troopers about to mount. They were men of the Crown Prince's escort. Obviously they had not come to water their horses in the salt sea. Far across the bay was a tug making all speed in the direction of Thermopylæ. I surmised at once who was in that little boat, the same who was the first to retire from Domokos when our flank was turned—the Crown Prince. Luckily for me there was a steamer in the little port about to leave for Chalcis, so I climbed on board. At midnight we arrived at the famous gate of the Greek inland sea and a few minutes later I was seated in a fly, driving like mad for Athens.

At three the following afternoon I sighted the Acropolis. At six I was interviewing the Prime Minister of Greece—for all telegrams were obliged to have his signature before they were permitted to be placed on the wires. He came from his dining room and was still eating as he advanced toward me. I held my long telegram in front of him and apologized for disturbing him at his dinner.

"I will read it while I finish," said he, leaving me with a cigarette and a cup of coffee.

Presently he returned. "This can go if these

lines are omitted," and he pointed to these which he had underlined. I struck them out, and then he signed it, and in another ten minutes my message was on the cable to the London *Standard*.

The Turks had gained another great success and the Greek army was shattered. There was much consternation at the palace over this last disaster. Moreover, the King and Queen were still uncertain if the Crown Prince Tino had been killed by his own troops, for they had as yet received no news from him or his army. My arrival being known I was sent for to go to the palace, and I relieved Their Majesties' anxiety by my description of the Crown Prince's escort at Stelitza and the tug steaming across the bay for Thermopylæ.

When this little war broke out I had ingenuously thought that cinema pictures of the fighting would delight and astonish the public. The cinema camera was then in its infancy, so at considerable expense I took one to the front, as I have already mentioned. It was a laborious business in those early days to arrange the spools and change the films; and I sweated a good deal at the work, but managed to get touches of real warfare.

It was a great disappointment, therefore, to discover that these films were of no value in the movie market, for when I returned to England a friend, generally of ordinary intelligence, said to me:

"My dear Villiers, I saw some wonderful pictures of the Greek war last night."

By his description I knew they were certainly not mine. I wondered at this, because my camera was the only one to pass the Greek customs during the campaign. Then he described one of the pictures:

"Three Albanians came along a very white, dusty road toward a cottage on the right of the screen. As they neared it they opened fire; you could see the bullets strike the stucco of the building. Then one of the Turks with the butt end of his rifle smashed in the door of the cottage, entered, and brought out a lovely Athenian maid in his arms. You could see her struggling and fighting for liberty. Presently an old man, evidently the girl's father, rushed out of the house to her rescue, when the second Albanian whipped out his yataghan from his belt and cut the old gentleman's head off."

Here my friend grew enthusiastic. "There was the head," said he, "rolling in the foreground of the picture." Nothing could be more positive than that.

I did not raise my voice or smile derisively; I calmly asked him, "Have you ever seen a movie camera?"

"No," he replied.

"Well, you have to fix it on a tripod," said I, "and get everything in focus before you can take a picture. Then you have to turn the handle in a

deliberate, coffee-mill sort of way, with no hurry or excitement. It's not a bit like a snapshot, press-the-button pocket kodak.

"Now just think of that scene you have so vividly described to me. Imagine the man who was coffee-milling saying, in a persuasive way, 'Now, Mr. Albanian, before you take the old gent's head off come a little nearer; yes, but a little more to the left, please. Thank you. Now, then, look as savage as you can and cut away.' Or 'You, No. 2 Albanian, make that hussy lower her chin a bit and keep her kicking as ladylike as possible.' Wru-ru-ru-ru-ru!"

A famous firm outside Paris made those films, and since then many others of a similar nature have delighted the movie "fan." Barnum and Bailey, those wonderful American showmen, correctly averred that the public liked to be fooled.

Chapter XI

SHADOWS OF THE PAST AND HIGH LIGHTS OF TO-DAY

Archibald Forbes—Fred Burnaby—Pellegrini—Sir A. Conan Doyle—Thomas Hardy—Henry Seton Merriman—Scott of Chicago—Bruce Ingram of the "Illustrated London News"—Sir Forbes Robertson—Barry Pain—W. W. Jacobs—Richard Barry—Stanley Washburn.

SOMETIMES between campaigns I would return to England and settle down for a time with my wife and my son and daughter in the picturesque little mill house of Bedhampton, in Hampshire, where in my atelier I would often ruminate over the glories of the past. There the pomp and panoply of many scenes I had witnessed would rise before me as the sunlight twinkled through the *masharabeyeh* lattice at the window and its rays fell upon some weapon, accouterment, portrait, or treasured relic of bygone days.

One picture, above all others, always conjured up a personality that loomed large in my memory. That was the portrait of Archibald Forbes. He was one of my dearest friends, and I owed much of my success in life to his tutelage. As a young artist, fresh from the Royal Academy schools, I

had met him in the manner described early in these pages. We had chummed together at once, and for three successive campaigns were companions in many adventures.

He was a man of great physique and grand courage. Moreover, he was by nature an ideal war correspondent, for he could do more work, both mentally and physically, on a small amount of food than any man I have ever met. Amid the noise of battle and in close proximity to bursting shells, whose dust would sometimes fall upon the paper, I have seen him calmly writing his description of the fight—not taking notes to be worked up afterward, but actually writing the vivid account that was to be transmitted by wire. His one great aim was to get off the first and best news of the fighting; and he never spared himself till that was done.

It was a sheer impossibility for my colleagues to compete successfully with Forbes, and it was amusing to see the look of discomfort—almost of dread—on the faces of his confrères whenever he turned up in their vicinity. They seemed to feel the master spirit of the man at once and to know that all their own plans for being first off with the news would be made in vain. I believe Forbes never once failed, even from the time when during the latter days of the Franco-Prussian War he was the first correspondent to enter Paris and get safely out again with a description of the state of the

city, which for months had been as a sealed book, locked tight in the cordon of the Prussian army.

There was only one man who ever came near getting ahead of Forbes, but he overreached himself in the attempt, and his ultimate discomfiture was most humiliating. It was during the Serbian campaign of '76. A correspondent for a rival paper was in the frontier town of Alexinatz, then being attacked by the Turks. Forbes had left for Deligrad with dispatches, but I expected him back hourly. During the day the Turks made a desperate onslaught, and the townspeople, frightened to death by the near approach of the ruthless Moslems, evacuated the place. This correspondent immediately took it for granted that the Turks were forcing their way into the town, and rode off with the news to Belgrade, where he wired to London that Alexinatz had fallen.

In the meantime Forbes, as he hurried back to the beleaguered town, passed him on the road and guessed the reason for the look of triumph on his colleague's face. Finding that I had not yet left the place and that the threatening Turks were still a few miles away with a fringe of our men between them and the town, Forbes elected to remain in Alexinatz. We lived on the wholesome diet of grapes and black bread for two days and a half, when Forbes thought it was time to prove the untruth of his colleague's telegram by a message to the effect that we were still living in Alexinatz

and therefore the town could not yet be in the hands of the Turks.

Col. Fred Burnaby was another remarkable person whose picture hung in that little gallery—a man full of strange ideas, but always extremely sane regarding their actual execution. I was lunching with him and a friend in the Middle Temple only a few days before he left England for the eastern Sudan. As he was not going out in any official capacity my friend asked him why he was so anxious to go. He laughingly replied: "For a very good reason. I am about to run for Parliament in the Conservative interest, and I have discovered that there is nothing like the adventures of war to talk of to one's constituents; so I am going to pick up material with which to interest them."

I was forcibly reminded of this conversation when, a few months afterward, I happened to read in a Midland newspaper Burnaby's speech to his constituents. This was the gist of the address: "The widows and orphans of the Arabs who had so heroically fallen in the defense of their country were wringing their hands and tearing their hair, cursing the name of Mr. Gladstone, the British Liberal Minister who was responsible for the war." And yet Burnaby himself had made many a widow and orphan, "sniping the niggers," in the language of the soldiers, whenever they showed their heads!

The hero of the ride to Khiva was a lovable creature in spite of his eccentricities, who endeared

all by his wonderful pluck and good-fellowship. In the night march across the Bayuda Desert during the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon the following year his hulking figure was seen everywhere, quietly keeping the column in order. He seemed to be in his element when there was hard and dangerous work to do. I never saw him look gloomier than during that march, for he had a presentiment of his coming end. Yet there was always a grim touch of humor about him. One night I asked him what he thought of our chances of reaching Khartum in time to save Gordon.

"The odds against us are about twenty to one," he replied, and added, "we Britishers are a curious people. Why, do you know, I've been made commandant of Metamneh, and we haven't got there yet!"

Poor fellow! he never came within sight of his command, for he fell in our first fight with the enemy in the gorge of Abu Klea. Burnaby was a thorough bohemian and a somewhat slovenly dresser. Seemingly, he bore a considerable animus to collars, for he generally wore a muffler and never appeared so happy as when he was away from the realm of barbers.

Sometimes when I glanced at a sketch pinned on the wall there would stand before me the shadow of the greatest cartoonist of the past century, the inimitable Pellegrini of *Vanity Fair*. There was something about his men and women extremely

ludicrous, yet never grotesque, and they presented always a remarkable likeness to the person caricatured. He was never coarse or vulgar or very unkind in his pictures, and was so artistic in his work that distinguished people who had the good fortune to be the subject of his humor could not be angry with him—he seemed to dwell lovingly on their peculiarities. To know the artist was to love him, for he was generous and amiable. A pale-faced dumpling of a man, with large, dark, liquid eyes, always smartly dressed, he was very proud of his trim little figure, which, as years went on, sadly lost its earlier proportions. Though his home was in England, and one would think him almost Anglicized by his long residence in London, he was a Latin to the very tips of the fingers with which he gesticulated so fiercely whenever he got excited.

I was talking with him one day about want of exercise and the difficulty in keeping one's "Little Mary" to the proper dimensions consistent with an elegant figure.

"Ah, my dear Villiers," he sighed, "it is not this," and he patted his waistcoat. "This will come and it will go; I do not mind it. But, my boy, beware of the flanks. When the sides have no curve and when you have no waist—like me—ah! then you may say the time is come: you are getting old!"

During those quiet hours of leisure in my Hamp-

shire studio there were so many souvenirs in the shape of sketches, portraits, and notes to recall before my mind's eye those of my friends who have figured large in art, letters, and war.

Of English authors I have known who are now living, I think Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is the most conspicuous. I was once lecturing on my war experiences at Norwood when Sir Arthur kindly took the chair. He made a charming, complimentary speech when I had finished, and he had such an excellent, full-toned voice and fine presence that I suggested that he should lecture. The idea had evidently never before struck him, but I pointed out how interested the public was sure to be to hear anything from him on the platform. The suggestion seemed to take ground, for a short time afterward I found him advertised to lecture on the works of George Meredith.

This was hardly what I had expected. I thought the discourse would be on how he evolved Sherlock Holmes—a subject that would have taken the lecture platform by storm. But his choice showed the extreme modesty of the man and his shyness in talking about himself. However, his success in America as a lecturer, when he eventually was persuaded to read from his own works, was remarkable: his manager, my friend Major Pond, told me that if he had remained longer in the United States he would have made a fortune.

I happened to call upon Sir Arthur in England

one morning. He received me in his usual hearty and breezy manner, but I could see there was something weighing heavily on his mind. I discovered that he had finally come to the conclusion that his old and valuable friend Sherlock Holmes must die. When he broke this painful news to me he was in his little study surrounded by harpoons, models of boats, tackle, and other gear necessary to the exciting and dangerous sport of whale fishing, with a few drawings of his uncle's (the famous Dicky Doyle who designed the titlepage of *Punch*) hanging on the wall.

He was quite perplexed as to how he should get rid of Holmes. His publishers wished for more of the astute detective, but he was getting tired of the gentleman and wanted to devote his attention to war adventures. He told me that he had the spirit of the campaigner within him. Several of his relatives had seen active service, and he felt it in his blood and longed to be free to work his will. But first of all he must settle what manner of death Sherlock Holmes should die.

"A man like that mustn't die of a pin prick or influenza. His end must be violent and intensely dramatic."

I could see that my dear friend of many happy monthly issues was doomed to death. The author of his being was inexorable on this point, and I left the house with a touch of sadness in my heart. However, I took away something to comfort me,

for in my hand was an autographed copy of the author's first book of war fiction, *The Great Shadow*, after which those delightful adventures of *Brigadier Gerard* saw the light.

I became personally acquainted with another famous author while I was entertained by the sister of Gen. Sir Herbert Stewart, Mrs. Everett, the wife of the Vicar of Dorchester.

I had not quite caught the names of one or two of the guests before we sat down to dinner, and found that I was placed between my hostess and a quiet, rather pale-faced little man on my right, who was very affable and gave me much information about the county of Dorset, whose history he seemed to have at his finger tips.

Presently he said, "You have been campaigning for the *Graphic*, have you not?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I work for that paper occasionally," said he.

I was wondering who my little friend was, for I had never met him on the warpath, when my hostess, guessing my dilemma, whispered:

"That is Mr. Thomas Hardy, the author."

Then I remembered reading his first remarkable story published in the *Graphic*, called *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, for the weekly installment of which I used to look anxiously forward when I was campaigning in the Sudan. My hostess told me that the author was born and bred not many yards from the house in which we were dining. After a

sojourn in London and a taste of the social success which his sudden fame in literature had brought him, he had returned to his old home, in the vicinity of which he appeared to find most of the local color for his novels. Thus *The Woodlanders* and, probably the finest story he ever wrote, *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, owe their beautiful settings to the country he so dearly loves, in which he was born and still lives.

It was in 1877 when staying at the house of Mr. Scott, the father of Hugh S. Scott, that I met the young student who was to be the author of *In Kedar's Tents*, *The Last Hope*, and many other fascinating stories. He was a fair youth, of a very retiring and secretive manner. Being considered delicate, he remained much at home, absorbed in literary studies, while his brother went daily to the city. His father, feeling that it was unjust that the one should be always at work while the other was staying away under the excuse of writing books, spoke to him about it one evening on his return from business. He wanted to know when he was going to drop this literary folly and join his brother in the office.

"Now, if you could produce a book like this," said he, holding up *The Sowers*, which he had just purchased at a bookstall, "you might call yourself a writer."

Even then his son did not make himself known as the author, but went on steadily working, achiev-

ing success after success under the nom de plume of "Henry Seton Merriman." When at last his people found out that he was the most popular writer of the day, it is said—sad to relate—that instead of being supremely proud of him, they raised a howl of indignation because he had been receiving big fees for his books without letting anyone know of his good fortune. They appeared to overlook the fact that they had embittered him by ridiculing his early struggle for literary fame.

Another Mr. Scott was one of the smartest newspaper proprietors I have known: the late Mr. Scott of the Chicago *Herald*. Scott was a founder of the Argo Club, the members of which entertained most of the Englishmen who were appointed in an official capacity to the World's Fair of '93. The club was a peculiar building and a landmark of American resourcefulness. Landmark is, however, not quite the right term, for in reality the clubhouse was the stern section of a wooden ship apparently stranded on the shore of Lake Michigan. It was high and dry on the foreshore, propped up by balks of timber, and access was had to it by means of a ladder.

As we sat on the poop one evening, looking over the immense lake, whose waters the sunset was turning to molten gold, my chubby little friend remarked as he puffed at a long cigar, "A wonderful view, Mr. Villiers."

"Magnificent!" I responded. "Splendid place for a clubhouse, out of the broil of the city. But

I wonder you don't build a proper house—you fellows are so full of push and enterprise. A palace ought to be erected on this site."

My friend laughed softly. "You bet," said he, "we would have done it if we could. Why, millions have been offered the municipality to permit building on this foreshore. It ain't allowed, Mr. Villiers, that's why. In spite of the fiat of the municipality, however, we intended to have our club right here. There was no law against building ships, so we started to erect this hulk, which of course was never launched, and here it has been ever since.

"We are pretty live people in Chicago; come and see my newspaper office; I should like to show you around."

The next afternoon I called on my friend at the *Herald* building and was shown up to his private apartment. It was a palatial room incased in solid mahogany, with elaborate carved wainscot. Scott was seated at a broad table of the same polished wood. On it were many telephone and telegraphic appliances.

"You see, Mr. Villiers, I am in touch with the whole world right here in this little snuggery of mine. I just start this instrument and can cable and get a reply from every quarter of the globe, and I can speak through these phones with any city in the States. Have a drink?" said he, jumping out of his chair and pressing a button to the wall. A part of the wainscot slowly opened out-

ward, displaying an assortment of liquors, siphons of soda water and a tray of glasses.

"If ladies come here, why we can give them tea or coffee," and he touched the opposite wall, where a panel slid open, exposing to view an elaborate service of Sèvres china.

"Now I will show you our working quarters." And we passed out of the room and down a stair leading to the compositors' room. It was a spacious place, walled with white tiles, and bright and airy.

"Here," said he, as he pointed to a series of lockers, "is where my men keep their store clothes when they don their working togs. Oh, some of them come here in frock coats with flowers in their buttonholes. Well, why not? They make their six pounds a week in your English money. After the men have finished work they can have a hot or cold shower before they put on their best clothes, right here in this lavatory." Here I peeped into a room fitted with marble basins and electroplated taps.

"See this?" and he pointed to a shining iced-water filter with a cup chained to it. "That mug is solid silver. It cost but a few dollars, and the men like the idea. I have them all over the building; it's a good 'ad.' It gets about that my fellows drink out of silver, see?"

After taking me round the press rooms, he said, "Now I will show you my last triumph." We then went down below to the issuing department, the

counters of which were approached by a series of narrow passages. The walls were wire screens, so that each newsboy could be supplied without being hustled by the others.

"Some of the boys are little devils. They used to fight and hustle one another and the weaker had to go to the wall; now, by these approaches, they are all fairly served."

When we returned to his room Scott told me the history of the journal.

"When I first bought this paper it was not much of a property; I put all the money my father started me with in the concern, and began to lose steadily. The first year it was a pretty fair amount and the circulation of the rag was steadily going down. I found that I was not losing money quickly enough, so I piled on the dollars. The second year I overdrew my account at the banker's; I was blowing the money in as fast as I could. One evening the bank manager called to see me in this very room—it was not so nicely fitted up in those days—and said, 'Scott, I have come for a chat about your rather big overdraft; let's have a talk about the prospects of this paper of yours.'

"I told him that I felt there must be much more money thrown into it before I felt easy about it. 'Well,' said he. 'I think I know a friend who is likely to give you what you want. I'll let you know about his decision to-morrow night.'

"In the meanwhile, Mr. Villiers, I spent rather

an anxious twenty-four hours. I knew I was not losing fast enough, and I was getting in a hole. Well, the manager turned up as promised, but alone. I said, 'Where's your friend?'

"'I guess I am the man,' he replied, and with his assistance for six months I lost hand over fist: then we touched rock bottom and bounced up, and we have been doing mighty well ever since."

Poor little man, he did not have long to enjoy his prosperity, for he died shortly after my visit. I shall not easily forget that interview or the heroic methods with which he bid for success and got it. It was a splendid idea. Instead of cutting down expenses and giving the public less for their money, as soon as he found that he was losing, he "lost more," as he quaintly put it—that is, he gave the public more and more for their money and made them buy the paper.

Scott's method is the only sound one. Spend money freely and fearlessly if you have a sound business and you seldom meet with failure.

Another director of a successful enterprise in journalism whom I have come across is young Bruce Ingram, the principal shareholder of the *Illustrated London News*, whose energy and lavish expenditure to make good with the public during the recent Great War sent up the circulation of his paper far higher than any other weekly of a kindred nature.

For a little recreation from his arduous journal-

istic duties and the heartbreaking work of dealing with the press censors he came out to France and Flanders to make a short tour with me through the trenches on both the French and British fronts. This trip so inspired him with the martial spirit that he eventually left his post as editor and linked up with the army to do his little bit for the Empire.

An artist contemporary of mine was Forbes Robertson, the famous actor-manager. I think I have never seen a handsomer type of humanity in the first flush of youth than Robertson as an art student. His clean-cut, classic features, fine blue eyes, and auburn hair—whose golden hue most women would envy—made a picture, as he sat working in his studio, that Velasquez would have loved to paint.

I shall hardly forget his first success as an actor. He appeared at the Princess Theater as Chatelard to Mrs. Rouseby's Queen of Scots; and his handsome bearing and fine elocution at once gained favor with the public. Like many other young men of the day, Robertson was a great follower of Sir Henry Irving and his school; but he is one of the few who were able to cast off the peculiar mannerisms of the great master and achieve an individuality of their own. It was a great pleasure to me when, remembering that I had been in the fight at Tamai in the eastern Sudan, he asked me to arrange the correspondents' scene in his excellent production of *The Light That Failed.*

A person whom I shall always associate with quick repartee is Barry Pain. A few of us were talking one evening about certain lucky individuals who had recently been made Peers of the Realm. One of the crowd said: "So-and-so would have got his peerage, too, but for his thirst for liquor. You know a few members of the Upper House asked him to dine, to see what manner of man they were about to admit into their ranks, and what do you think? The fool queered the whole thing by turning up squiffy!"

"Of course," said Barry Pain, "they were indignant with him for anticipating the honor."

"How?" we asked.

"Why," replied Pain, "by being drunk as a lord."

Another time we were in the lower smoking room of the Arts Club in Dover Street, Piccadilly, or—as the street is better known to-day by virtue of its many dressmakers' establishments—"Petticoat Lane." Seated in the largest and most comfortable of the chairs was a fair, pale-faced youth, apparently just out of his teens. The author of a clever book, recently published, was telling us one of his racy experiences, when I chaffingly said, "Now, be careful what you say before the boy," pointing to the youth in the big chair.

"Oh," laughed the raconteur, "it won't hurt him."

"Don't you know," asked a friend on my right, "who that is?"

"No."

"He's the author of *Beauty and the Barge*, W. W. Jacobs."

One of the cleverest youths I have met in my profession was a lad a little over twenty years of age, born in California, who like myself was relegated by the Japanese War Office to General Nogi's command during the war between Russia and Japan in 1904. He had left his newspaper office in such a hurry to catch the steamer for Yokohama that he had nothing with him but the clothes he stood up in, a notebook, and a sheaf of pencils.

Though he was absolutely ignorant of the simplest rudiments of the war correspondent's craft—not knowing common shell from shrapnel, a counterscarp from *chevaux-de-frise*, or a glacis from a marron glacé—he was keen and alert and anxious to learn, and with a little drilling turned out to be one of the brightest of those who chronicled the exciting events of the famous siege of Port Arthur.

I had not met him since those days, till I became recently a guest at his house in New York City, where I found him with a delightful wife who was heart and soul in sympathy with his work, which had developed from war correspondent to that of novelist and playwright.

There was another young American besides Richard Barry who received his baptism of fire round about Port Arthur, Stanley Washburn. In the recent war he was with the Russian army

when, in the early days of the conflict, it was the "great steam roller"—till the liquor prohibition ukase by the Tsar shut off the steam and paralyzed its efforts.

After the Russian Revolution Washburn joined his brethren-in-arms under Pershing and was placed on the General Staff with the rank of major. He is now retired and resting in the bosom of his charming family in a picturesque spot in New Jersey, where he loves to roam the country with his dogs wagging their tails at his heels.

DECADE

1900–1910

Chapter XII

1900–1910

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

I try my friends the Japs once more—Am not disappointed—Curious behavior of my colleagues—"You told the truth ten years ago; you will tell the truth now"—Well chosen—The peculiar Chinese—A pet fowl—Scattered leaves from my diary.

WHEN hostilities broke out between Russia and Japan in the spring of 1904 I was for a time on the horns of a dilemma as to which belligerent I should join, for I had been in the field at different periods with armies of both nations and had received the greatest courtesy and kindness from the officers of both. I felt, however, a little diffidence in joining the Japs again because I had described in my paper an incident which occurred during their last war with China that I thought was very barbarous in its nature—and I had not minced matters about it.

On arriving at Shanghai, where I intended to trail off for Mukden to join the Russian armies on the march, I found much difficulty in persuading the British minister to allow me to get through

beyond Peking. It was the beginning of the official "wait a bit" attitude toward members of the "fourth estate." I was much embarrassed, for I had come a long distance, just halfway round the world; but still I intended to see something of the campaign. However, there was no way left now but to try my friends the Japs once more, so I set sail for the Land of the Rising Sun.

On arriving I went straight to Tokyo and reported myself to the authorities. I was walking up the stoop of the principal hotel when I met a brother correspondent who seemed startled at seeing me and at once framed an excuse for hurrying away. "Sorry, my dear fellow, but I have an important engagement; must hurry, dontyerknow!" In the center of the vestibule I met the renowned Bennett Burleigh. It was the same thing with him. He nervously gave me his paw and said: "Holy Moses, why the devil have you come here? Sorry, but a man's waiting for me. Ta-ta."

Next I went up to see my dear friend Melton Prior. He was down with asthma, but he sat up and stuttered: "Why on earth have you turned up? You will surely get your throat cut for what you said of the Jap army ten years ago."

But I replied: "My dear boy, Japan is a progressive country and it did them a world of good. There's a new generation to-day and they won't bear any resentment."

But in my heart I was not quite certain. Well,

anyway I had to face the music, so I retired from my confrères' hostelry and took up my quarters in Yokohama, and there I remained for many weeks, living quietly in a friend's house, till one day I received a note from the Japanese Admiralty which ran as follows:

A steamer will leave to-morrow for Dalny with members of both the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament to visit Admiral Togo's fleet, and if you care to go there will be accommodation for you.

I accepted at once and the next morning I joined the distinguished party. The second day out a very jovial-looking Japanese came up to me and introduced himself. He was Baron Enouyi, who had been in Great Britain studying the railway system. He spoke English wonderfully well and might have been taken for a ruddy Yorkshire farmer rather than a Jap.

"Glad to see you," said he. "You were with our army ten years ago."

I almost squirmed with anxiety as to what he was going to say.

"You told us," he continued, "about something we were very sorry to hear. You may be pleased to know that the general you condemned for his ferocious conduct was cashiered and died two years afterward. It was a shocking business, which the government deplored. I am glad you are with us, for you spoke the truth on that occasion and no doubt you will speak the truth now."

Shortly after my return from visiting Togo's fleet I was notified to call at the War Office. There an official told me to prepare to join the Japanese army at the front. He refused to tell me where, so I asked a few questions.

"Shall I want a tent and camping outfit?"

"No," said he; "you will find plenty of accommodation in the villages."

"Shall I require a horse?"

"No."

"Then," said I, "we are going to Port Arthur."

"I never told you that," said the official, with a frown.

"Never fear," I replied; "your secret is safe."

I found I was right. As there were villages all the way from Dalny to Port Arthur and it was an easy walk I simply took with me a valise and had no need for anything more.

On landing at Dalny we were allotted quarters. Rations of food were sent to us from headquarters, and our party of ten correspondents was soon split up into messes. Barry, a young Californian; Ricarlton, the expert photographic artist, and I received bread, potatoes, and two chickens. Ricarlton took a great fancy to one of the birds, and, being tender of heart, would not have it killed. In fact, he was quite a Buddhist in many ways, and would destroy only flies. It was an awkward situation. I took no delight in the fowl's winning ways, but simply wanted its flesh, and Barry was

of the same mind. Ricarlton at last proposed a compromise. He said that he would take no share of the bird that we had already doomed and he would let us have the first dozen eggs that his fowl, which he had christened "Kuroki," in honor of the famous Japanese general, should happen to lay. We agreed to this arrangement, but it was most unsatisfactory, for although I feel certain that Ricarlton was no party to the deception, the wretched bird turned out to be a rooster.

Not yet having a servant or a cook, I immediately looked about the town for a restaurant of some kind where I could have our ration properly prepared. There was no such place in the Russian quarter, but down in the native part of the city were several eating houses. I chanced on one in the principal street, which had borne a Russian name a few weeks before, but was now called "Kodama Avenue" after the famous Japanese chief of staff. It was a quaint little one-story building, with two side rooms leading off a shop, in the center of which were piled cakes and bread fresh from the bakery. On the shelves around the walls was a most curious assortment of liquors, wines, and beers of all brands and nationalities. This must have been the loot of the Chinese banditti that they were unable to consume after ransacking the town before the arrival of the Japs.

The Chinese vendors had a most hazy notion what to charge for it. Champagne of excellent brands

was offered at the price of whisky, the value of which was well known to Dalny shopkeepers, and excellent claret could be purchased for fifty cents a bottle. Judging by the gaudy paper on the walls and the type of kerosene lamp hanging from the ceiling, the place must have been a Russian tea shop of the lower sort before the advent of the Japanese.

The Celestials who were now running it had introduced a little joss altar at one end of the room, and on this were paper flowers and vases in which burned colored candles in honor of the full moon. Elaborate screens, on which rampant dragons figured in gold on fields of blue and red silk, walled off the tables and formed temporary cabinets where one could sit in comparative privacy.

As I walked in the proprietor and his servants showed evident pleasure at the coming of the European. The place seemed well patronized by Japanese officers and noncoms., who were much interested in reading the inscription in red velvet pasted on the white badge on my arm, which stated my paper and nationality.

I handed over the fowl to the cook, and in a very short time mutton cutlets were placed before me. What had they done with the chick? I wondered. Probably that would be the next course. The next dish was a tomato stew. I hunted around for portions of the fowl, but there was no sign of a bird about it. Anyway, it was so good that I came to the conclusion that I would let the matter

of my ration drop. After all, probably they were reserving it as a *bonne bouche*. But the next item was a sweet omelet; there was nothing of the chicken about this, unless my bird had gone back on me and laid an egg. The happy finale to the repast was that the landlord only charged me for cooking the fowl. I let it go at that and asked no questions, for the ways of the heathen Chinese are proverbially peculiar.

I always look on that chicken as a "good-luck bird," for it was the means of introducing to me the very best of all the servants I have ever employed in the course of my campaigning career. Flies are plentiful everywhere in summer in Manchuria, but in restaurants they are excessively enterprising. A Chinese boy standing by my side with a fan in his hand in a most dexterous manner kept these villainous pests from devouring the food before it reached my mouth, and then he most unobtrusively prevented them from waiting on my nose to raid the next approaching mouthful. He was a clean, smart lad, and I noticed that he had a white piece of paper for a pocket handkerchief and that he took great pride in his pigtail, which was jet black, glossy to a superlative degree, and was kept clean, for it did not leave a dark streak of grease down the middle of his back. His features were gentle and kind, unlike the pronounced Mongol type.

I was much impressed with the boy. Probably

he had also taken stock of me, for next morning his brother, the restaurant keeper, wanted to know if I required a servant, for he knew of a good and willing lad.

"Send him along," said I; and shortly the boy who had waited on me the night before turned up.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Cho-san," said he.

"Well chosen," whispered a voice within me, so I decided to engage the lad at once. The first thing my servant did was to take charge of my room. It was in a building that had been wrecked by the brigands, and it was full of broken debris of furniture. When he entered he said, in his characteristic way: "Chinese bligand allsame no good. Master, you go away; Cho-san savvy, all-litee makee."

And it was so; for when I returned my apartment was transformed into a decent, habitable place; the vermin-covered mats were thrown into the courtyard, the floor cleaned, and a mosquito curtain had been rigged up by some acrobatic performance over my bed. A curtain, of sorts, prevented the scorching morning sun from blistering and baking everything within; and the wreck of the wardrobe was improvised as a storeroom. Barry, who lived in the next room and had agreed to share Cho-san's services, was just as well pleased with the boy as I.

Of the great campaign which followed I have

still a contemporary record in the form of a personal diary:

DALNY, *August 19th.*—According to information received by us late last night we are to meet General Baron Nogi to-day at his headquarters in the village of Sodiako, and then we may assume that we are practically at the front.

I note this welcome news down at dawn of this day, August 19, 1904, as I intend from this morning to keep a "Diurnal of Occurrents" of what takes place before Port Arthur, for possibly no war correspondent will be permitted by the military authorities to enlighten the public by telegram or letter of the doings of the third Imperial Japanese army in the field till after the fall of the great fortress.

The sun is just peeping above the horizon as the war representatives of the "fourth estate" leave Eijoshi on foot for the headquarters of the besieging army at Sodiako. On arriving about 9 A.M. we are at once taken to Baron Nogi, who receives us most warmly in the courtyard of the temporary residence of himself and staff, the house of a wealthy Chinese merchant of the district.

The general I find to be about sixty years of age and in stature above the average height of his fellow countrymen. His figure is square, upright, and lithe, and his remarkable, pleasant face wears a close-cropped iron-gray beard and mustache. As we are marshaled in a semicircle before him his quick, searching eyes seem to sum up our little contingent in a flash.

"Gentlemen!" he says, "many of you have come twelve thousand and others six thousand miles to do our country the honor of chronicling the deeds of her armies in the field. I admire your pluck and enter-

prise. You have, unfortunately, been compelled to wait many months for the time when the War Office could permit you to proceed. You have at last arrived here, and I welcome you, and I promise that you shall see, without reserve, all the preparations of my army before Port Arthur. Don't run into danger, and be careful of your health, for there is much sickness about. If any of you should feel at any time at all unwell report yourselves at once to the headquarters hospital, and my surgeons will give you every attention."

The general then excuses himself, telling us that owing to military exigencies he cannot see us again for the next three days; and he shakes us each heartily by the hand.

We are all much pleased, and very happy at this genial treatment, and are even more delighted when our interpreter, Major Yamaguchi, informs us that we can leave for the front.

Our baggage has not yet arrived from Eijoshi and we have, therefore, to start for the battleground ill provided with food. Luckily my water bottle is well filled, so I do not much mind. It is a trying eight-mile walk under a scorching sun over a weary plain, relieved here and there by patches of young green corn. The roads are heavy, for the recent almost tropical rains have made the rich brown soil a thick, unctuous paste, and where the incessant passing of the transport carts has churned it into quagmires we sink into pockets from one to two feet deep.

On nearing our objective, the ridge of hills shutting in the Suichi Valley (the old battleground of ten years ago), we come across a contingent of some one hundred and fifty bluejackets dragging a 4.7 gun. There is no time to wait for the roads to harden; that gun has to be there, for it is the last to make up the complement

of the naval battery that is to assist in the coming bombardment. It is terribly hard work tugging at this two tons of steel. The men strain and sweat in the noonday heat, trying to keep their foothold in the slippery mire, and at times the task seems nearly impossible, as this huge mass of metal sinks almost out of sight in the deep ruts in the road. But it is in position and ready to shoot before sundown.

"Where do we go now, Major?" I inquire of Yamaguchi, as we arrive at the foothills. He points to the highest peak of the range.

"Up there. That is Ho-o-chan; we climb that and then we shall get a splendid view."

We are all fairly tired when we reach the base of the mountain, but presently the sound of cannon freshens us up. I know the old familiar sound will continue, so I take it fairly easy till near the summit, when the climb becomes almost perpendicular. The fire of the guns is increasing, the "interesting beyond" is still shut out from my sight, for there is yet a wall of rock to negotiate. I scale the ridge and lie panting on a rocky slab. Suddenly, two of our party who are "out for fun" and not legitimate correspondents come bounding by, and one of them, whom we call "The Toss," nearly breaks his neck over the rock in my front. A shell has burst a hundred yards away, and he is much excited, tells me what to do, what is the best cover to take under the circumstances, and many other things relative to heroic behavior in the field.

I am always afraid of "The Toss," because he carries a loaded revolver which he doesn't know how to handle; and I also know the ominous fact that he and his stall companion have made their wills, for the press censor told me one day in perplexity that he did not think it was legitimate business for him to have to wade through the

wills of war correspondents and interpret the same to the staff. When I inform him of the dangerous weapon "Toss" carries, the censor thinks seriously of insuring his own life, if any company will take such risks.

The sight I see from my point of vantage certainly repays me for all my toil. Spread out in my immediate front lies the whole panorama of Port Arthur and its outlying defenses, a ten-mile stretch from sea to sea. The scene at first is one of almost bewildering beauty, seemingly the fairest and gentlest of landscapes, composed of verdant hills and golden valleys rich with ripening corn and millet. Hamlets nestle in the folds of the yellow fields, stately willows dapple the silver streams with purple shadows; and between the gaps in the hills peeps the cobalt blue of the ocean. But for the dull gray battleships of Togo's blockading squadron, lying in grim rigid lines on the horizon, the scene suggests peace and plenty rather than the pinch of hunger and cruel war.

The roofs of Port Arthur town glisten in the noontide heat through a cleft in the chain of hills. Silent and peaceful the houses lie fringing the waters of the harbor, as if no sound, not even the blast of cannon at her gates, could disturb the afternoon siesta of her inhabitants. Behind the city stands out the mountainous promontory of Laotieshan, piled up in a confusion of gray and purple rocky peaks, and beyond that again the ocean.

However, the apparently peaceful slopes in our front change their aspect on closer inspection, for their grassy undulations are lined with freshly-turned red earth, and their summits are broken by rectangular walls, scarps and fosses. Then I quickly realize that those hills, clothed in the gentle garb of green and purple, are lined with deadly trenches teeming with armed men; and, as I look, the peaceful glory of the scene passes and the

sullen voice of cannon begins to transform the smiling paradise into a ghastly inferno.

All the permanent forts that top the hills in front of us, skirting the valley from sea to sea, have smaller redoubts wedged in between them, some fifty in all, and the majority of them are connected by covered ways, the whole, apparently, forming a double line of impregnable works that, if held by a strong garrison, might even on meager rations keep a besieging army at bay for months. Behind these formidable lines, standing out in a yellow blaze of sunlight against the blue background of the waters, is the famous sea fortress of the Golden Mount.

I wonder aloud if that is the reason of its name, because of that yellow effect?"

"You're always lugging in some of your local color, Villiers," chimes in a brother correspondent. "It looks to me the hue of a mangy-backed mule."

But the bursting of a shell in our immediate front stops short his comments, and from the golden fort a column of white smoke rises in the air.

"There," I cry, "is the proper answer to your vulgar simile."

However, the 10-inch shell is not meant for us, but for the battery of howitzers on the foothills below. In fact, the whole stretch of hills skirting our side of the Suichi Valley is bristling with guns—6-inch naval, 4.7's, howitzers, and field-guns—to the number of some three hundred; and all these, so we are informed, are to loosen their tongues in a general bombardment directly that naval gun which we saw being dragged through the mire arrives in position.

It is late in the afternoon when we leave Ho-o-shan and descend to the plain below to commence our weary march back to Sodiako.

August 20th.—Fine, bright, sunny morning but insufferably hot directly the sun comes up. This is the day of the great bombardment previous to the infantry attack. I succeed in hiring a donkey, a sturdy little brute, but rather short in the legs—so short, that if I straighten my legs I can make a sort of hobbyhorse of him, for my feet touch the ground. This I find a great advantage, as I carry an alpine stock, which I use in going up the hills to assist the poor little brute in his movements. The firing has already commenced as we reach our point of vantage on Ho-o-shan.

"Major, what are those forts we are dropping shells on just now?" I inquire of Yamaguchi.

"They are the East and West Ban-u-san. The large fort to the right," he continues, "is Niroshan; those forts below it in the valley are the Kuropatkin forts, and then comes the gap leading into Port Arthur town. To the right of the gap is Pine Tree Hill, and farther to its right is Idzushan, or the chair."

"Why, yes, Major, I remember that fort well; it was the key to the whole position in your war with the Chinese, ten years ago. Nichi assaulted it with his brigade at dawn, and Port Arthur was practically captured before noon. Ah, it will not be such an easy chair to take this time!"

"You are right," says Yamaguchi, who does not seem to see my attempt at a joke. "Port Arthur is ten times as strong as it was in those days."

There is no further inclination to talk, for the mighty throats of the cannon are now in full voice, and the ramparts, scarps, counterscarps, and trenches of the forts in front of us are being tossed about in shapeless masses by the bursting of the Japanese shells. We seem to have it all our own way. Whether the Russian gunners are paralyzed on seeing the immensity of the

damage done to their forts one cannot tell, but never a shot is fired in return.

The hard regular lines of the Russian works are knocked out of all form. East and West Ban-u-san lose their shape entirely and are pounded into meaningless masses of earth and stone. So the day wears on till the sun dips below the waters of Louisa Bay and we tramp back again to Sodiako.

At the foot of Ho-o-shan and on the shoulders of the hills far to our right, the Japanese brigades are waiting, ready for the ghastly fray that is to come. The men stand to their arms in the ruddy afterglow of the sun, their bright, cheery faces full of expectancy and eager for the word "Forward." There is not a face among the thousands that we pass that does not show a determined intention on the part of the man who owns it to be a factor in taking those forts—or to die. I never saw a finer spirit displayed by fighting men in the whole course of my campaigning career than by the Japanese army this day confronting these terrible fortifications at Port Arthur.

We have hardly settled down and got our kettles boiling, when Goto, one of our interpreters, comes in much excited, and says:

"Gentlemen, I have orders to take you back to Ho-o-shan at once. We must get to the mountain before four o'clock to-morrow morning, for our attempt to take Port Arthur commences at that hour."

Though longing for our well-earned rest, not a man of our little crowd hesitates for a moment to face the long march again; some even dance and sing for very joy at the prospect of seeing something of what the little Japanese infantry can do, for which we have been so long waiting at the base of operations.

Good General Nogi, sympathizing with the consider-

able tramp that we have already made today, permits us to requisition Manchurian carts, in which we bundle our blankets and what provisions we can scrape together at the moment; and toward midnight we start once more for our mountain. The night is pitch dark and the roads heavy, and these carts are so abominable that most of us feel inclined to get out and tramp by the side of our baggage, but that we might break our necks stumbling over the deep ruts on the way. For two hours we miss the road and wander miles out of our course, till just before the dawn the dark peak of our mountain gives us our bearings, and we at last scramble up its craggy heights to our position.

Chapter XIII

A MIDNIGHT INFERNO

The beginning of night warfare—A Whistler study—A nocturne in gold, silver, and blood—An attack under star bombs—Searchlight and the crescent moon—Ban-u-san in the light of day—Japanese heroes—Life on a mountain top—Dodging the eyes of the enemy—The Shinto Shades.

August 21st.—Fighting had already commenced under the fitful light of the enemy's star-bombs or rockets long before the sun had cast its first rays above the eastern hills; the Russian guns have at last given tongue, for they are pounding away at the approaches of the Ban-u-san forts, whose *glacis* now seems to be their only target; and scattered over its slopes are hundreds of huddled little figures who but a short hour ago had faced its trenches with such high hope. The fields below us are being plowed up by Russian shells.

Lines of khaki-colored men press forward across the valley through the tall stalks of maize and corn that are being cut and scattered by the terribly concentrated shrapnel fire of the Russians. At the foot of either *glacis* of the objective forts are deep furrows or *dongas* in the rich alluvial soil of the Suichi Valley. These give considerable cover to the besiegers, if only they can live through the storm of shot and shell ever tearing up the earth in front of them.

Through the fields of towering maize whose kindly

shelter hides them for a moment, over bare open acres whose heavy soil blots them out for an instant, spurting up in dense brown clouds as shell after shell burrows and explodes in the soft loamy earth, the sturdy little men of Colonel Ouchi's regiment struggle onward toward the shelter of the broken land at the base of the forts. Followed and dogged every yard of the way by Russian shrapnel, at least a few gain the deep furrows and throw themselves down.

From the shadow of the *donga* a flag waves, the red center standing out clearly as the sun catches it for a moment. A "Banzai!" rings across the fields from the throats of the little men still forging their way through this living hell of fire, while their grim, determined faces intuitively turn toward their beloved flag. It seems hours before a sufficient number collect on this rallying point in the *donga*, but it is actually only a question of minutes by my watch. Russian shrapnel snaps and crackles above their heads, but casualties here are few, though the ghastly paths leading up to the *donga* are strewn with little heaps of prone humanity only a shade lighter in their khaki than the mother earth they embrace.

The fort towering above them looks an utter wreck already, a grim, ugly, shapeless mass of clay, pitted with countless shell holes. Its outer trenches are hardly discernible in the ruin of the once smooth *glacis*. There is little sign of life within the fort; in fact, it seems impossible that any living being can exist under the terrible shelling it has received from the Japs yesterday and this morning. Some of us look on the grim heap of ruins and say to one another, "There is no one living there."

I cannot help but think of the '77 campaign in Bulgaria, when the Russians, advancing against the Gravitza redoubt, said the same thing. General Krudener had

pounded away with all his guns for several hours and had mauled the outer works till there was no sign of life within their ramparts. The Russian infantry leaped forward toward their goal, thinking it would be an easy job; but they encountered an enemy who hurled them back in rout before the day was done.

Ah! There is the flutter of a regimental flag in the *donga*, it flutters up out of the trench, and by its side is an officer with drawn sword. He waves his weapon high in the air, and his men swarm like bees around as they hurry up out of the trench. It is the gallant Ouchi himself, leading the third battalion of his famous regiment, and he fiercely charges the enemy position. He has asked for reinforcements, and he is told that he can have no more men, but that he must capture the fort.

Knowing that the enterprise is hopeless, he is the first to take all risk. For a short time he is distinctly seen brandishing his sword in front of his men. Then, riddled with bullets, he falls; his brave standard-bearer, Captain Takbata, who has more than twenty wounds, is lying in the folds of the flag but a few yards away. But the banner is caught up by the others, and away it goes upward toward the wire entanglements which have already been broken in places by a forlorn hope of gallant engineers. These men have destroyed the props of the wire by thrusting explosives on the ends of long bamboo poles against them, and their dead bodies lying stark in the meshes of the wire prove the terrible nature of their task.

Still up, up through the gaps in the entanglement, hurry the heroic few. Still forward they spring, this brave little band of survivors; but there is no flag to follow. It is down again in the stiffened grasp of its bearer far in the rear.

The men become desperate, for their numbers are

thinning terribly. The death-dealing machine-guns of the Russians in the casemates of the fort are playing ghastly havoc—such that only a score of Ouchi's battalion reach the first ditch of the trench, when they throw themselves panting into the grateful cover of the shell pits which their own artillery have torn. There they lie gasping, black with sweat and dust, wounded and bedraggled, to await the support which seems never to be coming.

How is it more of those below don't follow? Are these all the men still living of those who a few minutes ago reached the shadow of the *donga?* Have no more succeeded in crossing that shell-torn valley? It seems not: there they lie, these few living units amid their dead and dying comrades—and no succor at hand.

Once more the khaki figures swarm the valley, for Ichinobe orders the Orishita regiment to the support of the gallant few on Ban-u-san, while a battalion of the right wing, under Major Yamamoto, attempts to engage the enemy's left. The column struggles through the ghastly shrapnel fire and into the deadly zone of the everlasting machine-gun, and, badly shattered, reaches the base of Ban-u-san. But only a mere handful springs up on the *glacis*, and this handful gradually fritters away to a few who will not retire, but instead will throw themselves into the friendly shell pits, for it is impossible to face the fierce fire of the Russian sharp shooters lying under cover of the parapet of the fort.

The heat is intense and at midday almost unbearable even for us, motionless on the mountain. What those little men in khaki must suffer, toiling across that ghastly valley and up the face of the sun-beaten *glacis* without enough water even to moisten their lips, is inconceivable.

The friendly shade of night at last closes over valley and mountains, but with it comes no rest to the belliger-

ents. The fighting, which has not ceased for the space of a minute since an early hour of the morning, now continues in a desultory manner under the searchlights of the enemy. Worn out with long watching, I roll myself up in my valise and turn my back on the sour valley and its corpse-strewn fields, to gaze toward the north over the peaceful stretches of the Dojosho plain bathed in that opalesque twilight, when the glow of the departing sun is merging in the first flood of the moonlight.

The cold breath of the coming night fans my face and I fall asleep, when, as if by signal, a swarm of mosquitoes arise from the rocks on which I lie, the noisiest beasts, I think, by which I have ever been attacked. Literally, the trumpeting of their legions skimming the heights of Ho-o-shan almost drowns the distant crash of the enemy's shells. I cover my head and hands with my waterproof cape, but the venomous brutes steal in under, or stab through, the material, till I have to give up the idea of further slumber; so I light my pipe and walk about, dodging the searchlights whenever they cross my path.

It is now just before midnight and the battle starts again in all its fury. The gallant Orishita regiment, with the remnant of the Yamamoto battalion, nothing daunted by its failures during the day, is making an effort to retrieve its prestige by storming the position at night.

August 22d.—It is 1 A.M. and still the fight rages furiously. Three of the nine searchlights that the Russians appear to possess are playing incessantly on this section of the battlefield, and star-bombs and rockets are bursting continually, their incandescent petals spreading fanlike and falling slowly to the ground. So brilliant are these lights that the moon, now nearing the horizon, seems but a faint slip of silver in the sky. The color of

this night warfare is something that Whistler would have reveled in. The deep purple of the mountain against the nocturnal blue, the pale lemon of the moon, the whitish rays of the searchlights, the warm incandescent glow of the star-bombs, the reddish spurt from the cannons' mouths, and the yellow flash from the exploding shell, all tempered to mellowness by a thin haze of smoke ever clinging to hilltop and valley, make the scene the most weirdly beautiful that I have looked upon during all the wars I have seen. In the old campaigns both armies usually ceased hostilities at some period between sundown and sunrise, but here at Port Arthur, a new kind of warfare has developed and the night is as the day. For four hours the little Japs have gallantly tried to cross the death-ridden valley in the broad glare of these artificial lights, and under a decimating machine-gun and rifle fire from forts on either side of their objective.

From Niroshan—in Chinese Urhlung, "Double Dragon fort"—the devilish searchlights, like the fiery glare from the eyes of those monsters of legendary lore, slowly sweep the valley, and when one rests its rays on any vital spot red spurts from the black void behind belch forth shells which tear ghastly gaps in the Japanese lines wading through the millet and cornfields below. In spite of the terrible carnage a few remnants of these brave battalions under Ichinobe reach the base of Banu-san and clamber up the *glacis* with faint shouts of "Banzai, Banzai!" which are echoed by their comrades across the valley. But they can go no farther; they halt, press forward a few yards, then break and hurry down to the friendly shelter of the *donga* below. I wonder, in spite of much heroism I have witnessed during many years of warfare, if any other troops could have done quite as much.

With the coming of the sun the fury of the fight slackens and only a desultory snapping of rifles comes up from the valley. The slope of Ban-u-san is a terrible sight, ghastly with Japanese dead; and it is patent to all that the fort is still in the hands of the Russians. I have hardly finished my scanty breakfast of hardtack and tea when I notice that there is still a spark of life in that fearful hecatomb on the *glacis*. From the parapet on the fort rises a column of dense smoke, a flame shoots upward, then a loud report is wafted across the valley. One or two of the Jap soldiers whom we have thought dead hurry up into the trench immediately beneath the parapet. The attention of all of us on Ho-o-shan is at once riveted upon that trench; yet fully fifty minutes elapse before there is any further movement perceptible.

To understand the significance of the explosion it is necessary that we turn back, for the reader's benefit, and follow the course of events with the gallant remnant of that Japanese assault party which we saw withered at the foot of Ban-u-san during the attack of yesterday morning. All that was left of the Ouchi regiment sought shelter in a trench below the parapet, about fifty men in all. This work is twenty-four feet deep, twelve feet wide and about ninety feet in length. At its bottom there is water from two to three feet deep and the mud reached to one's knees. Heaps of slain lie piled up above the water line. The refugees have built up a shelf on one side, on which the wounded are placed, their able-bodied comrades standing night and day in the muddy water among the dead. Their one day's ration of food has already given out. They have searched the pockets of their dead for the last crumbs of biscuit and grains of rice and are now drinking the bloody water in which they stand. These men have watched from hour to hour during the last two days the failure of all attempts

to succor them in their deadly peril. They know that regiments of their comrades have been wiped out even in the desperate struggle to reach the foot of the *glacis*. There is absolutely no hope. They must die of starvation or by the bullet of the foe.

Captain Sugiyama, in command of the unit—his name will live for ever in the hearts of his countrymen—is suddenly possessed of a mad idea. He proposes to Captain Kabayama that a final assault be made on the fort above: a whole division of the Japanese army before Port Arthur has attempted it and failed, but he, with his half-hundred starving, will creep up to the enemy's casemate and destroy their machine-guns, and, if he succeeds, his brother officer shall charge with all the survivors from the trench.

Hand grenades with fuses attached are hastily made and Sergeant Himeno and two soldiers are finally intrusted with the forlorn hope. He orders his two comrades to lie under cover in some shell holes while he shifts himself forward on his back with face turned skywards so that he can more easily feign death. In this way the sergeant slowly wriggles his way upward till he is within a few feet of his goal, where he lies stiff for so long a period that his comrades, watching anxiously below, think he is already dead.

Presently he slowly turns over on his stomach and crawls to the outer slope of the casemate and lights the fuse. Then, risking all, he rushes headlong forward and thrusts the grenade through the loophole. Himeno then hurries to the friendly cover of one of the shell holes. An explosion takes place in the casemates; he looks backward and sees that a small breach has been made in the wall; he returns to the trench and reports the matter to the officers.

The sergeant is then given more hand grenades, and,

with three others, he takes the same route. They advance in Indian file and assemble at a deep furrow on the *glacis*. There they lie as if dead for some time, when Captain Sugiyama, becoming anxious, sends forward two others, each with a bamboo pole of ten feet in length. These men arrive safely at the sergeant's rendezvous, and the whole six creep up to the fort. One of them succeeds in throwing an explosive through the loophole of the casemate while the other four place grenades upon the *caponniere*, when they hurry for their lives back to the crevasse.

We, on Ho-o-shan, hear the terrific explosion, the roof of the casemate flies high into the air, and the machine-gun is shattered to pieces. One explosion after another rends the air. The greater part of the *caponniere* is destroyed. The men in the trench below forget their terrible plight, clap their hands in ecstasy and shout "Banzai!"

But there is one of the bamboo poles not yet exploded. Five minutes have passed and still it has shown no sign. It had been placed on one of the angles of the *caponniere* by Private Nakijima, who is chaffingly called to account by his daring comrades for its failure. He rushes straight toward the fort, and on examining the grenade discovers that the fuse has been extinguished. He calmly strikes a match, relights it, and places the explosive in position. The angle of the casemate flies into pieces; another "Banzai!" comes up from the trench below, but Nakijima, as he turns homeward, stumbles and falls—his duty gallantly done.

This sudden attack on their fort, coming apparently from an unseen quarter, rather demoralizes the garrison behind the works. Sugiyama, perceiving unmistakable signs of this, urges his brother officer to effect a charge. Now it is that we, across the valley, are able to detect a

stir of life. Some seventy men in all, for a few of the wounded have rallied sufficiently to join, sweep up the slope from the trench in the twinkling of an eye. Captain Kayukawa is the first to fall. His place is taken by Lieutenant Tanaka, who carries the flag of the Ouchi regiment, followed by his daring comrades, right into the fort.

Lustily shouting "Banzai! Banzai!" they drive the Russians over rampart and counterscarp and from traverse to traverse at the point of the bayonet, back toward the farther side of the redoubt.

In the valley below Major General Ichinobe, seeing this sudden change of affairs on Ban-u-san, immediately orders a contingent of troops to attack the rear of the Russians and sends a body of sappers to the fort and pushes forward two machine-guns.

Very soon, however, the heroic little band on the hill find their ammunition running short and some of the men begin to lose heart. The two officers threaten to shoot any man who turns his back upon the enemy. There is little use of this for they have hardly uttered the threats before both are killed by a shell, but, even so, there is no move to the rear on the part of those gallant little men. They stand their ground; and when Ichinobe, who determines to proceed to the fort in person, arrives with further reinforcements he finds thirty of the seventy still fighting. More Japanese supports rapidly pour in and desperate fighting continues till long after noon, when the Russians are finally routed.

It can be seen at this period that some of the enemy holding the fort on the left, which is called the Ban-u-san, show considerable signs of consternation at the fate of the eastern fort. The Japs therefore turn their attention to them. The position is reconnoitered from the newly captured position and two companies are

sent forward under Captain Hamaguchi, who addresses his men before he gives the word to charge. He urges them, as the whole issue of the battle depends on this enterprise, to fight to the last man. Under cover from the machine-guns of the west fort the companies reach the first line of defenses and quickly carry them, but the Russians stand their ground gallantly. The Japs make assault after assault, losing nearly half their number before they finally take the position, which, by my watch, falls at about 8 A.M.

August 24th.—A curious incident occurs this morning. A Japanese war correspondent who has been watching the many assaults on Ban-u-san, comes up and reminds me that he was with me on the adjacent hill during the attack on Port Arthur ten years ago. An hour later one of the Japanese interpreters also comes to me to remind me that we were together during the assault on Idzushan a decade ago when General Nogi was then only in command of a brigade. Later on I meet General Ichigi, the Chief of Staff, who tells me that he also knew me in those days before Port Arthur. It strikes me as somewhat remarkable that we four who were together in 1894 should be watching the attack on the fortress today. The Japanese army is spread over a wide area, facing many objectives, and yet we are all here together.

August 26th.—Fighting is so slack today that all the correspondents but Ricarlton, Barry, and myself seek the comfort of their tents at the base of the hill and come up on to the top only when there is something of interest to be seen. I, having no tent and my village being eight miles away, resolve to remain on the mountain a few days longer. It is rather trying, for the sun is almost tropical and there is little shadow from the rocks, but all this discomfort is better than daily

climbing the almost precipitous heights and suffering the long, weary walk back to the village. Though we are not allowed to keep up a fire after sundown, we can do all our cooking (which, after all, is simply making tea or coffee) during the day.

Ricarlton, who always carried a black silk umbrella, has rigged it up permanently for cover on the shoulder of the hill—I warn him that it is a dangerous thing to do. "Some day a young Russian officer will say 'Let's disturb that fellow over there under the umbrella,' and a shell will come along and spoil the contour of your dapper figure." But the intrepid photographer simply laughs. Why should he care? He came out to take snapshots of bursting shells—he is too modest to own it, but this I know is his intention—and it is refreshing to find a man who is so anxious to get the real thing, and ready to risk his life for it.

The *capionniere* on Ban-u-san is still smoking and rapid fire is going on between the captors of the east and west forts and the Russians on the heights of the Cockscomb range beyond. A thick haze of smoke hangs over the valley, which must be a blessing to the wretched wounded lying on the *glacis*, since it screens them to some extent from the full glare of the sun's rays.

I have arranged with a coolie to refill our water bottles with the boiled water served to the troops in a village about a mile away, and I have set to with Barry, collecting the shattered rocks from a crater made by one of the enemy's 10-inch shells to make a cellar to shelter our water bottles from the burning sun.

We lie about the mountain top, nursing the scant shadows of the rock and waiting for the next move of the belligerents. But apparently the besiegers are counting the cost of these terrible assaults, for they are simply holding on to their prizes and not attempting a farther

move forward. One officer tells me that the Japanese have lost over fourteen thousand men since the 19th.

August 27th.—Dull morning, rather an uneventful day in comparison with the last five. A desultory cannon-fire is kept up by both sides until the afternoon, when it lulls for a while. Very few of us leave the mountain because of the possibility of another big fight, owing to the favorable weather conditions for an attack. The sky is overclouded and the troops will suffer less from thirst than when struggling up the usually sun-scorched *glacis* of the redoubts. Our expectations during the day are not realized. The sun goes down in a sullen sky heavy with mist. I spread out my valise on a level patch on the rocky summit of Ho-o-shan and prepare for bed. The Russian searchlights glance from hilltop to valley with watery eye and the rifle shots of the outposts lose their crisp crack in the heavy shades below. The mosquitoes this evening appear to be depressed by the heavy atmosphere: they are rather half-hearted in their attacks. I soon fall asleep.

Suddenly I am awakened by a vivid flash so glaring as to liken the strongest searchlight to its shadow, followed by a crash that no earthly piece of ordnance could equal, and from hilltop to mountain and away through the passes roll the echoes which equal a hundred guns in their intensity, I scramble to my feet in spite of the deluge of rain that is pouring off the rocks above and get into my boots and waterproof. The sight is an appallingly grand one and absolutely indescribable in its weirdness. Between great peals of thunder the booming of cannon is heard. Lightning flashes from all points of the compass, and when the vivid flashes die away the tale is taken up by shrapnel and bursting shells that shriek and crash, pounding earth, rock, and human flesh. The Russians, under cover of the storm,

are attempting to retake West Ban-u-san, and the Japs are trying to hold to their captured fort where so many thousands of their comrades lost their lives.

It is a ghastly fight, for the battle wages amid the sour atmosphere of a hecatomb of corpses—the slain of the previous days' fighting. The thunder rolls, and for hours the warring of the gods above and the battle of the mortals below continues until the full gray of dawn peeps through the dense sulphurous pall hanging over mountain and valley.

August 28th.—As the fury of the storm abates and the anger of the belligerents gradually calms the fuller light of day is falling broad and clear on Ban-u-san and I see that its ramparts and ditches are thickly sprinkled with hundreds of bodies, less sodden and mud-stained, but as still as those who passed into the Shinto Shades three days ago, and the rain-swept *glacis*' trickling streams run red to the valley below.

It seems gross and horrible to think of one's own comfort with such a scene of suffering before one, but I wonder if anyone of my colleagues on Ho-o-shan is going to boil a kettle; I never felt before so badly in want of a cup of tea. As the fighting lulls considerably during the morning I resolve to return to my village.

I looked forward to the rather mean shelter of my Manchu residence at Sodiako with a certain amount of pleasure, for at least I knew I should get some rest from the venomous mosquitoes, and should also be able to change my clothes. I had been on Ho-o-shan for over a week without any cover, night or day; and the last night's storm proved to me that my valise, an old one, was not waterproof and that I had better not run the risk of another

night in the rain. I therefore quitted the good old mountain for a time, leaving Ricarlton and Barry there as the sole campers. I picked up a Manchurian donkey and walked and rode back to the village, eight miles away. Cho-san had no idea of my returning so soon, but when I arrived at the *cul-de-sac*, at the end of which was my shanty, my servant was there waiting for me with his usual smile of welcome.

"Chow all right, Cho-san?"

"Have got," he replied; and he was as good as his word, for when I entered my cottage the fumes of stew regaled my nostrils.

After my repast and a pipe I said to myself, "Now I will have my long-looked-for unmolested rest." As soon as I entered the little vestibule leading into my room I observed that there was a considerable amount of cooking going on, but little did I know what a disastrous effect this would have upon the sleep I anticipated.

When I turned in under the mosquito curtain and stretched myself on the mud divan I noticed that the atmosphere was very stuffy. I had hardly fallen into a dense slumber when I awoke with a start, feeling as though I were already roasting in that place which most men hope to avoid when they shuffle off this mortal coil. I was absolutely scorching. I scrambled off the couch and rushed into the hall. What on earth were these Chinese fiends doing? I found one man kneading dough,

another busily decorating the metal pan of the copper with cakes, and a third at a bellows, tinkering up the fire under the pan—and this same fire, after the thrifty and ingenious Chinese fashion served to heat the flue running into my room and under my earthen divan.

I dragged the man from the bellows up to the divan and made him sit on it. He recognized by the effect on himself the impossible situation he had made for me. He and the others brought in stout planks wherewith to upholster my couch, but the wood soon began to char. Then bricks were placed to raise the planks; but the heat still worked its way upward, and toward morning I found myself rolled up in my blanket on the stoop outside—unrefreshed and miserable, my bones aching and my flesh feverish and sore.

I called on Goto, one of the interpreters, and requested him to get me another residence, which he did. Before sundown Cho-san moved my things to a house in a large compound at the back of a Chinese sutler's shop on the main street. From the end of the compound I could see the life of the village with greater freedom.

The landlord of this house rented mule teams to the Japanese transport service. I was standing at the entrance of the yard when these animals, unescorted by man or boy, came home from their day's work. They were excessively polite: the first mule that arrived, on seeing a white man—ap-

parently for the first time—stood on his hind legs with astonishment. I moved to the left to make room for him; he then waltzed to the right and stood opposite me; he seemed to be saying by this action, "You first, please."

The other six, who had now left off pawing the air, followed suit. I was slightly embarrassed, but thought this might be the rule in Manchuria, so made a swerve to my right. The animals then, in Indian file, trotted into the compound and commenced rolling their hot and weary bodies in the dust. They were regaled on chopped cornstalks and beans moistened with water.

The landlord and his family took their evening meal with the mules in the compound—a less coarse diet but of a similar vegetarian nature. Babies who could hardly toddle sat down with their parents and tried to feed themselves rice with the aid of miniature chopsticks. These people sit at their meal during the twilight and long after the stars come out and seldom use the light of their candles except for going to bed.

Chapter XIV

GREETED BY THE EMPEROR OF KOREA

More scattered leaves from my diary—Silver fish—A bad cat—I change quarters—Cho-san takes a hard drink and becomes soft—My colleague's birthday—Land of the Morning Calm—The Palace of Prosperity and Virtue—We interview royalty—The chief eunuch—Morning Calmers and their ways—Togo and his ships of war.

August 30th.—Beautifully bright morning. I am awakened by my servant haggling with a fish vendor in the yard. I find a man with a huge basketful of the most curious fish I have ever seen. Things with heads like herrings and bodies tapering off like eels, but flat and looking like pure silver; some are at least a yard long. They are sold by weight, the fisherman using a primitive scale which he slings over his shoulder. There must have been a good catch, for I noticed the sheen of the fish all over the village. One sees the children struggling home with their arms full of the bright silver, and the sun dances and sparkles on their long, sinuous bodies hanging from the eaves of the houses to dry. I must tell Cho-san to boil the next lot, for the grease which he uses in frying (strong, and to the Celestial taste) no doubt spoiled the delicate piscatorial flavor. The breakfast has not been a success.

August 31st.—Cho-san stupidly left the lid of the improvised stewpan unsecured by the brick which usually keeps it in place, and the wretched cat with one

vicious eye, from next door, has eaten the contents left over for lunch. I don't care, so long as young Barry doesn't turn up. I can do till the evening ration comes along; but Barry is always so infernally hungry.

Cho-san tells me, on return, that the people next door are indignant at their cat for eating my meal, and that as a punishment for evil-doing they are going to eat him. I insist on the sacrifice not taking place. Cho-san remonstrates with me.

"Cat all same no good; he catches one piecee stew two piecee time."

"Never mind," I say, "I must see that one piecee cat all alive in one piecee morning."

September 6th.—Leave Sodiako for good this morning with Yamaguchi, our chief interpreter, to take up my quarters at the village of Tobeshin. There is much official leave-taking. The chief of the commissariat is exceedingly hospitable and insists on opening some wine. It is about 8.30 in the morning—an unusual hour for drinking burgundy, but it is uncorked specially for me and I am obliged to honor the occasion. Cho-san is made happy for a time with *sake*, which he has never before tasted, and is very unhappy later; during the march he has to sit down.

"What's the matter, Cho-san?"

"Master, my no savvy. One piecee *sake* my take two piecee master my see."

I place him in the shadow of a tree till he gets over his dizziness.

September 8th.—Barry breaks the news to me this morning that he is going to celebrate his birthday, which is on the 10th of this month, and he will invite myself, Goto, and Yamaguchi. Ricarlton says that he will not be of the party because he thinks the whole thing too frivolous during a siege; but then, he has seen more

than fifty birthdays and probably is fed up with them. I sympathize with Barry, especially when I hear the good rations he is about to provide. Anyway, it will kill time, which always hangs heavy in the life of a war correspondent before a beleagured city if there is no other kind of killing going on.

Nothing but outpost affairs today.

September 10th.—Barry's birthday. Splendid morning. Cho-san during the afternoon turns us out of our room to prepare for to-night's feast, saying; "Master, you go; my savvy all litee."

When we return to dine we find our guests waiting outside, and Cho-san, with door barred against all intruders, still busy within. We knock for admission, but the hammering does not affect our servant till he is quite ready. Then with great pomp the door is thrown open. It is really a remarkable transformation from our dull, gray hole of a dining room. Many candles, stuck into jam pots, illumine the scene from certain points of vantage and there is a cluster of them in beer bottles on the table, casting their light on a surprising novelty to our guests as well as ourselves—a dazzling white tablecloth, with four rosy apples as a centerpiece (a birthday present from Cho-san to Barry) and a serviette apiece.

We all marvel at the genius of Cho-san in evolving a tablecloth from the wilds of Manchuria, but I discover later that it is one of Barry's nightshirts cut in two with the sleeves split up into table napkins.

September 13th.—"There's not much going on this morning;" says Barry. "I want to know if you have time to tell me about the *Manchu Maru* trip—you saw the Korean Emperor and Admiral Togo and the Japanese fleet. Have you time?"

"Oh, yes," I reply, "I have just sent off my budget

to the *News*, and have nothing immediately to do. Of course you know we called at all the Japanese naval bases en route to Korea, and I can assure you it was a revelation to me; these Japs have done wonders since I was with them ten years ago. I feel it as a personal satisfaction that they have advanced so much with their navy, because what I saw of the handling of the ships and the way in which they disembarked their infantry on the Liaotung Peninsula, a decade since, inspired me with the happy thought of suggesting, in several press interviews I had in 1895, an alliance with England which, as you know, afterward came about.

"They can make everything necessary to carry on a naval war, with the exception of battleships and cruisers. I saw one first-class torpedo-boat in course of construction. Their workshops and machinery for making guns and ammunition are equal, for the size, to any of the arsenals in Europe. Then the training of their cadets—well, nothing can be much better. The physical end of it is certainly finer than any I have yet seen. Of course, I did not see the gun factory at Osaka; but you will be able to judge what work they are capable of turning out when those 11-inch mortars arrive. I bet they will surprise the Russians who believe up to now that we have nothing to equal their 10-inch coast-defense guns.

"Sasebo, one of the most important of their naval stations, is the most snug and curiously hidden, out-of-the-way place you could possibly imagine. Viscount Enoui, who was with us, told me there was a similar harbor in the North Island, almost opposite Vladivostok. The contour of the coast near Sasebo is such an upheaval of volcanic matter—a chaos of rugged hills—that the opening into this wonderful harbor is difficult to discover among the many false inlets breaking the coast line. When you do find the opening, the narrow

straits leading into the bay are bristling with guns, but when they are passed the stretch of water before one looks like a placid Cumberland lake with no sign of big craft upon it.

"You steam a mile along this lake toward steep hills that drop sheer into the waters; then, just as you think you are running into them, you turn suddenly to your left through another narrow pass, and there appears a haze of smoke through which numerous transports and ships of war are seen, and beyond, busy docks and a bustling township. Two hundred ships can lie hidden in that harbor, while all the fleets in the universe might be roving outside for months on the lookout and never find them.

"We had an excellent crowd on board the 'excursion steamer,' as some, who were sorry they didn't come, christened it. There were Jap peers, members of the legislature, and naval attachés galore. I had a most interesting chat with a prominent member of the Lower House as to what Japan will do after the war if she is victorious. He told me that he knew it was the intention of the Mikado's government not to annex a foot of Korea or Manchuria. They are not going to play the game of bluff that Russia has been playing. They will show the whole world that the war is being carried on to make sure that Japan will have no more fear of an inroad by the Muscovite on the dear, beloved Land of the Rising Sun. Korea will be for the Koreans and Manchuria will still belong to China. In fact, they will occupy the latter country as we occupy Egypt—whatever that may mean. Open doors everywhere, but Japan with the first foot in.

"She has the first foot in Korea; you may be certain we found this everywhere. Her Consuls have the finest sites for their residences, and there are Japanese colonies

in every town. The people of Korea don't seem unhappy in face of this inroad, except for one thing, and that is that wherever the Jap goes he carries cleanliness and tidiness with him, and this the inhabitants of the Land of the Morning Calm seem to abhor. I don't think I have ever met with people who live in such a state of filth, though at first you think, by their costumes of white cotton, which the highest and the lowest of them wear, that they must be quite a dainty, well-washed people. This is not the fact, believe me. They do little washing —only their clothes, and of those but the outer garment.

"They are a gentle and amiable race, and seem to smoke their lives lazily away through pipes at least a yard long. They wear the most curious-looking hats, which are somewhat like the Welsh stovepipe, and ordinarily black; but owing to the death of the Empress all Korea is in mourning, and most people have gone in for white hats—just the reverse of the European custom. Those who can't afford to purchase a white one stick a piece of white paper the size of a luggage label on the top, and presto! they are at once in the fashion.

"They really wear a double headgear, for under these hats—which are jauntily tied with tape below their chins—are skull caps so tightly bound round on the head that the flesh bulges out below the strap. It is said that one can always tell the skull of a Korean from that of any other nationality by the indentations round the cranium caused by their excessive pressure. This curious head-and-skull cap figures considerably, not only on their heads, but in many things. For instance, before European uniforms and kepis came into fashion, a company officer instead of saying to his contingent, 'The right file will move three paces to the front, quick march,' would order, 'The front and rear hats on the right,' etc.

"Oh, they are a quaint people! A Korean woman, when she marries, never sees her husband till the day of the wedding, and when married is not permitted to speak in his presence till the first child is born."

"And," chips in Barry, "when that event occurs, you bet, Villiers, they make up for lost time."

"Mothers-in-law are not allowed to make conversation for their daughters. A Korean honeymoon is therefore probably dull. Yes, they are a curious people. In the markets in Seoul eggs are sold by the yard, packed up in long tubes of straw three feet in length, and small birds are strung on string and vended in the same manner.

"Still, not all people lead quiet, uninteresting lives in Korea. For those living up in the hills there is considerable sport. The men hunt the tiger for six months, and then, when snow is on the ground, the tigers hunt the men for the other half of the year."

"Tell me about the Emperor."

"Don't get impatient, Barry; try a pot of raspberry and mark time with the spoon. I am coming to him soon. The day before His Majesty accorded an interview to our party he gave us a splendid luncheon in the grounds of the Palace of Prosperity and Virtue. We made a brave show in rickshaws and carriages driving through the narrow streets toward the Eastern Gate. The foreign naval attachés in their gold epaulettes and aigulettes and with their white uniforms plastered with decorations, members of the Japanese House of Peers in the newest and shiniest of silk hats, the Japanese correspondents in frock coats and solar topees, the English war correspondents, mostly in evening dress with pith helmets, represented no less than nine or ten different nationalities.

"We suddenly left the filthy streets and passed through a gate into a fairyland of greenery, shady

avenues, lotus ponds, and Chinese pavilions. On the second floor of the largest of these, overlooking the lotus pond, we were treated to a cold collation in European style which would have done justice to a Delmonico or a Carlton. The wines were well matured and of the choicest brands, while the cooking was simply perfection. It was a blazing hot day and I can assure you that the ice cream was one of the most popular dishes going. I discovered that the feast was provided under the personal superintendence of an Alsatian lady, a Miss Sontag, who had been for years, I believe, at the Russian Embassy and had found her way into the household of the Korean Emperor, who had retained her on purpose to look after European guests at the Imperial Court.

"I tell you what, Barry, the Emperor may not be able to govern his own country, but he knows how to entertain European visitors as well as any ruler in a more enlightened land. The following day he granted his guests of the Japanese government and passengers on the *Manchu Maru* an audience. After the peers, attachés, and members of the Diet had been presented, those of the 'fourth estate' were received.

"George Kennan suggested that, as I was the *doyen* of the correspondents, I should take the lead. The result was that the master of ceremonies coached me in one or two matters regarding our behavior before the Emperor, in which I was to tutor my colleagues. The European frock coat and silk-hat costume is the fashion for presentation during the day in Korea. But our crowd had a curious assortment of apparel, evening dress predominating. The chamberlain excused us on the score of being travelers and informed us we might wear anything of a dark nature. One of the amateur correspondents had managed to rig up a sort of evening

dress and looked all right till you came to his shoes—and they were of the lawn-tennis description, which he had well chalked for the occasion.

"I told him that I couldn't pass the shoes. He proposed to take them off, but his socks were colored with a brilliant aniline dye. The Imperial Oriental eye, keen to bright colors, would notice them at once. He then seemed to be struck with a happy thought and hurried out of the room. Just as we were being marshaled into the corridor leading to the Imperial presence, he returned with a pair of ammunition boots that he had borrowed from the sentry standing guard at the American Legation. To my astonishment he wore two medals.

"'Did you borrow these as well?' I whispered.

"'No,' he indignantly replied, 'they are my own.'

"'Didn't know you had seen any fighting,' I said. 'But what are they? they are too pretty for war medals.'

"'Fact is,' said he, 'one is my football medal, and the other—well, three of us had made a journalistic scoop, and we wanted to remember the occasion, so we presented each other with medals. Hope you like the ribbon; my best girl gave me that. I tell you, Villiers,' said he, 'this is a most exclusive decoration—there are only three in the whole world. Now look at yours. One of them, I know, is as common as peanuts' (he was referring to the South African); 'there are at least 150,000 kicking around.'

"I couldn't well contradict him; besides, there was no time. We were now in the presence of the Ruler of the Land of the Morning Calm. It was a large room, with a dais at the farther end, looking very much as if it were arranged for amateur theatricals. The ceiling and walls were white and there was a cluster of electric lamps hanging over the dais, which was covered with

red cloth. On either side the ceiling was supported by white columns, up which wriggled Imperial yellow dragons. At the back of the dais was a silken screen with reeds, storks, and other birds embroidered upon it. In front of it stood the Emperor, by the side of a Louis Quatorze chair. On his left was the Crown Prince, also standing; and on the second step of the stage, to the right of the Imperial Prince, was a tall, sickly-looking person, dressed in a costume similar to the emperor's—which was an ivory-white gown with a girdle of the same color and the white Korean cap with short wings on either side of it. This was the Chief Eunuch, a most important personage at the Korean court.

"As I entered with the contingent of war correspondents they took the signal from me and we made a low bow. We then skirted a large table which was in the center of the room; thirty feet from the door we made another bow, and finally, on arriving within six feet of the throne, we made a third obeisance—a long one to the Emperor and a shorter one to the Crown Prince.

"The Emperor was a small man, with a rather bright, intelligent face. His son was more robust and a foot taller, with a long flabby countenance and a vacuous stare. The Chief Eunuch had a most intelligent face, but looked much more bored than the other two. The Emperor put on a good-humored expression when the bustling little Master of Ceremonies took the bunch of cards from me which I had collected from my colleagues. He handed them to the Crown Prince, who fingered them very gingerly, and did not seem to know quite what to do with them. He held them for a moment or two in the direction of his royal father and then nursed them carefully with both hands. The Master of Ceremonies motioned me to step forward, and our interpreter came up to my side. His Imperial Majesty then spoke.

"'I hope, said he, 'that you and your brethren of the press have had a pleasant journey.'

"'Your Imperial Majesty, we have had a most delightful journey.'

"The Emperor showed his teeth and smiled in the most urbane manner upon us all. Then there was rather an awkward pause, and I understood that it was time to go. I bowed very low to him and slightly to the Crown Prince and, still facing the throne, backed my way toward the door. It was a difficult matter, because I knew there was that wretched table in the center of the room; but I managed to avoid it and safely reached my destination. I did this as quickly as I could because I wanted to take a few notes of the scene on my shirt-cuff. As I was doing this, to my horror I saw my colleagues, having bowed to the Emperor and Crown Prince, make a very profound salaam to the Chief Eunuch, who was evidently disconcerted. But the Emperor seemed to enjoy this *faux pas* on the part of my brethren of the press, and smiled still more benignly.

"We returned to the reception room, where we were served with cake and some excellent champagne, in which we drank the health of his Imperial Majesty. Then we got into our rickshaws and drove back to the hotel."

"Now what about Togo?" says Barry.

"Well, we first of all tried getting up the Yalu to Antung; but the tide and rapids, owing to the recent rains, prevented us from going up the river. . . ."

"Great Scott! what's that?" I cry as a tremendous explosion is heard outside. "That's a big one, let's come and see!"

We hurry to the end of the village and meet d'Adda, our Italian colleague, who is a little excited.

"*Voyons, mes amis!*" says he. The marquis always breaks into French when agitated. "It is hot *absolu-*

ment"—he is juggling a segment of shell from hand to hand—"if you hurry not you all will it miss."

A 10-inch shell had burst against a rock in the dry bed of the watercourse at the end of the hamlet. It seems that a party of about fifty soldiers had been seen by the enemy skirting our village; hence the coming of the projectile. It made a big hole in the stony river bed. Chinese children are already hunting for the pieces. As we returned to our hut Barry says, "Please continue about Togo."

"All right, if you take the chair I will sling myself in the hammock and start afresh. How far had I gone?"

"You spoke of the Yalu River."

"Oh, yes; the *Manchu Maru* left that vicinity suddenly, after a couple of days at Chimulpo, during which I had a chance to revel in the most delightful landscape and seascapes, full of the most delicate color in the morning and of the richest and most gorgeous hues I have witnessed at sunset.

"Toward evening a torpedo boat seemed to have dropped from the heavens and began shooting through the water like a lively porpoise, now to port of us and then to starboard. One of Togo's scouts had sighted us.

"The next morning was misty and the Manchurian coast was hardly visible. Soon a dull gray ridge stood out on the horizon, ahead and to starboard of us, and genial Captain Takarabe told us that it was the Elliott group. There was considerable excitement on board, especially among the correspondents. We were now nearing 'A Certain Place'—the mysterious naval base whence came all those sharp and incisive attacks by the Japanese on Port Arthur. Soon the grayness passed away and bright patches of blue sky gradually lit up the islands; but there was no sign as yet of any naval life in these waters.

"It came upon us as a flash, this 'Certain Place.' Those who were eagerly watching through their glasses almost gasped for breath. A wide bay suddenly opened out with a dense cloud of smoke hanging over it, and in the center, near a lofty gray rock with a crown of emerald on its summit, the victorious fleet lay at anchor. The sun was setting behind this conical shaped island, whose sides were as sheer as that of Gibraltar, turning everything into tones of russet and molten gold. The black pall of smoke above looked like a curtain about to descend and shut out the picture.

"It was a busy scene—some forty ships ready and alert with fires and banked, all vomiting forth smoke. Twenty of them were in their dull slate-colored garb of war. Battleships, first-class cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo craft; and trailing off to the right of the emerald-capped crag, stretching toward the mainland, were transports, repair ships, colliers and the hospital boat *Rossetta Maru*. Those battleships we now admiringly gazed on had all made history. Everyone had seen action and had gone through inconceivable stress and wear.

"The *Kasuga* and the *Nisshin*, the armored cruisers brought out from Italy by English and mixed crews, were lying at anchor in front of the line of battleships composed of the *Asahi*, *Fugi*, *Yashima*, and the flagship *Mikasa*. zWe steamed past the two guard-ships—one, the oldest vessel in the Japanese service, still a useful and well-appointed craft. When she first arrived in Japan in 1882, the country was overjoyed in possessing at last a European-built war vessel, and people visited her by thousands.

"We anchored near these outposts as night fell. From the masts of the guard-ships a bright light suddenly flashed out and as quickly died away—the commander

was proving the electric circuit. Then the whole fleet disappeared in the gloaming and not a light—not even the glow of a cigarette—pierced the darkness. We were in the zone of operations not more than three hours' steaming from the Russian squadrons at Port Arthur.

"This 'Certain Place' is the most ideal rendezvous; it is guarded by small islands threaded together by ten miles of booms composed of steel hawsers and lumber, which are stout enough effectually to prevent a torpedo rush by the enemy. Perfectly snug and comfortable, the Togo fleet had been there since the first attack on Port Arthur, and the Russians had not been able to locate it, or, if it had been located, they had not dared to attempt a raid. A wireless station on a headland with substations along the coast in touch with scout ships might at any time bring the message, 'Russian Fleet is leaving the harbor,' and within a short time Togo would be drawn up in battle array ready to bar the further progress of the enemy.

"Next morning we were shifted out of sight of the fighting squadron. In the forenoon the *Manchu Maru* went out with a scouting section along the coast to within ten miles of the Muscovite stronghold and returned south *via* the Blonde Islands, where, anchored in the middle of the group, we found the great Togo himself on board the *Mikasa* ready to receive us. I can assure you that it was a moment one would always remember, when our boat, steaming between the flagship and another battleship, dropped anchor.

"A crowd of men with eager, interested faces swarmed the decks of those towering gray hulls, anxious to get a glimpse of the newcomers who had just arrived from the peaceful world without. Soon the pinnaces were busy and we were all put on board the *Mikasa*. Admiral Togo is a small man, turning gray, with a short-cropped

naval beard and a face that shows little emotion. Most polite in manner, he paid us remarkable attention considering that his time was taken up with vastly more important matters. He complimented us on our enterprise in coming so far from the other side of the globe to see what his countrymen were doing. Then we drank his health; and after that we were let loose over the ship.

"I have been on British warships while in action or on the verge of meeting the foe, but I never saw any decks more trim or the men and officers neater and smarter than the crowd on the *Mikasa*. Of course, they were prepared for us; but still in time of war admirals are too busy to waste much time in furbishing up for visitors. The great man had a peculiar way of standing with his arms akimbo. I took a sketch of him in this position; and then I found a most amusing coincidence: from the Chief of Staff down to the middies, all aped their beloved chief and stood in the same attitude.

"Of course, Togo could not tell us anything regarding the situation, but I think he felt fairly satisfied with what had been done and confident that he would eventually smash the Russian fleet.

"When I returned to the *Manchu Maru* I found the admiral's card with a polite message asking me to excuse his not returning the call, as he was just now so fully occupied."

"That's fine," said Barry. "How exceedingly polite these Japs are. By the bye, you know that we have been invited to visit that everlasting bone of contention, Ban-u-san?"

"Yes," I replied, "so we have—at 9.30 sharp, to-morrow morning."

September 16th.—Our promised visit to the famous hill is at last to take place. On arriving on the scarred *glacis*

of the fort we find the position still a warm corner in spite of the fact that four weeks have passed since its capture. Its rear trench confronts the enemy's sharp-shooters, who are intrenched within fifty yards of the Chinese Wall where it passes below the Boudisan, or Watch Tower Hill. The traverses are teeming with men ready for any possible assault by the Russians. Bullets are continually singing over our heads and showers of shrapnel rend the air, for that rear trench is under fire night and day, and is a target from both front and flanks. The Muscovites have rushed it time after time, holding it for a few minutes until driven back to their own lines below the wall.

Through the day the maimed bodies of the sentries keeping guard by the shattered parapets are noiselessly brought down on dripping stretchers to the surgeons below, or with a blanket to hide their rigid face and stiffening limbs they lie in the shadow of the trench through the terrible noonday heat till night allows their comrades to give them decent burial. Those who survive the terrible watch in that trench are relieved every half-hour. The colonel told me that he could not expect his men to stand the awful strain of that bloody sentry-go for a longer period. On the strength of this I at once christen it the "Thirty-minute trench."

Only two men are allowed to go into the trench at a time, for the enemy are sure shots. So we start, with ten yards interval between us, toward the zone of the fire. Taking our cue from an officer who steals on in front of us, we pause when he stops, take cover when he makes signs, advance at the double, or slowly work our way along the wall. The sun is beating down upon us in a pitiless manner, the air is close and oppressive. In spite of the sanitary state of the fort—which is marvelous considering the men cannot move an inch outside its

parapets—the air soon becomes more oppressive and absolutely nauseating.

"Please excuse," whispers the officer conducting us (for no voice is now raised above a whisper, as we are within hearing of the Russian sentries), "if the scent be too bad; but we cannot help it."

We peep between the planks supporting a bomb-proof shelter. It is a gruesome sight; the dead of the assaulting parties have been there since the capture glistening in the sun not more than twenty yards away. The Russians will not allow us to sprinkle the ghastly heap with wholesome earth. As I look at this weird sight I remember a similar scene. The Russians suffered in the way the Japs do to-day when holding the Gravitza redoubt at Plevna in the summer of 1877. The Turks would not allow them to bury their dead. It made the situation more terrible for the Russian outposts to face the festering heaps of their dead comrades, night and day for four weary months, before the fall of that fortress.

This present is a dangerous game, nevertheless. But the little men facing these horrors on Ban-u-san will not be cowed by a barbarous Turkish trick; they will fight all the better. They take it as a stimulant; for the spirits of those uncremated bodies, lying stark to the sun, are now ever at the elbows of their living comrades, urging them to do the last offices to their material remains so that they may gain eternal peace in the Shinto Shades.

The sentries in that appalling place are moving about like caged animals, stealthily creeping from one loophole to another, getting a snapshot at the slightest movement of any living thing at the opposite side of the parapet and then quickly diving for cover. The slightest sign of animation from our trench or the sound of a voice will bring a deadly volley from the enemy's marksmen. The bullets plunge into the sandbags,

SCENE IN THE LATE RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR

splinter the stout timber shelter-frames; and the ricochets, spurting in their erratic course from all quarters as they strike sandbag and rock, make me come to the conclusion that I was never before in quite such a hell as this "Thirty-minute trench." I take much less than the allotted time of sentry duty to do my work and gracefully retire, having seen enough for one forenoon.

As usual, when we get back to headquarters we find an excellent luncheon provided for us, and General Oyshima presents us with some sweetmeats which his wife has made and just sent from Tokyo. I am introduced to Major-General Ichinobe, the officer who eventually succeeded in occupying the fort after the terrible assault of the Japanese last month. But for his dark skin, made darker by the tan of the sun, he might be taken for a European, for his stature is above that usually seen in the Japanese and the strength and expression of his face remind me of my late friend and comrade, Archibald Forbes.

The Toss turns up at luncheon, gets much excited with good fare, and then, as usual, has a fit of generosity. He takes a great fancy to one little officer who is excessively polite to him. The Toss pats him on the back and pulls out his card-case.

"There, that's where you'll find me—the Junior, you know. Tell you what, when you come to England you let me know! We'll have a good time. We also have got some fine geishas, I can assure you. I'll take you to the Alhambra. Then you must come and stay with me at my place in the country. Tell you what, we'll go and see the Autumn maneuvers!"

I look at him in astonishment. The audacity of the man! Here are we, seeing some of the biggest fighting of the century, and he suggests, as an amusement, the English Autumn maneuvers!

The officer he addresses is smiling and bowing, not quite understanding what he means; but another by my side at once has taken out his pocket dictionary and turns the pages over rapidly. At last he stops. "Ah!" he says, gazing at The Toss, "I see; yours is an agricultural district. The autumnal manuring—most interesting."

The harvest moon is splendid to-night; Goto and I take a walk before supper to look at her mellow disk. The sturdy Manchurian husbandmen are busily thrashing corn. The yellow maize, beaten out of its husks, lies piled on the smooth mud floor, looking like a mass of burnished gold as the sun takes a last peep at it before leaving the valley. Naked children are playing around the golden pyramids of grain, imitating with their wee voices the incessant singing of the passing shells, with a final bang for the bursting. One little mimic has got the hammer of the machine-guns by heart, to the intense delight of his companions.

Sept. 26th.—"Is that you, Cho-san?"

"Allee litee, master."

"Good; I thought it was the cat again after more stew. How on earth did you get in? Oh, yes; I remember. Barry-san had a bath in the antechamber and left the hall door open. What! water boiling? I wish you would not break up those biscuits, Cho-san; I would rather do that job myself. My fingers, I feel, are cleaner than yours after messing about with the fire. Anyway, if not, it's my own dirt, which is more or less a comfort."

Slight rain during the night has made the morning hazy. There is the usual greeting from the Russian batteries, and no answer from the Japanese.

The fighting during the night was, as I expected, the enemy attempting to prevent the work of the

sappers. Just heard how Major-General Yamamoto, of the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, met his death; he was shot through the head in a trench at the foot of 203 Metre Hill.

There is considerable hammering in the ante-chamber, and I discover that Cho-san is struggling to make a fresh meat ration, which has just been sent from headquarters, into a tender steak. Still, when the midday meal arrives the perpetual stew is brought on, but by way of variety it is called by Cho-san, "Ilish."

After dinner I light my pipe and wander into the open. The harvest is just over and but for the incessant rumble of cannon one would never guess that a great war was in progress. The donkeys move unmolested up and down the roads, picking up stray beans and millet stalks, enjoying a well-earned rest after their exertions in bringing in the harvest, for their duties have indeed been heavy. I have seen these animals, some not bigger than a Newfoundland dog, struggling homeward with a load as large as a tramcar.

The "Chinese horse," as the little beast is called by the Japanese, is long-suffering and long-enduring, as well as long-eared. I have never had so much respect and admiration for any ass before. Why has that name come to be suggestive of stupid imbecility? A horse is a far sillier animal. He will go on, if man will let him, till he drops dead. A donkey will go on till he gets tired, and then he

will sit down. I am well acquainted with this sensible trait in this much despised brute, for it was demonstrated to me the other day, when I had to smoke at least two pipes by the roadside, seated on my haversack, till the donkey felt refreshed enough to proceed.

When at last the triumphal Jap army was marching into Port Arthur after the fall I was on my road back to Japan with the full story of the assault, and eventually arrived in England just in time to spend Christmas day with my wife and family and to publish the first book on the war which appeared in Europe—for nothing was allowed to be published of the three months' siege till after the final occupation of the fortress.

Chapter XV

KITCHENER IN THE SUDAN

Up the Nile—Across the desert—A movie camera and iron horse cause jealousy—The advance on Omdurman—A scorpion and its ways—A gunboat darkroom—A setback—The dervish attack—Saving the Camel Corps—Winston Churchill—Lieutenant Beatty—Their first rungs of the proverbial ladder—A solemn ceremony—The men of the moment, MacDonald, Hunter, and "Back-acher" Catacre.

WHEN I joined Kitchener's expedition in the Sudan to avenge the death of Gen. Charles Gordon, I took with me a cinema camera in spite of my setback with one in the Greek war. I thought that in this case I might get some of the real stuff before the fakers set to work, because it would be hard for them to vamp up the local color of the desert, dervish costumes, and so forth. I kept the matter a secret from my confrères as much as possible, for, naturally, I wanted to be the first in the field. But soon the bulk of my camera gave the secret away, and of course the other men wanted to take movies as well. Why they imagined they could get the necessary camera and spools simply by wiring to Cairo, as one would for a packet of tea, I have no idea; but, anyway, the whole thing caused

no little excitement in our mess. The two who were going to upset my little plans would occasionally look at me with a kind of pity for the "beat" they were making. Presently their box arrived, and the look of triumph quickly died out of their faces when they found that instead of a camera it contained a lantern projector and quite an amusing series of films of a racy terpsichorean nature to please an Egyptian audience.

I also had with me a bicycle, which my colleagues looked upon as a mad idea. However, I had been over the ground before and knew that throughout a considerable part of the desert there was a light covering of sand over a hard floor called the *agaba.* I could always get a spin over that and my camel could carry my "iron horse," as the natives called it, on his hump whenever I came across heavy sand. My tent was also a new idea for the desert, a glorified umbrella that could be put up in less than five minutes by tugging at a cord. You only want a cover from the sun in the Sudan, for no matter what precaution you may take you can never keep out the impalpable dust and the filthy flies.

The campaign was intensely interesting to me in that the advance was so different from Lord Wolseley's just thirteen years before. In that campaign the commanding general was an alien leading an alien army. Everything had to be paid for through the nose and one had to be gentle and

persuasive with the natives if he wanted any work out of them. The slowness of the "Gypies" could not be hastened in those days with the whip or a threat of sudden dissolution.

Moreover, in Wolseley's days the Sudan was an unknown country which he had to explore as he advanced, and Kitchener was one of his tentacles to probe the lay of the land. During the subsequent thirteen years, however, Sir Francis Wingate had followed every move of the enemy, through his intelligence department, and Kitchener, being the Sirdar, was practically an Egyptian and could stoop to Egyptian methods. Unlike Wolseley, he had everything pretty well mapped out, even including the monetary cost—which is always the thing that interests a government—before he started on his venture.

But with all this advantage, when the great fight took place at Omdurman in September, 1898, the Khalifa escaped; and he remained at large till the following year, when Wingate rounded him up and killed him. The credit for the reconquest of the Sudan was due mainly to Thomas Cook & Son, Sir Francis Wingate, Sir Percy Girouard, and the Egyptian convicts who, under the lash from dawn to sunset, carried the sleepers to build the Nubian Desert railway which made the campaign possible.

During the march upcountry General Kitchener lost no chance to practice for the coming struggle.

He kept his men in the pink of condition for the final fight and took the greatest pains with every detail of his advance, so that when at last we sighted the Khereri Hills, which look down on Omdurman, we were all spoiling for the fight. We then encamped, while the gunboats opened the ball, demolishing a few dervish forts along the Nile bank. About midnight we struck our tents for the march at dawn.

We were lying sleeping in the open when unfortunately it commenced to rain. I drew up over me a lap of the waterproof canvas of my tent and dropped off to sleep. Suddenly I leaped up with a cry, for I thought I had been stabbed. My servant, who was sleeping near me, evidently guessing what had occurred, caught me in his arms and brushed something from my shoulder; then he commenced rubbing the place vigorously. The pain was so intense that I almost collapsed. He said, "Try and rub, master; rub till I come back," and rushed away.

Presently he returned with a bottle, forced the neck in my mouth, and commenced pouring the contents down my throat. He told me afterward, for I was too far gone at the time to know, that it was raw whisky which he had borrowed from my friend Bennet Burleigh.

Not till half that bottle had been poured down my throat was he satisfied. It was a drastic measure, but it probably saved me for the next day's fight.

I had been stung by a scorpion that was trying to get in under my cover from the rain.

Luckily for me that day the dervishes did not attack. We marched into position as on a field-day and were stationed with our front to the desert and our rear to the Nile, supported by the gun-boats. I was able to crawl to the shadow of a mud hut by the river and there I lay as though stunned during the heat of the day. Toward the evening I was well enough to walk round our position and saw the enemy begin to advance outside the walls of Omdurman; but there was no attack. At sunset the expectant armies faced each other in dead silence.

It was exceedingly bright moonlight that night. I dared not load my camera in the shadow of the hut or even in the interior, the light was so powerful. Therefore I went down to the right flank gunboat and Commander Gordon allowed me to change my films in her hold.

I was there working for many hours—the films for movies were difficult to fix in a hurry in those days. When I had finished I nearly fainted from the suffocating heat and the aftermath of the sting. The late Prince Francis of Teck, who was an officer on board, dragged me up on deck and brought me some water, which soon revived me.

By this time it was dawn and I was preparing to land with my apparatus when the boat began to move. We had received orders to find the Camel

Corps, which had not returned from reconnoitering, and to hurry back for the general attack. This was annoying, but Gordon told me I could erect my tripod in the aft battery, which had been put out of action the previous day; and as his boat would be close in-shore I should see everything.

I thought it was a good idea, for I had a level platform and a wonderful coign of vantage. We steamed northward for some distance, but did not find the Camel Corps, so we returned to our position. The dervishes were now streaming toward us in great force—about ten thousand spearmen—just as I wanted them, in the face of the early sun and in the face of my camera.

I had just commenced to grind the "coffee pot" when our fore battery opened fire. The effect on my apparatus was instantaneous and astounding. The gunboat had arrived on the Nile in sections and had evidently been fixed up for fighting in a hurry, for with the blast of her guns the deck planks opened up and snapped together, and down went my tripod. The door of the camera flew open and my films were exposed. However, I had no time to weep over spilt milk, for the fighting had commenced. I pulled out my sketchbook, and my only comfort was that from my vantage point I saw many things I should have missed ashore and that no camera of my kind could have registered.

While the masses of dervishes hurried forward under the black standard of the Khalifa to attack

our front, thousands of spearmen, led by another black flag, were marching round the Kereri Hills on our right flank, just as if the frontal attack had been arranged to screen their movement. But that screen within a half-hour was wiped out by our infantry and machine-guns. From the gunboat it looked as if the vast plains in front of us had suddenly been snowed upon, for at least nine thousand white tunics patched the yellow sand.

Once more we were ordered to search for the Camel Corps; so we returned northward. We found them being driven through a narrow *khor* in the Kereri Hills by the dervish flanking army. Our camel men simply stood at bay with their backs against our hull, for we were touching the banks. As soon as the gunboat went into action our machine-guns proved too much for the enemy and they hastily retired, to swell the flank attack on MacDonald's black brigade. We then steamed back to our position and arrived in time for one of the most exciting events of the day—the charge of the 21st Lancers. I saw little of that but the dust and the spear points, for it took place on the extreme left of our formation and I was on the extreme right. Even so it was a brave show, I have always envied that intrepid young officer, Mr. Churchill, who was attached to the Twenty-first and received his baptism of fire that day. He rode in that never-to-be-forgotten charge and later gave a brilliant description of it in the *Morning*

Post and in his own intensely interesting book, *The River War.*

Shortly after the fall of Omdurman a selected number of men from each regiment were taken across the river to Khartum. The gunboats were drawn up under the ruined walls of the palace and a funeral service was read over the spot where Gordon fell. The Last Post was sounded to the booming of the guns. This solemn function was more than impressive to me, for when waiting with the rest of the old relief column at Metamneh thirteen years before I was the first to hear, down by the river, of the death of the man whom we had now at last avenged and whose memory we had just honored. I was so cut up over the soul-stirring ceremony that I was glad to get out of the mournful crowd and be befriended by Commander Beatty on his Nile gunboat, which I had seen him fix up on the river earlier in the campaign.

There were two men in the Kitchener expedition whose careers are phenomenal for their rapid rise to fame and fortune; I doubt if there is a parallel in the whole of British history. One of those men, Lord Beatty, now heads the Imperial Fleet, and the other, the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, is a distinguished Cabinet Minister. But I think the palm must be given to Churchill, for the vicissitudes of his career are almost equal in excitement and adventure his great ancestor Marlborough's, and his pluck and resourcefulness in

gaining each rung of the ladder even surpass those of the great duke.

Before leaving the column I called on Kitchener to wish him good-by. It was the third and last time I interviewed him, and I found him a different man altogether from what he was when I visited him a few months prior to this final march which brought him victory and fame. His face then was seamed and stern and the peculiar cast in the right eye was very pronounced. The years of hard work in organizing the Egyptian army for the great event in his life, the smashing of the Dervish power, had considerably told upon him. He had been sleeping in the courtyard of a house in Berber and was seated on an *angareb* or native bedstead, from which he had just arisen when I entered, and was stirring a cup of tea.

Now I hardly knew him; he was so changed. His face suggested a power that was never there in the early days. It seemed as if a new spirit had entered the man. It was a hard, impenetrable face, and the cold gray eyes, by virtue of the defect in one of them, never seemed to fix their gaze. One had the impression, when he spoke, that the eyes were either looking straight over the top of one's head or piercing one below the knees. A most useful defect, I thought, when receiving some of my colleagues bent on extracting precious news; for those eyes could never belie what the lips uttered. Like most generals in command he looked upon war corre-

spondents as a great nuisance, and I must admit that if I were in a similar position I should hold most of them in the same light. But Kitchener, unlike many of his predecessors who have accepted the war fraternity of the pen and pencil as a necessary evil and have become reconciled to their presence, seldom disguised his aversion but looked upon all with suspicion. Yet no officer in His Majesty's service has been treated more loyally, and I must say, at times, more leniently, by the war correspondents under his command than the late Earl Kitchener.

All who were at the battle of Omdurman know what Hector MacDonald did to insure the final victory. I was lucky enough to see the great Dervish flank attack develop, and know the setback we should have had but for that heroic soldier's quick and decisive movement to meet the whirlwind of fanatics. This was the first time I had seen MacDonald in action, and for a moment some of us had qualms as to the steadiness of his blacks in stemming the surging crowds of white-gibbehed Dervishes sweeping down upon them.

But MacDonald seemed to have no doubt; he was as cool and as level-headed in all this turmoil as when I met him the preceding year at a sale of correspondents' superfluous stores at Berber, when he quietly nodded to the auctioneer to knock him down some canned peaches and a Christmas pudding. What a fine, healthy, square-set type of humanity

he was! Who, having once seen him, can ever forget that bright, ruddy face with the firm set of the jaw, the lively blue eyes, and the alert, upright figure, with just a touch of the drill-sergeant about him.

What a different type of soldier was the man who so ably assisted MacDonald in that gallant stand, Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter! Dapper, smart, and dainty in attire, with nothing suggestive of the fighter about him, he was nevertheless as keen and alert as his burly Highland comrade in that day's work. Yes, Kitchener had excellent officers under him in the Sudan campaign to help him up the ladder of fame. The ubiquitous Maj.-Gen. Sir William Gatacre was a perfect dynamo of energy—up before reveille and the last to retire after "lights-out."

Not a thing that he asked a man to do but that he could do as well or even better. If a Tommy was slow at emptying a railway truck of meal sacks, he was up on the pile himself with his coat off, showing the men what they could do if they chose. The "Back-acher" they called him, but no men bent their backs to their work more than Gatacre, and for that reason his soldiers loved him and worked like niggers under him.

I remember coming across him on the afternoon before the battle of Omdurman; he was in command of the British brigade, and after a long weary march lasting from dawn till late in the afternoon

some of his men seemed to be lagging. Kitchener sent his brother, who was chief of the transport, with an offer to General Gatacre of a number of camels to assist the men.

Gatacre was on foot, as usual when his men were on a long march, showing them that he could stand the strain as well as they. His face was very red and his angry eyes gleamed with indignation as he blurted out, "Sir, tell General Kitchener it can't be done! No, by —— the men shall walk! It would be an insult to the country from which they enlisted if they rode while the men of other regiments were on foot. No, sir, no! Tell him that it can't be done!"

Unfortunately most of this burst of indignation was lost on the transport officer, for he was stone deaf. But he gleaned the purpose of Gatacre's remarks by the peppery appearance of his face, and dashed back to report to his brother. Though the men were sorely distressed they bucked up on hearing the reply of their beloved leader; for they felt that Gatacre was right. At the battle of the Atbara, which paved the way to Omdurman, he was the first to clear a breach in the enemy's *zareba* under a galling fire, to make it easier for his men to push through. Soldiers never forget such deeds as that.

DECADE

1910–1920

Chapter XVI

1910–1920

CLAIRVOYANCE

I am told my fortune—I sail for the Cape—Land at Port Elizabeth—The trail of the prophecy—The Magersfontein affair—The prophecy comes true—Sunnyside—Lumbago saves a brigade—Major Haigh—General French—Brabazon of the Guards—I miss my silver disk—Cecil Rhodes besieged—I interview the Empire-builder—He takes me round Kimberley and shows me the sights—Methuen and his night attack—The passing of an Empress—The mystery of the cannon.

IF anyone was to ask if I were superstitious, I should certainly answer "No," yet I cannot say that I have no belief in clairvoyance; for during the South African campaign I came across something which seemed to go rather beyond the bounds of mere coincidence. On the voyage out to Australia for a lecture tour, my wife and I met a charming little woman with whom we struck up a friendship; and we found that she was a member of an occult set in London.

When war with the Boers was on the eve of being declared she came to see us at our hotel in Melbourne, and my wife asked her to read my palms. When she had finished I suggested that she might

tell me what was going to happen to me if war broke out in South Africa.

"Yes," she said, "I will do my best."

She dropped my hand, then looked into a corner of the room in a half-dazed sort of way and told me, as though slowly reading from a book, the following:

"You will go to South Africa with Australian troops, on board a ship bound for Cape Town, but you will not land there." This, I remonstrated, was unfortunate, because the headquarters of the army would be established there and I must get my official permits for the armies in the field.

"That will be all right," she continued. "You will get your passes and will proceed to the front, but you will be stopped on the way. This will give you some annoyance, but you will be allowed to continue your journey by applying to a person in high quarters, and I see you will carry dispatches to him from another person in high quarters."

"My dear lady," said I, "it's rather out of the war correspondents' province to carry dispatches; generals don't trust the members of the 'fourth estate' in this manner nowadays."

"I know nothing about that," she answered, "but you will do so. You will meet the person in high quarters who befriends you, and find you have met before—and he will be seated in a cart or carriage.

"This can't happen," I laughed, "for generals commanding in the field generally ride their chargers."

"Well, this one won't," she confidently asserted.

"Never mind him," I replied. "Please let me know about the fighting."

"I can see," she continued, looking dreamily at a corner of the ceiling, "a mist or gloaming. It's not night nor day, but evidently between lights, and men are hurriedly coming back."

"Are they in open order?" I inquired.

"What's that," she asked. I told her. She was still looking intently into the corner of the room.

"No, I can see they are close to one another in clumps and running."

"That's shocking," said I, "for that looks like a British disaster."

"Will he be killed?" asked my wife, "No; not if he carries a token I will send him before he leaves Australia; but he will possibly be sick. However, if he sticks to the token he will get out of the war safely."

Now this is what happened. We left Sydney on a trooper bound for Cape Town where I intended to land. When we arrived at Algoa Bay the harbor master came aboard and told us that General Gatacre was about to move on Stormberg. I immediately left the ship and landed at Port Elizabeth, with the intention of joining my friend Gatacre. But when Colonel Fairholme, the commandant of the town, told me that Lord Methuen was about to relieve Kimberley, I changed my mind again and decided to join his command; for to get into

Kimberley and be the first to interview Cecil Rhodes would be a tremendous journalistic score.

The commandant of Port Elizabeth kindly wired to Cape Town and arranged for my passes to be sent on to the junction at De Aar, then the commandant of that station brought me my passes and I continued my journey to the Modder. Arriving at Orange River we had to change trains and the officers in charge of the station told me, to my astonishment, that in spite of my credentials I could not proceed, for Lord Methuen had been so fed up with war correspondents that he wanted no more.

This was a grave setback. I tramped the platform for some time hardly knowing what to do. However, I was allowed to wire Lord Methuen. I spent a restless night rolled up in my blanket at the station. Early the next morning a reply came: "Glad to see you, come at once."

But there was no train till evening. It rained all day. The metals of the permanent way were submerged, so abundant was the downpour. My train, consisting of commissariat trucks bound for camps all the way up to Modder River, was to start at eight. During the afternoon the officer in command of the troops at Orange River phoned to ask me to carry important dispatches to General Methuen, as he could not spare an orderly for the purpose. As the train was about to start a messenger arrived with a long blue envelope and told me from

the brigadier, "If the train is attacked, don't destroy the papers till the situation is hopeless."

I jumped into the guard's van and with the carcass of a sheep for my bed and a sack of potatoes and onions for my pillow, tried to settle down for a night's sleep; for the morrow was to be an eventful day.

I was aroused by the dull booming of cannon, and found myself in the gray of the dawn at Modder River station. I rushed into the station hotel, got some hot coffee and a hunk of bread, and rushed out, following the sound of the artillery fire, for I could see nothing—so dense a mist arose as a result of the downpour of the previous day and night.

Presently some loaded carts loomed up out of the fog, which I found were full of food for the starving folk in besieged Kimberley. Presently the Highlanders escorting them hurried forward to the head of the column and commenced skirmishing. I followed them and discovered, as the mist lifted, that they were covering the retreat of the Highland Brigade, the regiments of which had been bunched up and almost decimated in a corner of a purple hill called Magersfontein.

We were able to stem the onrush of the Boers, and some of our stretcher-bearers began picking up our wounded. Having filled my book with sketches, I suddenly found the long blue envelope in my pocket and at once became anxious to deliver it to the general. I asked everyone I met if he

had seen Lord Methuen, but without result until a Tommy said, "I think, sir, you will find him over there," pointing out at the same time a Cape cart standing under cover of some short scrub. I went straight toward it and found a staff officer standing by the cart. I addressed him civilly and asked if Lord Methuen was there. With an extremely supercilious air he said, "And what do you want with Lord Methuen?"

"That's my business," I replied; "so the general is there?"

The officer grunted an affirmative and added, "You can't see him."

"I must," I insisted, "I have important dispatches to deliver."

"I'll take them," said he.

"The devil you will!" said I. "Take my card at once to the general."

He looked very sour but he had no alternative, and presently returned to say the general would see me.

I stepped up to the cart. Methuen was lying back with one leg cocked up on the opposite rail. He had been wounded at Belmont and was compelled to travel in this fashion. He smiled at me and said, "Now what can I do for you?"

"It's the other way about, sir," I replied, "I have a letter for you." And I delivered the despatch.

He thanked me and said, "What do you think of this business?" I laughingly replied, "It is only

a setback. Surely you must expect a check sometimes."

"Yes," he said, "but this is a bad business. Come and dine with me when the fighting is over." I shook hands and left him.

A few days later I visited Methuen at his headquarters at the Modder River station and found that the attempt to capture Magersfontein had cost us more than was at first realized, and that we should not recommence the offensive for some weeks; so I resolved to take a holiday and join my wife at Port Elizabeth for Christmas.

While I was looking up at the stars one night as I was trying to sleep in a cattle truck, journeying to the coast, I wondered at the vicissitudes I had just gone through—they all seemed so familiar to me. Then the prophecy of the clairvoyant flashed into my mind. My wife had managed to trace my movements and met me on the train's arrival at four in the morning. Before we drove to the hotel, I asked her to relate the prediction, and I found it tallied in every detail with what I had gone through, She then asked me if I still had the silver token the clairvoyant sent me on leaving the Antipodes. As we looked at it and read its mysterious inscription "*Aum Mene Padme Aum*," which means "the pearl in the heart of the lotus," a thrill of wonder passed through me. Her prophecy up to the present had come so true that I was glad I had not lost the token: evidently it was a true mascot.

That Christmas week was a gloomy one for our armies in South Africa. The disasters at Stormberg and Colenso were followed closely by that of Magersfontein. Shortly after Christmas I started for Methuen's command once more. Arriving at Belmont, I learned that an attack was about to be made by our forces on the town of Douglas, so I jumped off the train. The station hotel was so crowded that I had to sleep on the floor of the waiting room. During the night the temperature fell and I woke up with an attack of lumbago. I was able to crawl to a native hut, where I lay all day on a bed of straw, almost paralyzed with pain. Toward evening my native boy brought in Dr. Wilson of Montreal, attached to the Canadian contingent, who plied me with phenacetin and promised that I should be able to move about the next day.

He was right; I managed to climb into my Cape cart and was just in time to be in at our capture of Sunnyside *kopje* on New Year's Day, in which the Canadians and Australasians played so important a part. After the fight I collapsed from weakness and could not keep up with the army when it was subsequently forced to retire. I had to rest at a Boer farmhouse by the roadside, the occupants of which were so scared by the success of the British that they treated me with much kindness.

The rear guard passed onward. I watched the last cloud of dust kicked up by their heels in the face of the setting sun; and I was left alone in the

gloaming with my friends the enemy. Toward midnight I was awakened by one of the sons telling his mother that he had seen the advance guard of the Boers, who in great force were coming from Speyfontein to cut off the British camped for the night at Dover farm, about five miles away. I left my bed and staggered into their room and told them that I had overheard the conversation and that I recognized the boy as one of the guides to the British the previous afternoon. I pointed out that if the Boers arrived and had the slightest suspicion of this fact he would be summarily shot; he must therefore, hurry to the British camp with the news and he would be protected.

The lad was reluctant to go, so I told him that in the event of the Boers meeting with a reverse he would certainly be shot by the British; he was between the devil and the deep sea and of the two he had better try the devil. I would give him a note to our commander, who would look after him, place him in safety, and pay him royally for his services. At last I gained over his mother and through her solicitations he consented to go.

Then I buried my revolver and ammunition so that the Boers when they arrived could not take me for a belligerent, threw myself on the bed, took a sedative, and slept.

I was aroused at dawn not by a posse of rough and truculent Boers but by the buxom landlady with a steaming mug of coffee. The rest had done

me so much good that I was able to get up and drive into camp. My message had been delivered, but there was no sign of a move till night set in, when the order came to clear out. The four hundred prisoners we had captured at Douglas were already en route to our base at Belmont, so we nipped through the encircling ring of Boers unimpeded during the night and got in touch with reinforcements just at daybreak. The success of the little fight was due to Colonel Pilcher, our brigadier, who on this occasion outwitted a crafty and brave enemy; but I think my lumbago had also something to do with it.

Affairs were still hanging fire with Lord Methuen's command. I therefore tried other fields, but the awkward part was that I had no permits to go with any other force and I had to move about and try to see as much as I could without them. These stringent regulations may be all right in the case of men who write and cable, but for the artist they seem unnecessary and they are certainly a tremendous handicap.

Shortly after the incident of Sunnyside I heard that General French was moving on Rensburg. I drove to Honey Nest *kloof* and put up with a friend for a few hours till the train arrived for Nieuport. I took off my heavy revolver-belt, to which was attached my watch and the silver-disk mascot, threw it on the table and tried to sleep; but in a few minutes the train arrived much before the

scheduled time, and I jumped up and hurried to the station just in time to board her when she started. Shortly afterward I discovered, to my dismay, that I had left my belt behind and with it my silver disk.

On arriving at Nieuport I had to alight to change trains for Rensburg. I found the late Sir Ashmead Bartlett and a friend waiting for the connection, and they asked me to come into their coupé. They both had passes to French's command, but I had none. When we arrived at our destination a staff officer, Major Haig, came up and asked for our passes. He questioned my two friends severely while I was puffing at a cigarette in my anxiety. Just as he finished examining Bartlett's pass I threw the cigarette away, and with my hand on my breast pocket strode toward him, when, to my astonishment he waved his hand, saying, "That's all right, Mr. Villiers, I won't trouble you," and turned and walked toward the camp. I have always had a deep respect for that gallant officer, who, as Lord Haig, earned during the recent Great War the gratitude of the whole Empire.

While General French was showing what could be done with cavalry in defending a seventy-mile front he was ably assisted by that gallant officer, Brabazon, of the Household Brigade, straight from those well-known sentry boxes in front of the Horse Guards at Whitehall, where every morning come enthusiastic citizens—especially the nurse-

maids and young England—to see the brave show of changing the guard.

That delightful Beau Brummell of the British army, I remember, in one of his thundering charges had his horse shot under him, and on mounting another his weight was too much for the brute, which sat down under him; but the gallant general got out of the tight corner without a bruise. In 1915 I saw him many times at the War Office, waiting, at nearly eighty years of age, to be taken for work on the Western front; and he certainly looked quite fit enough for another scrap.

I was returning to Nieuport from the Rensburg affair when I heard that a British officer and his horse had been shot and killed at three thousand yards from a *kopje* on one of the roads off the beaten track, so I resolved to return by that route to see if the distance was accurate, for it seemed a marvelous feat of marksmanship.

I examined the place—a gloomy pass in the hills—and found that the distance was certainly as great as had been stated. I jumped into my cart again and trotted quietly along. It was midday and the heat was intense. I was lying back dozing when suddenly a bullet pierced the side curtain of my cart and the report of a rifle awoke my boy, who immediately lashed out at the horses.

I threw my arms round him and pulled up. "Wang!" came another shot. As we came to a standstill I threw up the back curtain and put up my

arms. Then I saw three men approaching in shirt sleeves; two wore the sombrero of the Boers and the third a helmet. When close up I saw that all three were Tommies.

"Can I put my hands down now, or do you wish to murder me? Who are you?" I asked.

"The Suffolks," they replied.

"Well, I shall report you for damned bad shooting anyway. What did you think you were doing?" I inquired, while I handed over my papers.

"Now, look here, sir," one replied, "you be careful about this 'ere road. There's Boers about, and the commanders always drive in Cape carts. There's lots of our fellows looking out for them, so be careful, or maybe you'll find better shooting next time."

I examined the perforated curtains; both shots were near calls. After that I told the driver to stop whenever he saw anyone on the road, and we continued our journey. But I felt uncomfortable; I was longing to get back to Honey Nest *kloof* to recover my belt with that silver disk. This was the first time I had been without it. I had had a narrow shave and I was almost beginning to feel creepy and superstitious, when a shout, "Who goes there," rang out from a rock. "Friend," I answered briskly, and my papers were examined again.

On nearing Nieuport I saw a platoon of red-coats astride the road, so I got out of the cart and advanced. A sergeant came forward. "Who are

you?" I said. "The Bedfords," he replied. I thanked him for his courtesy in not firing on me before challenging.

"Why, sir! what do you mean?"

When I told him of my narrow squeak he laughed heartily and said, "You must know, sir, they are always called the 'silly Suffolks.'" I believe, however, that in the Great War the men of this regiment lived down that sobriquet.

When I arrived at Nieuport I saw some Tommies standing round an order board on the wall of the station. When I could get a glimpse I found it to be a notice by General Buller, stating "that he was about making a final effort to relieve Ladysmith and there would be no turning back."

On reading this notice I decided (in sporting parlance) to pull off a double event: to be with Buller at the relief of Ladysmith and then double back and join the Kimberley relief column in order to enter the city and interview Cecil Rhodes. I secured my mascot and belt and, hurrying down to Port Elizabeth, picked up my wife and got on board a trooper for Durban. But I arrived at Chievely only to be checked by another British disaster. Finding the double event now out of the question and that I might miss the relief of Kimberley if I did not hasten back, I retraced my steps to Port Elizabeth and thence to Modder River.

Cecil Rhodes was in his bath when, a few hours after General French had entered Kimberley with

his relieving force, I arrived at his hotel, which I found amply masked with sandbags and gabions—for the Boers knew that Rhodes was there and, when opportunity served always dropped a shell in the direction of that hostelry.

The wife of Rhodes' secretary received me and asked me to be seated. Though I was half famished and parched with thirst, I think I envied Rhodes that bath more than anything in the world, for I had not washed for days and my clothes were foul and ragged with sleeping out in the open.

Knowing that my chat with the great man was assured, I hunted up a hotel and took a bath myself, then returned to find that Mr. Rhodes expected me. He had altered but little in personal appearance in seven years, though his voice seemed weaker and the tone higher pitched.

After a short interview he said: "I will devote an hour or two to taking you round the recently beleaguered city. Have you had any breakfast?"

"Only a cup of coffee," I replied.

"Come with me."

I followed him into the dining room. One of his secretaries was seated before a stout beefsteak. Rhodes walked up to this gentleman and said, "This is Mr. Villiers; he is hungry, and I want him to share that steak with you."

The secretary dropped his glass from his eye, stared at me, then with a sickly smile stuttered,

"Oh, yes—er—certainly—pleasure."

Another plate was brought and the steak was divided.

"Now, after you have finished that," said Rhodes, "I shall be ready to take you round the town."

I expressed my gratitude and tackled the meat and found it good, for I had not tasted fresh rations for weeks.

Rhodes was awaiting me with a smart dogcart when I had finished. In another moment we were doing the town. My host said: "I am glad you came this morning for you will see the place just as it was during the siege. This afternoon the unemployed will be set to work clearing all dugouts and trenches and making the town shipshape."

By this time we had arrived at the emplacement of the great "Cecil," a cannon that had been made during the siege and named after Rhodes. It was just as the gunners left it the day before when they hurried forward to greet their deliverers. In a pond near by Rhodes pointed out with great glee certain pieces of wood floating about in the water.

"They are all shell-buoys. I have a splendid collection of projectiles the Boers were good enough to send me. They are all at the bottom of the pond, attached by cables to the floating kits of wood. To-morrow they will be brought up and their contents emptied.

Rhodes had built a cold-storage plant, and whenever the Kimberley defenders were able to raid the besiegers' cattle these were at once slaughtered—for

there was no feed for them in the beleaguered city—and their carcasses were hung up in these cooling chambers. I had followed my cicerone into the freezing room from a temperature of considerable over ninety in the shade when, suddenly, I felt a sensation of intense faintness. I turned back to the main entrance; the door was barred. I groped about in the dark, but could not find the bolt. At last I cried out and beat frantically at the door. I was now on my knees with an icy chill at my heart. Rhodes came hurrying up and forced the door, and I dragged myself out into the sunlight.

"Ought to have known better," piped my friend's weak voice, "than to bring you straight in here from this heat. My doctor warned me some time ago not to do it myself, especially as my heart is occasionally rather weak. Come, Villiers, back to the hotel; I have some special brandy. It's the only thing that will throw off that chill." On returning I found that Rhodes' remedy was the right one and I soon came around under the influence of that excellent cognac which some one told me cost five guineas a bottle.

After luncheon, on chatting over the recent situation, I found that my host evidently did not get on with the military authorities. He was rather indignant that Lord Methuen had never asked him to assist in repairing the railway from Modder River to Kimberley which had been destroyed by the Boers.

"The military authorities may not like me; but I am willing, for the sake of the Empire, to send out hundreds of skilled workmen who could fix up the job in a day or two. Now it will be weeks before the line is repaired."

I certainly thought that Rhodes was right. The railway was a strategic necessity. It meant a possible danger to the progress of the campaign if it were not made good at once; therefore it ought to have been done with the least delay and by any means available.

There is no doubt that during the siege Rhodes was overanxious, and from a military point of view Kimberley was not in such sore straits as to warrant the extreme effort Lord Methuen made to relieve it, which culminated in the disaster at Magersfontein. And it was owing entirely to the representations made to Methuen by flash light night after night, at the direction of Cecil Rhodes, that he had felt bound to make a move forward at any cost.

Incidentally, it soon came to light that the Magersfontein affair was, after all, a close bid for success. Shortly after the disaster I met Farmer Bisset, a Scotsman, the owner of the Magersfontein estate, who was on parole with the Boers on the night of the attack. He told me that some of the Highlanders had actually gained a vital position from which the Boers had been driven, and that he thought the whole thing over, when, suddenly, to his utter astonishment, the Highlanders went back

and he had the mortification of seeing the Boers reoccupy their vacated trenches. Then the tide turned against his countrymen for good.

In these circumstances why was any blame attached to Methuen? The night attack was not, as some have averred, a mad, rash act on his part, but a well-planned attack which was spoiled by some blunder of those immediately conducting the assault.

With the relief of Kimberley my adventures in South Africa virtually came to an end. I came out of the war safe and sound, with the charmed amulet still in my possession, and since that time I have always been disinclined to deride the statements of clairvoyants.

Chapter XVII

RIFFIANS AND RUFFIANS

I arrive in Melilla—The Berberine Coast—Corsairs of old—Pinto's disaster—Mount Gurugoo—A polite General Staff—A courteous officer—The best way to take Malaga—Riff manners and customs—I meet El Garto—Spanish troops.

IN the summer of 1909, I joined the Spanish army in Morocco. I hurried by a P. & O. liner to Gibraltar, and thence found my way on board a Spanish transport to the Berberine Coast. On approaching the rocky eminence on which the old town of Melilla is built I felt a thrill at the sight of the quaint old harbors in which not so long ago the piratical Riffs sought shelter with their galleys stuffed full of gold, silk, precious stones, and other wonderful loot, including prisoners of all nationalities. Many of these were my own countrymen, who had to spend their lives as slaves chained to the galleys, or sweated out their existence on harbor work in the fierce Moroccan heat. This was the Berber Coast, known to Europe as Barbary, and the atrocious deeds of the ancestors of these very Riffs we were about to face had been the theme of

many books of travel and adventure with which I used to regale myself when a boy.

A rocky isthmus, which carries the picturesque old ramshackle Spanish town astride its back, stretches toward the mainland and is protected by a veritable chain of battlements, small serrated forts curtained with loopholed walls. These face the forbidding, rocky, precipitous mountain called Gurugoo, one of the gloomy heights of the Atlas range, in the very heart of which a bloody tragedy had quite recently been enacted. There was no trace of vegetation, but in the pockety valleys, crannies, and crevices of the mountain the Riffians live in their primitive stone or baked-mud dwellings, cultivating little terraces of soil on which barley seems to be the principal crop.

The rugged purple height which loomed above the strand, harboring thousands of fierce tribesmen, showed little signs of life when I arrived. Its parched and sterile flanks were only now and again seared with yellow flashes of light, which told that a Spanish shell had split a chunk of rock. The early morning haze was lifting under the fierce sun and puffs of white smoke followed the staccato detonations of the Remingtons of the hillmen who had crept down the mountain in the gray of the dawn and, secreted behind the cover of the bowlders at its base, were about to waylay the daily food convoy. I could see files of mules, with their packs and infantry escorts at times wading ankle deep

in the scum of the tideless sea, wending their way along the shore on their road to revictual the chain of garrisons flung out along the coast.

The plan of campaign was now to surround the mountain and, if possible, force the tribesmen to come down and fight in the open by threatening to bottle them up in their lairs. The Spaniards had already attempted to storm the stronghold and failed most woefully. The trouble had begun just a year before I landed. Two Spanish syndicates had been formed to work some mines under the protection of El Roghi, a Riff chieftain, but after a few months his followers, resenting the advent of the foreign workmen, revolted and attacked the mines. A few companies of Spanish troops were forthwith sent out from Melilla to bring the Riffs to reason, but they were cut to pieces in the attempt. These sturdy Berbers had never been subjugated, and this was their answer to the Spaniards. Then General Pinto was sent out with a force to punish them, but he made the mistake of advancing into the mountain gorges and was ambushed in a pass which almost splits the mountain in twain. Pinto was killed and his force was decimated.

The moment I landed, I was able to secure the necessary passes to carry me to the front, and was at once with the army in the field. At that moment all the fighting was being conducted only a few miles from the fort itself, and after a *passage d'armes* one could always get back to the little hotel in the

business quarter of the town, which was well under its protection, for after Pinto's "cut up" there was considerable unrest among the inhabitants and the army was kept close to home.

There was no ban on liquors in Melilla. Good ruddy wine of Malaga was on the table to the amount of two bottles per diem for each guest. As my head, I knew, would not stand any such quantity, I used to reserve most of my rations till I had a sufficient quantity hidden in a corner of my sleeping room to make a bath; then I would proceed to sponge myself in the ruby juice. After a toilsome day at the front I found the wine taken in this way exhilarating, without upsetting either the head or the stomach. It allayed the irritations of prickly heat, and at the same time was a luxury which I could not afford in ordinary circumstances. It also made my flesh less appetizing to the mosquitoes that infest every house in Melilla, thanks to the picturesque pools of stagnant water in the marble basins of the fountains always found playing in the inner courts of Moorish houses.

My first journey to the front was to visit the forts established along the seashore stretching to the eastern wing of the mountain. The commandants had orders to keep out loiterers if they had no cards of admission. One morning I passed the sentry outside one of these strongholds, although I had not procured the particular permit that was necessary on this occasion. He was too polite to ques-

tion me and as he guessed that I was a correspondent and that I would be stopped farther on he took little notice. Presently an officer bustled up to me, saluted, and said he was glad to see me—would I honor him by stepping into his humble dwelling and having a cigarette?

Presently coffee was brought in. We were now chatting in a friendly manner and I thought things were going swimmingly when the officer stood up and with a polite bow said, "Señor, this has been an unofficial greeting, and I have been delighted to meet you." Then he stiffened himself, "But, officially, will you kindly let me know to whose authority I am indebted for the honor of this visit? May I ask you to be good enough to show me your passes?"

I told him my dilemma. At this I noticed a sadness come over his face as with another courteous bow he continued, "I deeply regret to ask you to be good enough to consider yourself a prisoner on pain of being shot if you attempt to proceed farther." However, things never came to such a regrettable finale, for a brother war correspondent arrived who proved my identity, and I was allowed to inspect the fort.

I have often compared the extreme courtesy of this Spaniard with the insolence and "Jack-in-office" attitude of certain army officers of other nationalities whom I have met under similar circumstances. And what a delightful musical language is the tongue of old Castile! During my inspection

an artilleryman came up and said: "Señor is Englise? I spik a lettil, I learnt spik in England, I was on a sheep."

"Where was that?" said I.

"Nuevo Castillo," came the reply.

I puzzled for a moment; then like a flash it came to me, "Surely you mean Newcastle?"

"Ah! Si Señor, ze Noo Castell."

Just think of it! Our smoky, sordid, murky city of Newcastle to be glorified by the title of "Neuvo Castillo"—suggestive of ethereal, romantic, sunny castles of Spain.

I met several of the haughty Riff chieftains who had come into the Spanish lines; they seemed to be very friendly toward England and Englishmen. The chief reason for this, I believe, is because they have for many generations dealt with us in candles and they will only have, in all Riffiandom, a certain brand of night light made in the city of London.

I was so lucky as to become acquainted with Señor Macpherson, a gentleman who spoke pure Spanish, but Scottish English, the principal shareholder of the mines at Mar Chica, about fifteen miles from the fortress. He knew many of the Riff chieftains. One I shall always remember, a tall, agile, sharp-featured man and almost white, unlike the dark-skinned Arabs and Moroccans of the interior. He had wonderfully strong fanglike teeth gleaming through a black, curly beard. He was much respected and feared by his fellows.

His name was "El Garto" which meant "the cat," a sobriquet which he earned in his first encounter with men of a hostile tribe, when he threw himself upon his foes and tore their faces and hair with his remarkably strong, long-nailed, claw-like hands. Of course his beautiful teeth also played a part in the mêlée. His antagonists were so taken aback by this ferocity that they fled in dismay.

When my friend said to me, "Here comes the cat," I naturally looked down on the ground, and was about to cry "Pussy," for I rather like the feline species, when this tall dignified Riff chief stood in front of us.

He hospitably took us to a hut near Restinga, a supply base of the army, and regaled us with a wonderful concoction of Chinese tea, flavored with mint and sweetened with heaps of sugar. There was no milk, however, which I thought was rather rough on "the cat," but he consoled himself by adding a dash of fig brandy; and after a few tots of this poison his eyes certainly flamed with feline ferocity.

When later on I learned from Macpherson the unexpurgated history of El Garto's career, I wondered in all seriousness whether our English word "ruffian" was derived from Riffian.

Still these Riffs have many virtues. There is no divorce with them because, when a man is tired of his wife—whom he generally buys—he simply dismisses her as one would a servant, and not necessarily at a week's notice.

Marriage starts early in this country. At the age of eight "the bells ring out the merry peals." The bride keeps house with her mother-in-law till the first child arrives. If it is a son and heir, then there is much fuss, the mother-in-law *ménage* is broken up and the one-story house will probably have a top story erected where the young people shift, or they will take a flat next door. There are many little concessions by the menfolk which the women enjoy. All the money they earn is their own, and they may have a voice in public affairs if they choose, but in domestic controversy they have to be careful or they are shown the door.

As far as I could make out, the people of this country are quite democratic, for the poorest have as much to say in the conduct of affairs as the richest. All males, from striplings to those in the "sear and yellow leaf," have a voice in their little village congresses, and if anyone should have undue power and become an argumentative nuisance or wax "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," he is immediately sobered by lynch law.

The fighting did not last more than a few months. We succeeded in drawing the Riffs into the open, where we punished them severely. When the little "kick up" was over I left this hot and uncomfortable country with great respect for the Spanish army, which had fought heroically during a terrible heat against a brave but cruel and merciless enemy.

Chapter XVIII

A GHASTLY BUSINESS

Once under the Turkish yoke—The quick change to freedom—Good soldiers—Mustapha Pasha—Snapshots and movies at an execution—Gruesome scenes—I meet King Ferdinand—He admires my leather coat—War and water colors—His knowledge of my career—Belgrade—Looking for trouble—The coming of the Great Storm—My incredulous agent.

IN 1911 I had just arrived in England after a prolonged visit to far western Canada, lecturing on the possible campaign of the future in which dirigibles and airplanes would figure. In fact, the newspaper captions of the reviews of the lecture were: *Villiers Says in Next War the Cry Will Be, "Clear the Air."* My contention was that the side that downed the enemy's air-craft scouts must eventually win and that all future wars would be finished by battling planes.

In this idea I was following in the footsteps of the late Earl Roberts, who was urging the people of the British Empire to prepare for the coming struggle. But little heed was taken of our warnings and in some parts of the Dominion people almost resented my endeavors. A social weekly paper in

Victoria, British Columbia, attacked me most venomously for suggesting the possibility of a war with such a Christian, lovable race as the Germans, with whom we were on such intimate commercial relations. It made the charge that I was a fire-eating correspondent, wanting war, and trying to stir up strife between two peace-loving nations.

When in the following year the Balkans were ablaze I was not astonished to find myself once more looking on those lovely mountains, pocketed with fertile valleys, familiar to me from the days when I was with the Serbian army in 1886. Now, however, I was accredited to the Bulgarians. It was a wonderful "ulat-pulat" or upside down of things, as they say in Hindustan; for once upon a time I was with the Serbs fighting the Turk on behalf of the Bulgars, then with the Serbs fighting their brethren whom they had so generously succored, and now I found myself with both of them fighting their common foe, the Turk.

Both the allied armies had much improved since I was last with them, especially the Bulgars. They were now fine soldiers; I could hardly believe that such a cowardly, abject race as I remembered them under Turkish rule could have developed so quickly into so fine a fighting force. When I first knew them the men would cringe as they approached you and fall down and kiss your boots if any Turk of authority was with you. Their women were given up to the lust of their truculent masters without a

murmur. They were downtrodden and utterly powerless under "the hoof of the Turkish horse" and submitted to every humiliation. When people talk of the brutality of the Bulgars of today, I can hardly wonder at their indulging in a little retaliation, but, like the huge wolf-dogs guarding their villages, they seem, unfortunately, to delight in snarling and snapping at friend and foe alike. I saw only the siege of Adrianople in this short campaign and the fighting was of the ordinary seesaw nature till the armistice and ultimate peace; but there was one unusual incident which, much against my will, I had to witness. The Bulgarians sent word to the correspondents assembled at Mustapha Pasha that the execution of two Turkish spies was to take place the following morning. Execution of spies is always brutal and not particularly a happy subject for illustration, and I thought I would not go. But my servant told me that all the other correspondents intended to be there, and then I felt bound to show up, as I was for the moment directing a moving-picture operation called "kinemacolor."

The ghastly little tragedy took place in an orchard by the side of a shed which had been the dumping-ground of a bivouac and stunk horribly. When I arrived to take up position, I found the two spies being harangued by a Bulgarian officer who was reciting their appalling deed to them while they stood bound by the wrists under the shade of some

fruit trees, over the stout branches of which were slung two ominous-looking ropes.

One of the condemned was a short, sandy-haired Turk, the other was a tall black-haired man with Jewish features and the most wonderful poise and indifference as to what was going on. Indeed I felt that he would like to say, "Oh! please stop the cackle and get on with the show; don't you see the audience is waiting?"

Before the final kick-off, a tin can was offered the culprits to dip in an adjacent bucket of water for the ablutions all good Mussulmans perform before prayer. The sandy man waived this privilege, but the other religiously went through the whole ceremony, even to the washing of the feet. Now the crowd was becoming impatient and I think the tall Turk was playing with his audience, for he had a sly, cunning look in his dark eyes.

At last he washed his toes and threw away the cup. Then followed a scene that was indescribably disgraceful. The camera men—and there were legions—crawled up the trees, mounted the roof of the barn, and occupied every coign of vantage. Bulgarian children, dressed in gala attire and accompanied by their fathers and mothers, crowded up to the gallows trees to gloat over the misery of these wretched men. I became so nauseated with the disgusting sight that I closed down my machine and fled.

Within ten minutes after this wretched experience

I was called to the bridge over the Maritza to see King Ferdinand, who had just arrived and was examining a part of the span that had been smashed by the shell fire of the Turks that morning. He was standing beside his motor car, chatting with his officers about the damage. On seeing me he shook hands and said in perfect English, "That's a fine coat you have, Mr. Villiers!" alluding to a leather slip I was wearing under my Burberry, for it had been raining. "I should like to get one, for I suffer from rheumatic gout, and a coat like that would suit me, this weather."

I had been wearing it for many months and it was too seedy-looking to offer a king, so I made up my mind to do the next best thing and get another. As things have since turned out I do not regret that this generous resolve went the way of most good intentions.

He was very pleasant to me and, knowing that I was an artist, at once began chatting about water colors and wanted to know the pigments that would reproduce the colors of the setting sun now turning the placid river below us into molten gold.

I found him delightfully courteous and urbane. He had pale, refined features but for his nose, which was rather long; and his gray eyes were bright and kindly, but somewhat close together, giving him a sly, foxy appearance. But I ought certainly to testify to his discernment, for on leaving the bridge he pointed me out to the chief of his

staff and said, "That man with the leather coat has seen more fighting than any soldier alive today."

Shortly after the king's visit to the bridge an armistice was arranged with the Turks and, as most of the world knows, his army then immediately began to scrap with the Serbians, and so the clouds foreshadowing the great storm that was to deluge the whole world with blood gathered and grew in volume. When I was returning to England *via* Belgrade, the Austrians were already getting on the nerves of the people in the Serb capital. Every night they played their searchlights from Zemlin upon the demarcation bridge over the Save, evidently on the lookout for trouble.

There was no need of great discernment to prophesy what was going to happen, and I was sure that the great debacle of the colossal German Empire was about to commence. I called on my agent to fix me up with the usual syndicate, for the great war had arrived. He almost laughed in my face. "No, my dear Villiers," said he, "never a war with Germany." Then I thought I must see to matters myself, but no one would listen, till at last France began to mobilize—and then I was off by the day's mail for Paris without further delay.

Chapter XIX

1914

Stranded war correspondents—Paris during mobilization—The last of the Contemptibles—After the Marne—Like rabbit-shooting—The Prussian debacle—Tramping it—A shift in a furniture van—The Crown Prince and champagne—The battle of the Aisne—I am taken for a spy—A score for my paper—Early- and latter-day trenches—The Red Tabbies—The British War Office and its way "peculiar"—I exhaust the Western front of dramatic incidents—I seek fresh fields and pastures new—I try East Africa-Mesopotamia without success and find incident for my sketchbook on the northwest frontier of India—The Mohmands at war—Armored cars, airplanes, and electricity surprise the hillmen.

MY train steamed in to the Gare du Nord on time, though it was the first day of the mobilization. Everything was moving smoothly; there was no bustle nor any untoward excitement. Little groups of men were reading the evening papers at street corners and occasionally a *fiacre* would pass by with a few enthusiastic youths waving flags and shouting their satisfaction at the news. There were none of the hilarious demonstrations of '71, or shouts of "*à Berlin; a bas les Preussiens.*" I was rather astonished, for it was not at all like the Paris of old; the citizens were taking things very seriously and for once were not underrating their enemy.

When I arrived at my hotel I was rather elated at what I had seen en route. France was possibly going to pull through, for I knew she could count on England's lending her a helping hand directly the fat was in the fire. Through the night troops were marched to the railway depots and entrained before the dawn; and at the first glimmer of the sun there came through my open window the distant martial strains of the Marseillaise, wafted on the summer breeze across the slumbering city as the trains with their drafts steamed out of the station.

The next morning I went to the Quai d'Orsay to ask for my permits and was told by the officials that there would be little difficulty in my case in procuring the necessary papers to go with the French army, for the General Staff knew my record as well as did the war officials in England. I returned to my hotel much elated over the prospect.

For a few days Englishmen were not looked upon with much favor by the Parisians. "Perfidious Albion, what is she going to do; will her people leave us in the lurch after all?" was the unexpressed query in the eyes of every Frenchman as he passed you. It became more unpleasant for us every day till, one evening there was an electric change—England had come into the hazard. I had for days been wandering about the streets with much dejection, and it was a great relief to be able to hold myself erect once more, look our allies straight in

the face, and grasp their hands in comradeship. The crisis was over, for we were, too, proud to fight.

I received a note the next morning requesting me to call at the Foreign Office. When I arrived I was delighted to hear that in two days I was to receive my passes, signed by General Joffre, to join the French army. Later on I called at the British Embassy, and the First Secretary came to me with a letter and said, "This is from the British War Office; you are in touch with the correspondents here, and His Excellency would like you to tell them that they will not be allowed to go with the French armies into the field."

This was a great blow to me, for we had all been waiting anxiously to begin work and the first fighting had already commenced. However, this extraordinary farce was kept up for months, until the authorities were at last compelled to change their attitude, when certain correspondents were accredited to each army.

In the meantime I had to do something for my paper; so I became a tramp—a refugee—and saw probably more of the picturesque end of the war in this guise than if I had been properly accredited to the forces. At first it was an irksome business dodging those gentlemen in khaki with red tabs and patches upon their caps and collars; but at last it became a joy to circumvent the "red tabbies," as one of our party christened them.

Eventually I was allowed by the French to join their army and I filled my paper with the doings of the French. But at times I resented being so scurvily treated by my own folk, when through forty years of British warfare I had been *persona grata* with generals like Wolseley, Roberts, Methuen, Browne and Buller.

Time and again during the early days of the war I called at the War Office in London to ask for an explanation of this extraordinary fiat against the artists, but with a shrug the officials told me there was no explanation. The only reason that I could find to account for the silly restriction was that the War Office itself was trying to make a corner in pictures, for it eventually produced some wonderful films. They could hardly have entertained the idea that our work might be a "give away" to the enemy, for the press censors were lively enough to see to that, and everybody at the front knew that the Germans were always well acquainted with our movements without the assistance of English war artists. So well were the Germans posted regarding all our actions that it was a common thing when we put some fresh regiment into a section of the front line to hear a voice shout from the opposing trench: "What oh! Bedfords [or Manchesters], how do you like your new quarters?"

Their espionage system always knocked spots out of ours. On my return to London from France I was often questioned by inquisitive persons as

to the number of our troops at the front; and I always replied that I did not know, and if I did it was my duty not to tell; but if they really wanted to know they could get the most accurate information by asking the Germans.

There was much joy and enthusiasm when General French arrived in Paris on his way to the front, and I took the opportunity, as I knew him quite well, to tell him through his secretary that I would join his command later on if he would allow me. How foolish of me to entertain the idea, knowing the policy of the War Office! It seemed a great pity, however, to let that wonderful epic of the Great War, the retreat from Mons, go unrecorded. That heroic deed of those estimable "Contemptibles" has never been pictured by any artist. When I met Field Marshal Lord French again sometime after the first battle of the Marne, he told me that it was not his fault that no one representing the pictorial press was present; he would have been glad to have me with him, but it was the question of the War Office. I told him that as a tramp I had seen something of it, but that I had since been taken up by the French army and had plenty of exciting work to do. He shrugged his shoulders and replied, "But you ought to have been with us."

In spite of the many restrictions much good work was done in the tramping stage of the war by men like George Adam of the London *Times*,

Philip Gibbs of the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Times* of New York, Milligan of the *Morning Post*, and Gordon Smith of the *Herald*, who tramped with me, picking up copy in Flanders during the early days. Philip Gibbs is one of the bunch who has distinguished himself by sticking to his arduous work all through the four years of the terrible struggle.

After seeing a few of the dramatic incidents of the retreat I was still tramping it when the great rally of the French army gave the Hun his first setback. The highways and byways were littered with the dead of the Marne and the patches of woods about Epernay resounded with shots as the peasants potted at odd Prussians who had sought shelter in the underbrush. It was just like rabbit-shooting: an excited woman would rush along the road and shout, all breathless with her exertions, "I saw him go in there!" Then her menfolk would cautiously stalk into the brush. Presently came the sound of the cracking of twigs, a scuffle and then, "*le voila!*" Sometimes it became quite uncomfortable for us in the road, as shots seemed to come in all directions from excited villagers who had taken up the hunt.

Gordon Smith and I had decided to tramp together. He had his bag full of canned goods and I carried one of Pike's spirit stoves and a water bottle, so we could always get a warm meal. He spoke both German and French fluently, and my French was of

such a nondescript kind it might be easily taken for a Belgian's. So our little camouflage, that we were looking for friends and relatives in certain towns (which we never wanted to get to), seemed to work well.

On foot one could very often dodge the police, but by automobile or wagon it was a different matter. At last, however, we had to take the risk and travel by cart, for we were footsore and weary. We managed to get a lift in a furniture van which, with several others, was making its way to Epernay. I settled down in the straw behind a woman and her two children, who were seated on a chair, so as to be hidden from the view of any gendarmes patroling the roads.

We had started at dawn from the town of Vertus. At about half past eight the carts suddenly stopped. I anxiously peered through the straw to see what was the matter, when a motor drove up and a voice said, "Is there an Englishman in there?" I thought to myself, "Well, it's all up." A man had just got out of the motor and on seeing me said: "I hear you are an Englishman traveling to Epernay. Come into my car; we shall be there many hours before my vans. You are in one of them now: so come on."

I made a clean breast of it to him that I was hiding from gendarmes, and he replied: "Have no fear; they all know me. I'll see you get through all right." When I was comfortably seated, my host said, "If you are not in a hurry I want to

call on some people en route." I told him that I was at his disposal so long as I got into Epernay that afternoon.

We first stopped at a small chateau and my new acquaintance said, "This man is a champagne grower, we will taste some of his stuff." I don't generally start my morning's work with champagne or any other wine at the hour of nine; but feeling a bit exhausted with days of short commons and considerable fatigue, I thought I would break through my early abstinence this once, anyway. It was certainly very refreshing, and when we left, our host told us not to forget to call on another grower outside the town—one upon whom the German Crown Prince forced his unwelcome presence while his army was marching on Paris.

The owner of this vineyard told us that the Prince emptied many of his bins of the best vintage and shot his coverts clean, till Von Kluck suddenly stopped his direct march on Paris. Then one morning the Crown Prince left the chateau in a hurry, but had time to say to him, "My troops will not molest the people of this wonderful wine country. We want to be friends, for after the war we shall annex all this district; so not good-by, but *au revoir*."

We had a bottle of the Crown Prince's choice, and I must say that, whatever mistakes he may have made in conducting his campaign, there was no error in his taste for champagne.

Of course, directly we arrived in Epernay the Mayor was notified, and after a charming luncheon, where we were regaled with the *vin du pays*, we motored to the Town Hall. M. Pol Roger, the Mayor, was the hero of the hour; for he had been ordered to be shot by the Germans, and had managed not only to escape the death penalty, but even to save the city from pillage by paying an enormous cash indemnity. To make things easier for the inhabitants he then issued paper currency in denominations as low as twenty-five centimes—less than a five-cent piece—one of which he gave me as a souvenir. About midnight I was disturbed in the little *estaminet* in which my friend and I lodged by the noise of cannon-fire. Every hour the guns seemed to growl louder and oftener, till just before dawn they roared incessantly.

This made us very restless; so we dressed and hunted the town for some kind of vehicle to take us toward the guns, and to our joy found a one-horse carriage whose proprietor agreed to take us into the fighting zone. We soon came up with refugees driven in by the Germans from the river Aisne. Here the Boches had evidently made a stand after their retreat from the Marne, for on arriving on the outskirts of the forest of Reims we found the whole panorama of the beautiful valley of the Aisne and the famous city of Reims in a storm of shot and shell.

As soon as I saw that view and the position the

Germans held, including the famous Fort Nogent and the high ground it dominated, I said to my companion, "The Germans are practically beaten in spite of that wonderful position, for a phase of the campaign opens with this battle which is entirely contrary to all the calculations of their High Command. It is the beginning of siege warfare and the end of Germany. It will take at least a year to turn them out of those trenches; but they have lost the initiative. From this time on it will be a war of attrition, and if I can gauge the spirit of my countrymen and the stern resolve of France, we can last the longer at that game."

From that day till the armistice I never doubted that the Allies would eventually be successful in spite of all the terrible losses and setbacks during the subsequent four years—even to the very last, when the United States came in and hastened matters to an end. I felt certain that even without the help of America's splendid legions, France and England could have hung on and won, though beaten to their knees.

On the return to our quarters that evening we were dead tired. Refugees were still pouring through the town and our little *estaminet* was overcrowded. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a loud knocking at the door of my room. I knew it was not my friend, for his deep snoring on the floors above told me that he was asleep.

The knocking grew faster and louder. I turned

over and said to myself, "It's only some refugees trying to get into my room." But the noise continued, so I shouted that the room was full up, and to stop making that beastly row. But this seemed only to increase the fury of the rapping, and presently there was such a thunder at the door with fists, kicks, and sticks that I jumped out of my bed and, hastily sticking my sketches in my boots, threw open the door.

The scene on the head of the stairs was truly dramatic and picturesque. An old town guard stood in front of me with a leveled revolver in his hand. The light from a candle held aloft by another guard, glinting along the barrel of the pistol, lit up the malevolent eyes of two frowzy-looking civilians standing in the background who were pointing their lean and dirty fingers at me. The group looked so like a Rembrandt—so weird in effect, with the strong side lights and somber background—that I could not help thinking what a wonderful study in black and white it would make, and I was just about to say: "Don't move, please. Keep like that while I get my sketchbook," when the revolver was suddenly thrust at my right temple.

It wabbled so erratically in the nervous grasp of the old guard that I was compelled to say as I threw up my arms: "You silly old ass, if you don't take care the thing will go off and you will hurt some one. What the devil do you want with me?"

He answered never a word, and I stepped backward into the room as he pressed forward. Then he said, "Dress and come with us."

"Why should I dress?" said I, "and why have you entered my room in this manner?"

With a fury that startled me in its intensity all four cried, "You are a German spy!" "A German what?" I gasped. "You make a great mistake. I am an Englishman, and no spy. I came to see your Mayor this afternoon and to taste his famous champagne." "It's no use," he growled, "I have two witnesses here who overheard you speaking German to another man in a café this evening, so throw on your clothes and come along."

Three spies had been summarily shot that morning in Epernay. I was beginning to feel a bit uncomfortable, when a series of groans and gurgles came from my snoring friend on the floor above. It flashed on me in a moment that upon leaving the café that night he had used a few Hunnish words to emphasize an argument. I almost laughed for joy.

"Mon brave," I cried, turning to the old guard, "*vous faites erreur*—you have come to the wrong number, you want *numero sept, deuxieme étage;* that's the man you want. *Ecoutez,* listen."

The snoring had ceased, then came a deep sigh with, "Jess a wee dock undorous."

"Why, you can hear him talking German in his sleep. Go and bother him with your wretched

revolver and leave me alone." My bluff, however, was of no avail; I was the man they had fixed on. I showed them all my papers and everything of a nature to prove my identity and emptied my pockets, but it was all of no use until they discovered in my purse the little twenty-five centime banknote which was given to me by their Mayor that afternoon. Why, I do not know, but that little note seemed to satisfy them, and after an *entente cordiale* shake all round they tumbled down the rickety stairs out into the street.

My sketches of the battle of the Aisne I would not trust to the courier, but carried them myself to London; and they were the only pictures of that phase of the war yet published. The other illustrated papers, I believe, made complaints to the War Office that the *Illustrated London News* should be thus favored; but our officials had nothing to do with the matter. I was happily with the French army, and what a relief it was not to be unnecessarily interfered with!

When I asked a French officer whether I might sketch a certain battery, he would say, "Why, yes, if you don't put that road in or that clump of trees. They might be a give-away to the enemy." But, ye gods! just imagine making such a request of one of the red-tabbed gentry. He would have foamed at the mouth with indignation at the audacity of the thing and would probably have put me under arrest.

The powers at the War Office were so sour with

VIEW OF TRENCHES ON WESTERN FRONT, 1914. (PERISCOPE IN LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER)

their own countrymen of the "fourth estate" that even after the ban was raised and we were allowed to go to the front, I have seen Englishmen sent back by the escorting officer while foreign representatives of the press were given extended time in the war zone. The only correspondent allowed at first with the British fleet was a foreigner. Everything that could be done to annoy, irritate, and delay English correspondents in the execution of their duty in the early days of the campaign was done by the War Office officials.

The utterly illogical attitude of some of these people was beyond comprehension. For instance, ten full pages of war subjects had been passed by the censor in London and published in my paper in a single issue. The next morning a notice came from the War Office to say that instead of being censored in the metropolis, in future all pictures must be sent to St. Omer for examination. I happened to be in London when the new order arrived, so I went up to the War Office and asked for an explanation; but this, of course, was not forthcoming.

"Well," said I, "you have allowed ten full pages of my pictures to be published in my paper this week. What is the cause of this double vigilance? Now I have a sketch here I want censored. It's a most innocuous picture and can't possibly give any information to the enemy. It represents a British soldier watering a patch of daffodils at the back of his log hut with a perforated jam tin. Shall

I have to send that all the way to St. Omer to be examined?"

He gravely looked at it and said, "I will submit it to my chief," and away he bustled. When I had exhausted my small stock of cigarettes he returned shaking his head ominously.

"I am afraid this must go to St. Omer," said he. I saw that further talk was useless or I might have told him that if the jam pot was a give-away to the enemy, I could easily camouflage it as a beer mug.

After sketching for nearly two years all the dramatic incidents of the war on the Western front—for in that period I had seen the fighting from the sea to the Argonne and Verdun—I thought I would seek "fresh fields and pastures new"; so I started on a lecture tour round the world, and in the course of my wanderings shunted off to any battle area I could find along my route.

Arrived in Egypt, I saw Allenby's cavalry preparing for their raid through Palestine. In South Africa I tried to get with General Smuts in the East, but on reaching Durban I found such superhuman difficulties in the way of getting my mail back to England that I dropped the idea. Then I sailed for India and attempted to get into Mesopotamia, but unfortunately it was at a time when things were going badly there. I applied to the Commander-in-Chief just at the moment when the administration was about to be handed over by the Indian government to the British.

The campaign was being conducted under the British War Office. I applied for form's sake; but I knew they would shut down on any proposition of mine. So, finding there was fighting on the northwest frontier, I set out in that direction. There was no difficulty in getting there. There was no attempt to make a secret of the matter in India: indeed they thought, as I did, that it was somewhat of a feather in the cap of the British Empire that her soldiers should be fighting on something like sixteen different fronts and still holding their own. However, not one of my sketches was allowed to be published after they arrived in England. This closed chapter of the war I have since been able to open. I have had the satisfaction of showing the world a little of the strenuous work that was done by our troops on the frontier of India.

The Germans had been spreading propaganda throughout the Afghan tribes by stating that their Emperor had taken up the cudgels for Islam. As the British were fighting the Mohammedans in Turkey and Egypt and as he was defending their cause, it was the psychological moment for them to do their little bit by invading India. Many hunters and travelers, ostensibly out for sport, holding passports of a neutral country, passed through the northwest territory spreading this propaganda, but, luckily for us, only one tribe immediately responded to the call.

When I arrived at Peshawar I found that the

Mohmands had been at war with us for nearly two years, thereby preventing a considerable number of white troops from augmenting our overworked armies in Mesopotamia. This part of the frontier is especially arid and wild; the rifts in the hills during most of the year are dried-up water courses filled with stones and huge boulders, without a vestige of herbage, but scrubwood and dwarf palms sprinkled over the rocky heights which hem them in. The gloomy country looks as if it had once suffered a holocaust and had never recovered from the roasting. In these forbidding, dreary mountains the Mohmands with whom we were at war lived with their herds of lean sheep and goats, a gaunt, swarthy, semiwhite people whose features and side locks suggested the possibility of the legend that they were one of the lost tribes of Israel. However, for centuries they have been denied that which most Israelites crave, the opportunity to sell something to some one, so they mostly lived by cutting one another's throats and occasionally raiding the British frontiers, slaughtering the villagers, and carrying off their goods and chattels to the mud forts and caves in their rocky defiles. Luckily for us we had but twenty-five miles of the Swat valley frontier to defend. Nevertheless, there was a grave danger of the other hillmen throwing in their lot with the Mohmands, who numbered 18,000 fighting men out of a population of 65,000. We had along this twenty-five-mile stretch several strong

stone forts, linked up with barbed-wire entanglements, and a live wire running the whole span, which considerably upset the calculations of the enemy.

When at first they came across this up-to-date mode of warfare they were much annoyed. They swarmed down to their first attack quite ready to negotiate the barred fence; but when they were held up by the live wire, those who survived retired, a little disconcerted, and consulted their mullahs. These worthy gentlemen suggested that books of the holy Koran should be carried in front, that they might exorcise the evil influence of the new and terrible device; but this Koran literature only added the smell of burnt paper to that of charred flesh as the limp bodies of its bearers shriveled up on the wire.

Then their comrades became fairly indignant, and sent in a note of remonstrance to the British general asking why his soldiers did not come out and fight in the open like men, as in the good old days, instead of skulking behind this red-hot device of the devil and behaving no longer as sportsmen. This remarkable paper ended with the threat that, even if the wire was not taken away, it would not stop them from getting under.

They eventually began to burrow of a night and many succeeded in getting through; but as General Dunsterville, in command of the forces, told me, "It did not much matter, for when the few who succeeded were beaten back, in the excitement of

the fray they had no time to go the way they came and forgot the live wire. They were hung up on it on our side of the fence instead of the other—that was the only difference."

The airplane was another new factor which the enemy thought unfair, for when the Mohmands would collect together in the hills preparatory to an attack these beastly "white eagles"—so they called them—would pepper them so unmercifully with bullets that they had to break for the shelter of their stony lairs. But there was one novel device at which they more or less snapped their fingers: that was the armored car which we called the "tank of the northwest." The three cars which we had on this front were of the Rolls Royce make, and at times offered real sport to the enemy. Indeed it was difficult to entice the wary hillmen down from their lairs to be shot at by any other means. When we wanted a field-day the three cars with a cavalry squadron were sent out to draw the enemy, who would seldom miss the opportunity of trying to cut them off, and then sometimes our horsemen would get a chance for a charge and scatter the foe back to their fastness in the hills.

I went out one afternoon to see this tantalizing maneuver. One of the hills was soon alive with white-robed Mohmand sportsmen waving their knives. As my car emerged from a fold in the ground the enemy suddenly stopped their advance; they had evidently caught sight of the other two

cars coming up in support and did not feel strong enough to attack all three, so we returned unmolested to camp.

There was, however, one field-day when the hillmen strode down from their lairs in such numbers that the three cars were kept busy for many hours and at last were compelled to retire. There was a stream on the enemy's side over which the cars had to come by a plank bridge. The Mohmands chased the three cars back to this bridge. Two had passed over when the planks gave away and the third had to find a crossing by trundling along the bank. Her crew kept the enemy at bay until they struck some shallows and eventually crossed the stream in safety. A young wag of our party said, as he placed his pane in his eye, "My dear Villiers, by Jove! it's probably the first time that a Rolls Royce was ever reduced to a Ford."

For two years there had been fierce fighting on this frontier and at one time we had such a dressing down that the 21st Lancers (which years ago I saw cutting its way through the Dervish ranks at Omdurman) was compelled to sacrifice a considerable number of men in saving one of our flanks in a kick-up with the Mohmands.

I stood for a moment on the very spot where their beloved commander met his fate, leading his troopers on that occasion in as gallant a manner as he had led them in that more conspicuous charge in the Sudan just seventeen years before.

After my trip to the Mohmand frontier I returned south, making my way through the various provinces and eventually crossing the "ferry" to Ceylon. I therefore saw the whole Indian Empire from top to toe, and I came to the conclusion that it was no longer a Sahib's country. I found everywhere a very different attitude toward Europeans from that of a quarter of a century ago. The natives seemed to be sullen and gloomy, and as they looked at you there was often a gleam of insolent defiance in their eyes. Servants were mostly indolent, inattentive, drunken, and dishonest. It was altogether a different country from that of the days of Lytton's rule.

What had caused the change, I wondered? Was it the result of a succession of weak and sentimental viceroys, or had the natives come to feel the difference between the suburban, bourgeois state of society that now exists in administrative circles—crazy with bridge, ragtime, and flirtation—and that of the sedate Sahib and Mem-sahib regime of years ago, and to resent the change? Whatever the cause, I felt that we were losing our grip on India and that the glory of our great eastern empire was much less brilliant than when I first visited it in the year 1879.

Chapter XX

MY LAST CHAPTER

Four big sights in the four quarters of the globe—The Matoppos, South Africa—The Khyber—The Great Wall of China—The movies, California—People by the way—The City of White Light—Things to be considered by the man who wants to be a war correspondent—Hors-de-combat—Prolonged visits to certain Hotels Dieu—Canada and her Sisters of Mercy—A famous surgeon and his patients—Good Samaritans everywhere—Adieu.

EVEN while the Great War was still in progress I became restless with the desire of world-wide travel. Before threescore years and ten should quell my roving spirit—and that time was quickly approaching—I wanted to visit the four quarters of the globe in which were four great wonders—the Khyber Pass, the tomb of Cecil Rhodes, the Chinese Wall, and, last but not least, the home of the great movie industry near Los Angeles, in California. I had been possessed and obsessed for years by these ideas, but when at last I started on my tour to other fronts I had no direct purpose in my mind regarding these diverse spots more than that I was impelled toward them by some spirit within me that I could not easily quell.

So it came about that one morning I found myself smoking my pipe while lying on the bronze plaque that covers the sarcophagus of one of the greatest of Englishmen, placed between four huge, rugged bowlders standing as stately, mute sentinels on the highest point of the Matoppos mountains. It is here in the later days of his triumph that Rhodes would sit smoking his pipe and contemplating the wild and unique scene before him while conceiving schemes of empire. Over this scene of profound desolation, where mighty monoliths seem to have been sprinkled from a giant's castor, lions roam when the shades of night have fallen, and lift their sonorous voices to make the welkin ring in somber salute to their great and honored guest.

On my birthday and St. George's Day in April, 1917, I found myself standing on the Great Wall of China, which trailed like a giant vine up almost perpendicular hills to right and left of me from a narrow ravine through the mouth of which one could peer into the plains of Mongolia. This vast bulwark of the Chinese Empire, with its serrated masses of masonry and walls wide enough to carry two cars abreast, this gigantic work which it took thousands of years to build and which had stood countless assaults by hostile legions, could now be scattered to the four winds—curtains, towers, and gigantic gates—within a few hours' time by our modern engines of war.

I stood above the gate through which the great caravans of camels slumped along in the old days, coming from across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia with their huge burdens of rich merchandise from Persia and the West. But now all was still as death. A few hundred yards in my front was a cone-shaped kiosk with semicircular holes in its sides—a mysterious object, looking as if it were the pay-box of a movie theater stranded by the way.

"Ah!" I thought, "I know what this is," and I shuddered as I imagined the gruesome scene which might at any time be enacted there. Surely this was one of the "baby towers" I had been told about, where the Chinese father rids himself of his superfluous daughters by placing the infants on a little slab and leaving them there till another Chinaman brings his own little lot, and, to make room for them on the sill, pushes the earlier arrivals off the slab to fall into the depths of the tower. In this way each of the parents goes away perfectly happy, without the feeling of having the blood of his own offspring on his hands.

Presently smoke seemed to issue from the uncanny kiosk and suggested to me the possibility of the babies being cremated. I pointed this out to one of the blue-garbed little boy guides who had assisted me over the ruins of the famous wall, and said, in my best Manchurian, "What's that?"

He put his hand to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle, following it with a sush-sush-sushing noise

and a piston stroke with his arm. I immediately understood him: the mysterious tower was a ventilating shaft for the tunnel of the recently built Mongolian railway under the Great Wall.

Yes, evidently the day of the old-time caravan was passing away. The only place it can still be seen in all its ancient, fantastic glory is in the Khyber, Afghanistan, which had not as yet been touched by modern transportation save for the motor cars which are allowed at times to penetrate the Pass as far as the fort of Ali Musjid. On these days they delight the young Afridian gamins, who sprint by their side, turning somersaults and doing other stunts, just like the urchins one sees on Derby days in the Old Country. Yet in the Khyber Pass, despite this intrusion, the camels still come swinging along with their merchandise to dump, upon the Indian plains, as was their wont thousands of years ago. The stately, uncanny beasts thronging the narrow defiles make the passes hum with their gurgles and grousings. The Khyber itself is wonderful and awe-inspiring, towering above the plains like the purple, white-capped waves of the stormy Atlantic suddenly arrested in action; and, almost at its feet, standing out of the arid stretches of the plains, is the fort of Jumrood—the last outpost of the Empire, looking with its turrets, curtains, wireless, and flag masts as if it were a modern warship riding sentinel in the offing.

An old phrase to suggest to the imagination a

lengthy journey in bygone times was "From China to Peru," but if one looks at the map he will see it is almost as far from the Celestial capital to southern California. I was there but a short time after, staying with those hospitable and charming people, the Andrew Storrows of Pasadena, where at tea on the afternoon of my arrival I was introduced to the very man whom I had traveled so far to meet, Mr. Charles Chaplin. As he is continually surprising one with his marvelous antics on the screen, so he is even a greater surprise when one meets him off the stage—a dainty well-groomed slender figure of a man, with clean-shaven face, light hair, and blue eyes. To watch him in his studio at Hollywood rehearsing one of his latest tit-bits is a privilege I shall hardly forget. To see his methods of direction and the pains he takes in drilling his excellent company in the most minute details was in itself worth a visit to the great movie factory.

Continuing my journey eastward I came to spots that will linger in my memory for all time: Riverside and its Mission hostelry, with its quaint Spanish atmosphere and its treasures of Old-World art; Mount Wilson and its telescope; the drive along the magnificent Columbia River in Oregon; and Vancouver with its magnificent hinterland of mountains and torrents.

It is a far cry from these scenes to the great modern City of White Light, New York. I know many travelers will say, "Surely not that mélange of

abominable skyscrapers." Yes, I do, for New York is of all cities the City of To-day. I remember her when she was in her infancy; and a very ugly and uncouth baby she was, perpetually struggling with myriads of telegraph wires and the dirt of her dust barrels—her only topknot the dome of the *World* building. She had emerged out of this squalor a very stately and wonderful metropolis. I have lingered in her avenues and streets when a mist softens the harder lines of her giant buildings and they loom up in mysterious grandeur like some fantastic drawing by the great Gustave Doré. There is no sight anywhere quite like New York just between lights, when her skies are swept clear of mist and cloud and her lofty buildings begin to melt into the purple of the night. It is a sight worth crossing the ocean to see.

And her clubs—the finest in any metropolis barring, perhaps, San Francisco. Ah! those clubs where a stranger finds a half dozen homes within a few hours of his arrival; and the hospitality of their members: where will you find anything like that in the wide world? The Union League, the Players' and the good old Lotos—I have known them since 1880. They have all, like the city itself, grown in elegance; but the courtesy and hospitality of their members have always remained the same. Yet I sigh when I think of the joyous legend over the place where I used to sit in the Lotos Club—STAY ME WITH FLAGONS. Surely that

THE AUTHOR VISITS CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN CALIFORNIA

has been removed these days; it would be desecration of the glorious past to serve ice cream soda under that!

That famous war correspondent, the late Archibald Forbes, used to say: "My dear boy, there are five important things you must always bear in mind in our profession: However interesting a battle may be you must always get away before your communications are cut, for your material will be held up or may never arrive. You must not be taken prisoner, for then you will be out of the business completely. You must not get wounded, for then you become a useless expense to your paper; and if you get killed you will be an infernal fool."

As for sickness—well, the public think a correspondent has no right to be ill, for he is supposed to possess a cast-iron body with a radiomatic interior and a soul for fearlessness unsurpassed by mortal.

But as this is my fifth decade of war and adventure I feel that I have won my spurs and have a right to be sick. After a fairly clean bill of health for over sixty years, I have had at last to go through the mill, like the majority of human beings.

There is a remarkable lot of charity to be found in this weary world without looking for it. In out of the way places and odd corners one discovers the real Good Samaritan when one falls by the way. I have personally found the four corners of the earth full of friends who have fed me when hungry, clothed me when naked, nursed me when

sick, and have tried to cheer me when I have been unhappy. During my recent tour of the world I engendered a trouble due to the chill and discomfort of two years on the Western front. I stood up boldly and for many months I tried valiantly to fight, but after several close rounds I eventually got the knock-out.

This breakdown in health happened at a small township in the state of Saskatchewan called Indian Head. I had arrived at the little C. P. R. station and soon found that I was alone on the platform. While I was wondering where to stay for the night —for I was to deliver a lecture there that evening— a smart-looking young man came up to me and said:

"Are you Mr. Villiers?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I am the rector here, my name is Beauchamp Payne, and my wife thought that you might be more comfortable if you put up for the night with us."

I could not help smiling at this joyous invitation, for the last time I was accosted on the platform was in Gippsland in Australia. I was in a similar dilemma as to where to go, when a rather dirty, slouching boy came up to me and said:

"Are you the bloke what's going to give the movies tu nete?"

"I am Mr. Villiers," I replied.

"Ow! Then you are the gent for our pub."

I was glad of the rector's hospitality. My grips

were bundled into his car and in another moment I was in the warmth of his cozy rectory and in the presence of his charming wife.

Little did I think that this visit to Indian Head, which was to be for a night and a day, could be the beginning of an enforced sojourn of many months and that the rector and his wife and a host of other generous-hearted inhabitants of the pretty little township would be my Good Samaritans all that time. When I think of it and of the utter impossibility of showing adequately my gratitude for their kindness and solicitude I hang my head in very shame.

The little hospital to which I was carried was bright and sunny and from the window of my room I could very often see the Good Samaritans coming to visit the stranded Englishman. The young daughters of one good friend would bring me the daily papers from Winnipeg and Regina between their lunch and school-time, and cheer me up with their bright young faces and local chat. Another would come with some fresh flowers. Two hundred yards away, by the side of a charming villa, was a chicken-run. I could hear the cackling and consternation in the henhouse, which always brought me to the window to watch the daughter of the house with her golden hair flowing in the wind as she sought for new-laid eggs which every other day she brought to me in a neat, dainty little basket.

For weeks and months the Church of England

rector who had but recently returned to this quiet spot from the alarums and excursions of the Western front, where he had done wonderful, strenuous work in his modest way, cheerfully attended to all my correspondence and relieved me of many pressing anxieties. Sometimes of an evening when the outside thermometer registered far, far below zero I could hear the tinkle of sleighbells nearing the hospital, and presently my door would burst open and the figure of a sturdy farmer in shaggy coon-coat would enter; then a fur mitten as big as a tea cozy was withdrawn from a sturdy fist and after a handgrip, crushing in its cordiality, a parcel powdered with crisp snow would be placed upon my bed. "A little something in the way of cream cheese and a loaf of home-made bread from the wife," he would say, "and here are a couple of the latest books." A packet of excellent cigars would later come to light, wedged in between the volumes.

"Where's the wife?" I would inquire.

"I brought her in to a dance for the Red Cross, and I came on here before joining her."

"It's a bit cold," I said, "for a jaunt like that."

"Yes," he smiled, "kinder chilly."

"Ye gods! why, it's fifty below," I cried, "and you don't even call it frosty."

Then the tinkly bells told me he was off to the ball. And the night's excitement was, alas, over.

In this little Hotel Dieu I first learned to appreciate Canadian nurses—there can be no better,

surely, in all the world. Later on, owing to my beginning work too soon, I found myself again a patient, but this time in the Montreal General Hospital. This institution is phenomenal for the youth and proficiency of its surgeons and medical men, and, I may add, for the youth, beauty, and wonderful efficiency of its nursing staff.

Here I found it necessary to go through a second major operation. I shall hardly forget the morning of my arrival, when a young officer in khaki walked into my room and told me that he was going to fix me up. I squirmed somewhat with misgiving, for instead of the mature surgeon of my expectations here was a lively, smiling youth, looking not more than a little over five-and-twenty summers, who was about to solve for me the question of life or death. I hope Capt. Ralph Powell, M.D., will forgive my slight sketch of him, for as I looked into his eyes I was comforted at once. Indeed it was as though a well-remembered young and radiant face had loomed out of the past, for years and years ago at University College Hospital, London, I saw a youth with a similar keen and eager glance automatically tying up arteries while his head was turned in the act of addressing his students. That young man was the great brain specialist who afterward became Sir Victor Horsely and who gave his life to his country while doing duty in Mesopotamia during the past war.

While lying *hors-de-combat* here many Good

Samaritans came to see me and brighten my monotonous days. The urbane Montrealer, David S. Walker, always busy to succor those fallen by the way, and that admirable sportsman Col. George R. Hooper would automobile me to lovely sylvan spots round the picturesque old city.

One of my fellow patients, Mr. W. J. Leach, a subaltern in the Royal Flying Corps, was a young American who, impatient at the slowness of his country to come into the show, had linked up with the Canadian forces early in the war and had brought down many of the enemy on Flanders fields, till he was knocked out himself, receiving seven wounds, and, by way of compensation, many medals and the rank of Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur. This plucky youngster from Bayonne, a veteran of twenty-two, was soon well enough to return to his downtown office, like so many other heroes from the U. S. A. who gave their time to the great cause of humanity. With his boyish face still fresh in my memory, taking me back to my early days when I started on the career that has made it possible for me to write these two volumes of my adventures, I end this book.—Adieu.

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